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MY FIRST COMMAND AND THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

By General John B. Gordon,
of the Confederate Army

THE outbreak of war found me in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, engaged in the development of coal mines. This does not mean that I was a citizen of three States; but it does mean that I lived so near the lines, that my mines were in Georgia, my house in Alabama, and my post-office in Tennessee. The first company of soldiers, therefore, with which I entered the service was composed of stalwart mountaineers from the three States. I had been educated for the bar and for a time practised law in Atlanta. In September, 1854, I had married Miss Fanny Haralson, third daughter of Gen. Hugh A. Haralson, of LaGrange, Georgia. The wedding occurred on her seventeenth birthday and when I was but twenty-two. We had two children, both boys. The struggle between devotion to my family on the one hand and duty to my country on the other, was most trying to my sensibilities. My spirit had been caught up by the flaming enthusiasm that swept like a prairie-fire through the land, and I hastened to unite with the brave men of the mountains in organizing a company of volunteers. But what was I to do with the girl-wife and the two little boys? The wife and mother was no less taxed in her effort to settle this momentous question. But finally yielding to the promptings of her own heart and to her unerring sense of duty, she ended doubt as to what disposition was to be made of her by announcing that she intended to accompany me to the war, leaving her children with my mother and faithful "Mammy Mary." I rejoiced at her decision then, and had still greater reasons for rejoicing at it afterward.

The mountaineers did me the honor to elect me their captain. It was the first office I had ever held, and I verily believed it would be the last; for I expected to fight with these men till the war ended or until I should be killed. Our first decision was to mount and go as cavalry. We had not then learned, as we did later, the full meaning of that war-song: "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry"; but like most Southerners we were inured to horseback, and all preferred that great arm of the service.

This company of mounted men was organized as soon as a conflict seemed probable and prior to any call for volunteers. They were doomed to a disappointment. "No cavalry now needed" was the laconic and stunning reply to the offer of our services. What was to be done, was the perplexing question. The proposition to wait until mounted men were needed was promptly negatived by the suggestion that we were so far from any point where a battle was likely to occur, and so hidden from view by the surrounding mountains, that we might be forgotten and the war might end before we had a chance.

"Let us dismount and go at once as infantry." This proposition was carried with a shout and by an almost unanimous

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vote. My own vote and whatever influence I possessed were given in favor of the suggestion, although my desire for cavalry service had grown to a passion. Accustomed to horseback on my father's plantation from my early childhood, and with an untutored imagination picturing the wild sweep of my chargers upon belching batteries and broken lines of infantry, it was to me, as well as to my men, a sad descent from dashing cavalry to a commonplace company of slow, plodding foot-soldiers. Reluctantly, therefore, we abandoned our horses, and in order to certainly reach the point of action before the war was over, we resolved to go at once to the front as infantry, without waiting for orders, arms, or uniforms. Not a man in the company had the slightest military training, and the captain himself knew very little of military tactics.

The new government that was to be formed had no standing army as a nucleus around which the volunteers could be brought into compact order, with a centre of disciplined and thoroughly drilled soldiery; and the States which were to form it had but few arms, and no artisans or factories to supply them. The old-fashioned squirrel rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns were called into requisition. Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, put shops in the State to work, making what were called "Joe Brown's pikes." They were a sort of rude bayonet, or steel lance, fastened, not to guns, but to long poles or handles, and were to be given to men who had no other arms. Of course, few if any of these pikemen ever had occasion to use these warlike implements, which were worthy of the Middle Ages, but those who bore them were as gallant knights as ever levelled a lance in close quarters. I may say that very few bayonets of any kind were actually used in battle, so far as my observation extended. The one line or the other usually gave way under the galling fire of small arms, grape, and canister, before the bayonet could be brought into requisition. The bristling points and the glitter of the bayonets were fearful to look upon as they were levelled in front of a charging line; but they were rarely reddened with blood. The day of the bayonet is passed except for use in hollow squares, or in resisting cavalry charges, or as an implement in constructing light and temporary fortifications. It may still serve a purpose in such emergencies or to impress the soldier's imagination, as the loud sounding and ludicrous gongs are supposed to stiffen the backs and steady the nerves of the grotesque soldiers of China. Of course, Georgia's able War Governor did not contemplate any very serious execution with these pikes; but the volunteers came in such numbers and were so eager for the fray that something had to be done; and this device served its purpose. It at least shows the desperate straits in securing arms to which the South was driven, even after seizing the United States arsenals within the Confederate territory.

The irrepressible humor and ready rustic wit which afterward relieved the tedium of the march and broke the monotony of the camp, and which, like a star in the darkness, seemed to grow more brilliant as the gloom of war grew denser, had already begun to sparkle in the intercourse of the volunteers. A woodsman who was noted as "a crack-shot" among his hunting companions, felt sure that he was going to win fame as a select rifleman in the army; for he said that in killing a squirrel he always put the bullet through the head, though the squirrel might be perched at the time on the topmost limb of the tallest tree. An Irishman who had seen service in the Mexican War, and was attentively listening to this young hunter's boast, fixed his twinkling eye upon the aspiring rifleman, and said to him: "Yes, but, Dan, me boy, ye must ricollict that the squirrel had no gon in his hand to shoot back at ye." The young huntsman had not thought about that; but he doubtless found later on, as the marksmen of both armies did, that it made a vast difference in the accuracy of aim when those in front not only had "gons" in their hands, but were firing them with distracting rapidity. This rude Irish philosopher had explained in a sentence one cause of the wild and aimless firing which wasted more tons of lead in a battle than all its dead victims would weigh.

There was at the outbreak of the war and just preceding it a class of men both North and South over whose inconsistencies the thoughtful, self-poised, and determined men who did the fighting made

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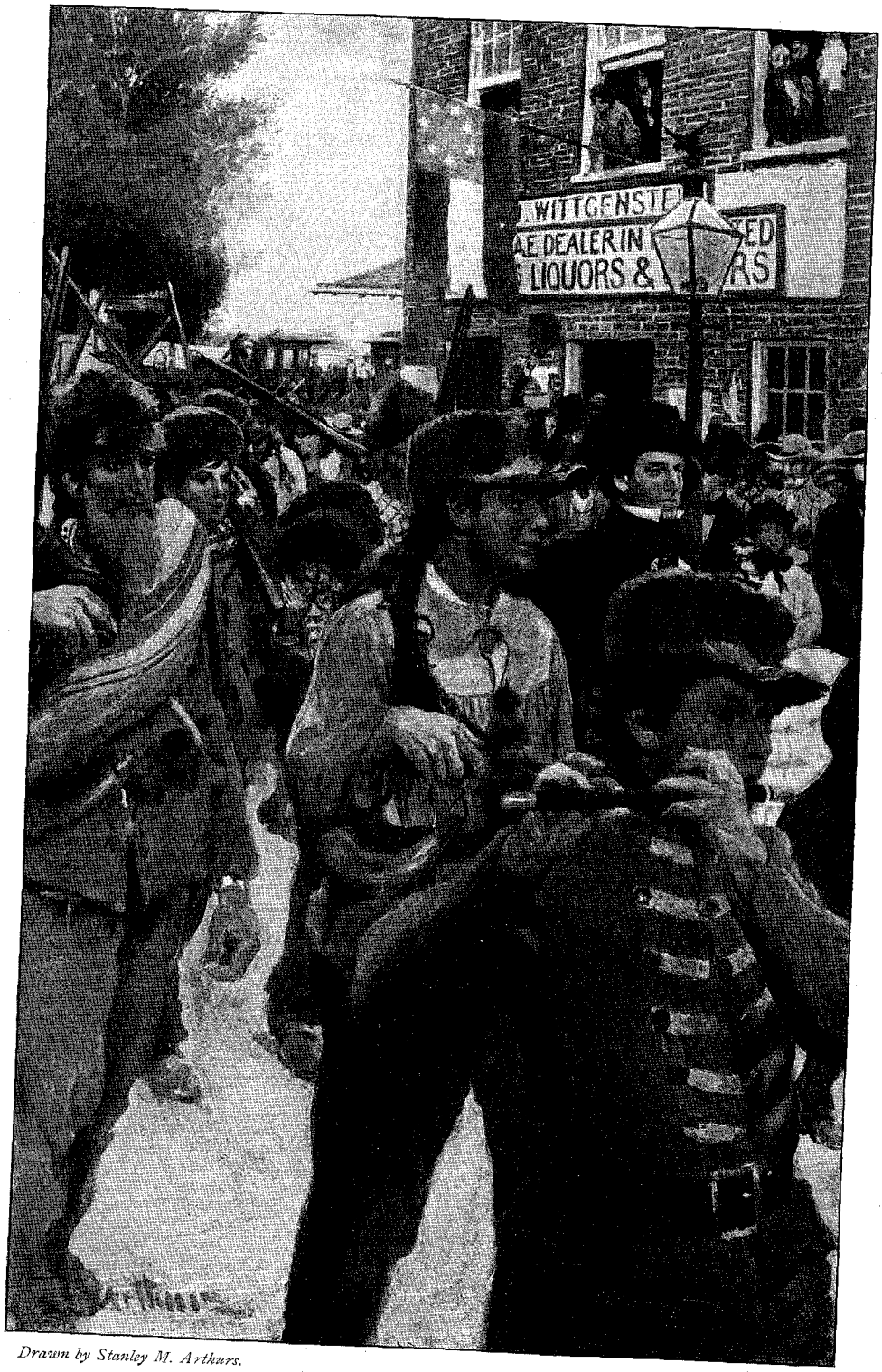

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The Arrival of the Raccoon Roughs in Atlanta, Georgia.

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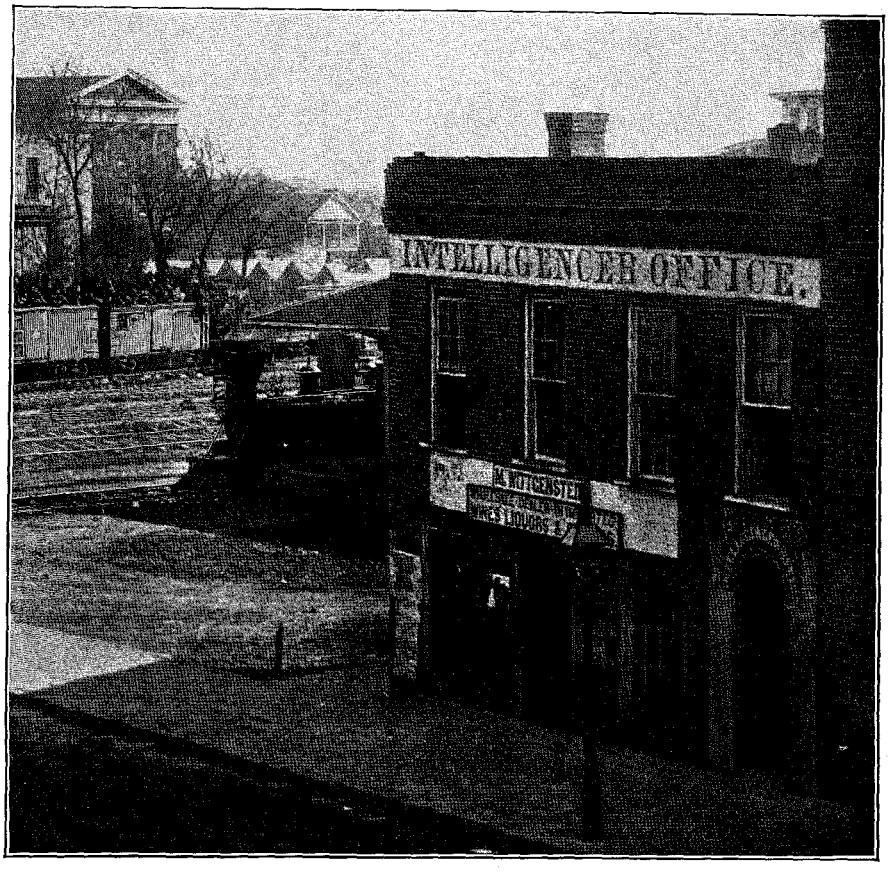

Wartime camp in Atlanta, Ga., in the old City Park.
At the extreme left is the old Trout House, the principal hotel at that time; tracks of three of the chief railroads here crossed Whitehall Street, on which the *Intelligencer* office fronted.

many jokes, as the situation grew more serious. It was that class of men in both sections who were most resolute in words and most prudent in acts; who urged on the sections to the conflict and then did little to help them out of it; who, like the impatient war-horse, snuffed the battle from afar—very far; but who, when real war began to roll its crimson tide nearer and nearer to them, came to the conclusion that it was better for the country, as well as for themselves, to labor in other spheres; and that it was their duty, as America's great humorist put it, to sacrifice not themselves, but their wives' relations on patriotism's altar. One of these furious leaders at the South declared that if we would secede from the Union there would be no war, and if there should be a war, we could "whip the Yankees with children's pop-guns." When, after the war, this same gentleman was addressing an audience, he was asked by an old, maimed soldier: "Say, Judge, ain't you the same man that told us before the war that we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"Yes," replied the witty speaker, "and we could, but, confound 'em, they wouldn't fight us that way."

My company, dismounted, and ready for infantry service, did not wait for orders to move, but hastily bidding adieu to home and kindred, were off for Milledgeville, then capital of Georgia. At Atlanta a telegram from the Governor met us, telling us to go back home, and stay there until our services were needed. Our discomfiture can be better imagined than described. In fact, there broke out at once in my ranks a new rebellion. These rugged mountaineers resolved that they would not go home; that they had a right to go to the war, had started to the war, and were not going to be trifled with by the Governor or anyone else. Finally, after much persuasion, and by the cautious exercise of the authority vested in me by

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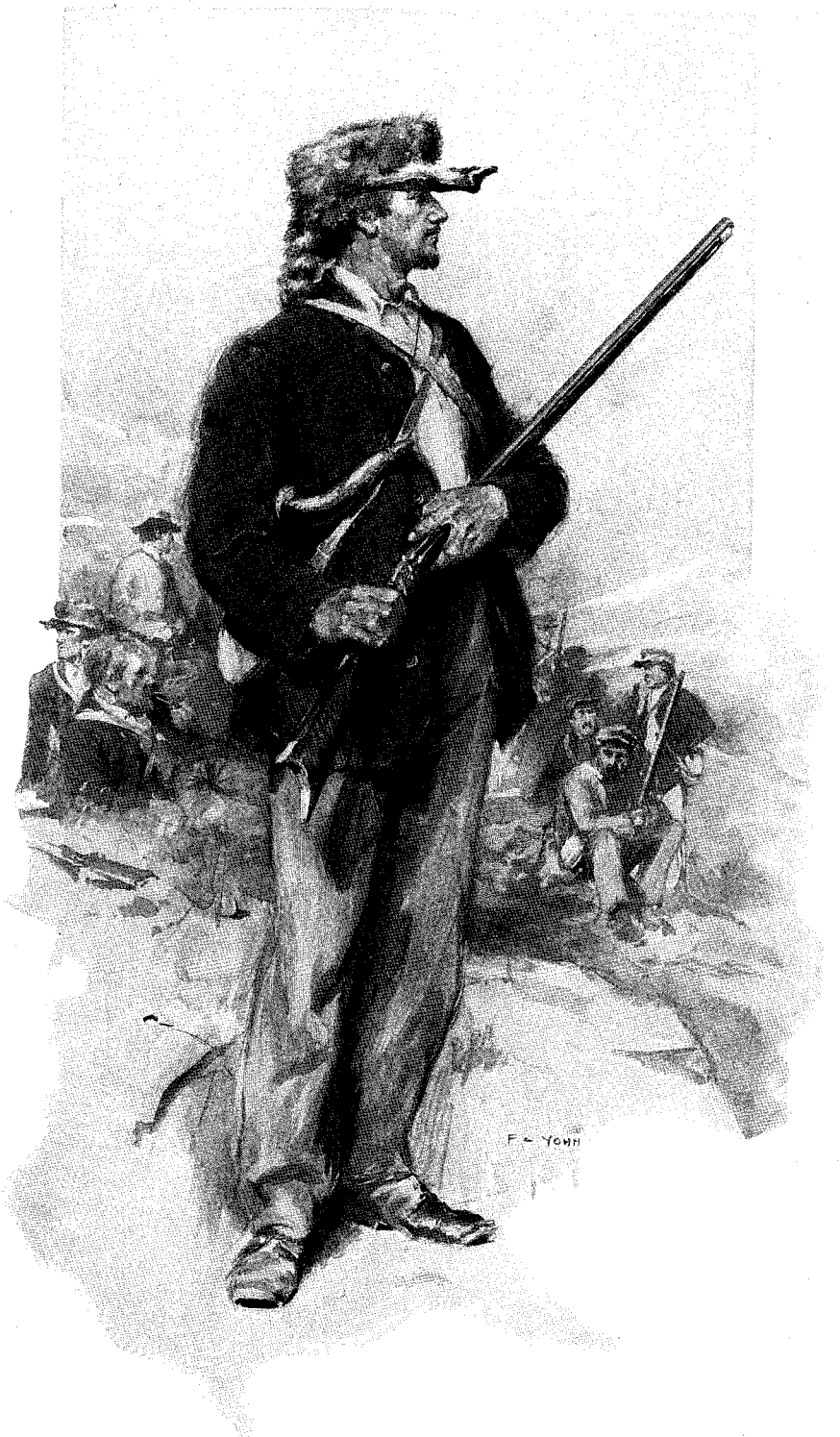

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

A Mountaineer.

[The coon skin cap was drawn from one made by a survivor of the Raccoon Roughs. Several styles were worn by the Company.]

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General Gordon. Col. McCollum.

A group of survivors of the original Raccoon Roughs at a reunion in 1889 at the house of Col. J. L. McCollum, Atlanta, Ga.

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my office of captain, I prevailed on them to get on board the home-bound train. As the engine-bell rang and the whistle blew for the train to start, the rebellion broke loose again with double fury. The men rushed to the front of the train, uncoupled the cars from the engine and gravely informed me that they had reconsidered and were not going back; that they intended to go to the war, and that if Governor Brown would not accept them, some other Governor would. Prophetic of future dash as this wild impetuosity might be, it did not give much promise of soldierly discipline; but I knew my men and did not despair. I was satisfied that the metal in them was the best of steel and only needed careful tempering.

They disembarked and left the empty cars on the track with the trainmen looking on in utter amazement. There was no course left me but to march them through the streets of Atlanta to a camp on the outskirts. The march, or rather straggle, through that city was a sight marvellous to behold and never to be forgotten. Totally undisciplined and undrilled, no two of these men marched abreast; no two kept the same step; no two wore the same colored coats or trousers. The only pretence at uniformity was the rough fur caps made of raccoon skins, with long, bushy, streaked raccoon tails hanging from behind them. The streets were packed with men, women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of this grotesque company. Naturally, we were the observed of all observers. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and from the crowded sidewalks there came to me the inquiry, "Are you the captain of that company, sir?" With a pride which I trust was pardonable, I indicated that I was. In a moment there came to me the second inquiry, "What company is that, sir?" Up to this time no name had been chosen—at least, none had been announced to the men. I had myself, however, selected a name, which I considered both poetic and appropriate, and I replied to the question, "This company is the Mountain Rifles." Instantly a tall mountaineer said in a tone not intended for his captain, but easily overheard by his companions and the bystanders: "Mountain hell! we are no Mountain Rifles; we are the Raccoon Roughs." It is scarcely necessary to say that my selected name was never heard of again. This towering Ajax had killed it by a single blow. The name he gave us clung to the company during all of its long and faithful service.

Once in camp we kept the wires hot with telegrams to governors of other States, imploring them to give us a chance. Governor Moore, of Alabama, finally responded, graciously consenting to incorporate the captain of the "Raccoon Roughs" and his coon-capped company into one of the regiments soon to be organized. The reading of this telegram evoked from my men the first wild rebel yell it was my fortune to hear. Even then, it was weird and thrilling. Through all the stages of my subsequent promotions, in all the battles in which I was engaged, this same exhilarating shout from these same trumpet-like throats rang in my ears, growing fainter and fainter as these heroic men became fewer and fewer at the end of each bloody day's work; and when the last hour of the war came, in the last desperate charge at Appomattox, the few and broken remnants of the Raccoon Roughs were still near their first captain's side, cheering him with the dying echoes of that first yell in the Atlanta camp.

Alabama's Governor had given us the "chance," and with bounding hearts we joined the host of volunteers then rushing to Montgomery. The line of our travel was one unbroken scene of enthusiasm. Bonfires blazed from the hills at night and torch-light processions, with drums and fifes, paraded the streets of the towns. In the absence of real cannon, blacksmith's anvils were made to thunder our welcome. Vast throngs gathered at the depots, filling the air with their shoutings, and bearing banners with all conceivable devices, proclaiming Southern independence, and pledging the last dollar and man for the success of the cause. Staid matrons, and gaily bedecked maidens rushed upon the cars, pinned upon our lapels the blue cockades, and cheered us by chanting in thrilling chorus:

> In Dixie land I take my stand
> To live and die in Dixie.

At other points they sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and the Raccoon Roughs, as they were thenceforward known, joined in the transporting chorus:

> Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights hurrah,
> Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

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The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who had been Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and United States Senator, and who afterward became the Confederate Secretary of State and one of the Hampton Roads Commissioners to meet President Lincoln and the Federal representatives, was travelling upon the same train that carried my company to Montgomery. This famous and venerable statesman on his way to Alabama's capital to aid in organizing the new Government, made, in answer to the popular demand, a number of speeches at the different stations. His remarks on these occasions were usually explanatory of the South's attitude in the threatened conflict. They were concise, clear, and forcible. The people did not need argument; but they applauded his every utterance, as he carefully described the South's position as one not of aggression, but purely of defence; discussed the doctrine promulgated in the Declaration of the Fathers, that all Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; asserted the sovereignty of the States, and their right to peaceably assume that sovereignty, as evidenced by the declaration of New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia when they entered the Union; explained the protection given the South's peculiar property by the plain provisions of the Constitution and the laws; urged the necessity of separation both for Southern security and the permanent peace of the sections, and closed with the declaration that, while there was no trace of authority in the Constitution for the invasion and coercion of a sovereign State, yet it was the part of prudence and of patriotism to prepare for defence in case of necessity.

Although I was a young man, yet, as the only captain on board, it fell to my lot also to respond to frequent calls. In the midst of this wild excitement and boundless enthusiasm, I was induced to make some promises which I afterward found inconvenient and even impossible to fulfill. A flag was presented bearing a most embarrassing motto. That motto consisted of two words: "No retreat." I was compelled to accept it. There was, indeed, no retreat for me then; and in my speech accepting the flag, I assured the fair donors that those coon-capped boys would make that motto ring with their cracking rifles on every battle-field; and in the ardor and inexperience of my young manhood, I related to these ladies and to the crowds at the depot, the story of the little drummer-boy of Switzerland, who, when captured and ordered to beat upon his drum a retreat, proudly replied, "Switzerland knows no such music." Gathering additional inspiration from the shouts and applause which the story evoked, I exclaimed, "And these brave mountaineers and the young Confederacy, like glorious little Switzerland, will never know a retreat!"—My men applauded and sanctioned this outburst of inconsiderate enthusiasm, but we learned better after a while. A little sober experience vastly modified and assuaged our youthful impetuosity. War is a wonderful developer, as well as destroyer, of men; and our four years of tuition in it, equalled in both these particulars at least forty years of ordinary schooling. The first battle carried us through the rudimentary course of a military education; and several months before the four years' course was ended, the thoughtful ones began to realize that though the expense account had been great, it had at least reasonably well prepared us for final graduation, and for receiving the brief little diploma handed to us at Appomattox.

If any apology be needed for my pledge to the patriotic women who presented the little flag with the BIG motto, "No Retreat," it must be found in the depth of the conviction that our cause was just. From great leaders and constitutional expounders, from schools and colleges, from debates in Congress, in the Convention that adopted the Constitution, and from discussions on the hustings, we had learned the lesson of the sovereignty of the States. We had imbibed these political principles from our childhood. We were, therefore, prepared to defend them; ready to die for them, and it was impossible at the beginning for us to believe that they would be seriously and forcibly assailed.

But I must return to our trip to Montgomery. We reached that city at night to find it in a hub-bub over the arrival of enthusiastic, shouting volunteers. The hotels and homes were crowded with visiting statesmen and private citizens, gathered

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by a common impulse around the cradle of the new-born Confederacy. There was a determined look on every face, a fervid prayer on every lip, and a bounding hope in every heart. There was a rumbling of wagons distributing arms and ammunition at every camp, and a tramping of freshly enlisted men on every street. There was a roar of cannon on the hills and around the Capitol booming welcome to the incoming patriots, and all nature seemed palpitating in sympathy with the intensity of popular excitement. It fell to the lot of the Raccoon Roughs to be assigned to the Sixth Alabama Regiment, and, contrary to my wishes and most unexpectedly to me, I was unanimously elected Major.

When my company of mountaineers reached Montgomery, the Provisional Government of the "Confederate States of America" had been organized. At first it was composed only of six States: South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The States of Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina were admitted into the Southern Union in the order, I believe, in which I have named them. Thus was launched the New Republic, with only eleven stars on its banner; but it took as its chart the same old American Constitution, or one so nearly like it that it contained the same limitations upon Federal power, the same guarantees of the rights of the States—the same muniments of public and personal liberty.

The historian of the future, who attempts to chronicle the events of this period and analyze the thoughts and purposes of the people, will find far greater unanimity at the South than at the North. This division at the North did not last long; but it existed in a marked degree for some time after the secession movement began and after twenty or more United States forts, arsenals, and barracks had been seized by State authorities, and even after the steamer *Star of the West* had been fired upon by State troops and driven back from the entrance of Charleston Harbor.

At the South, the action of each State in withdrawing from the Union was the end, practically, of all division within the borders of such State; and the roar of the opening battle at Fort Sumter in South Carolina was the signal for practical unanimity at the North.

Prior to actual secession there was even at the South more or less division of sentiment—not as to principle, but as to policy. Scarcely a man could be found in all the Southern States who doubted the constitutional *right* of a State to withdraw from the Union; but many of its foremost men thought that such movement was ill-advised or should be delayed. Among these were Robert E. Lee, who became the commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies; Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who became the Confederate Vice-President; Benjamin H. Hill, who was a Confederate Senator and one of the Confederate Administration's most ardent and perhaps its most eloquent supporter; and even Jefferson Davis himself is said to have shed tears when, at his seat in the United States Senate, he received the telegram announcing that Mississippi had actually passed the ordinance of secession. The speech of Mr. Davis on taking leave of the Senate shows his loyal devotion to the Republic's flag, for which he had shed his blood in Mexico. In profoundly sincere and pathetic words he thus alludes to his unfeigned sorrow at the thought of parting with the Stars and Stripes. He said, "I shall be pardoned if I here express the deep sorrow which always overwhelms me, when I think of taking a last leave of that object of early affection and proud association; feeling that henceforth it is not to be the banner which by day and by night I am ready to follow, to hail with the rising and bless with the setting sun."

He agreed, however, with an overwhelming majority of the Southern people, in the opinion that both honor and security, as well as permanent peace demanded separation. Referring to the denial of the right of Southerners to carry their property in slaves into the common territories, he said: "Your votes refuse to recognize our domestic institutions, which pre-existed the formation of the Union—our property, which was guarded by the Constitution. You refuse us that equality without which we should be degraded, if we remained in the Union. . . . Is there a Senator on the other side who, to-day, will agree that we shall have equal enjoyment of the territories of the United States? Is there one who will deny that we have equally paid in their purchases and equally bled in their

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acquisition in war? . . . Whose is the fault, then, if the Union be dissolved? . . . If you desire, at this last moment, to avert civil war, so be it; it is better so. If you will but allow us to separate from you peaceably, since we cannot live peaceably together, to leave with the rights we had before we were united, since we cannot enjoy them in the Union, then there are many relations drawn from the associations of our (common) struggles from the Revolutionary period to the present day, which may be beneficial to you as well as to us."

Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, the newly elected President, was deeply imbued with the conviction that the future welfare of the Republic demanded that slavery should be prohibited forever in all the Territories. Indeed, upon such platform he had been nominated and elected. He, therefore, urged his friends not to yield on this point. His language was: "On the territorial question—that is, the question of extending slavery under national auspices—I am inflexible. I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the Nation."*

Thus these two great leaders of antagonistic sectional thought were pitted against each other before they had actually taken in hand the reins of hostile governments. The South in her marvellous fecundity had given birth to both these illustrious Americans. Both were of Southern lineage and born under Southern skies. Indeed, they were born within a few months and miles of each other, and nurtured by Kentucky as their common Mother; but they were destined in God's mysterious providence to find homes in different sections, to grow up under different institutions, to imbibe in youth and early manhood opposing theories of constitutional construction, to become the most conspicuous representatives of conflicting civilizations, and the respective Presidents of contending Republics.

After long, arduous, and distinguished services to their country and to liberty, both of these great sons of the South were doomed to end their brilliant careers in a manner shocking to the sentiment of enlightened Christendom. The one was to die disfranchised by the Government he had long and faithfully served and for the triumph of whose flag he had repeatedly pledged his life. The other was to meet his death by an assassin's bullet, at a period when his life, more than that of any other man, seemed essential to the speedy pacification of his country.

As above stated, there was less division of sentiment in the South at this period than at the North. It is a great mistake to suppose, as was believed by Northern people, that Southern politicians were "dragooning the masses," or beguiling them into secession. The literal truth is that the people were leading the leaders. The rush of volunteers was so great when we reached Montgomery, that my company, "The Raccoon Roughs," felt that they were the favorites of fortune when they found the company enrolled among the "accepted." Hon. L. P. Walker, of Alabama, the first Secretary of War, was literally overwhelmed by the vast numbers wishing to enlist. The applicants in companies and regiments fatigued and bewildered him. The pressure was so great during his office hours, that comparatively few of those who sought places in the fighting line could reach him. With a military ardor and patriotic enthusiasm rarely equalled in any age, the volunteers actually waylaid the War Secretary on the streets to urge him to accept at once their services. He stated that he found it necessary, when leaving his office for his hotel, to go by some unfrequented way, to avoid the persistent appeals of those who had commands ready to take the field. Before the Confederate Government left Montgomery for Richmond, about 360,000 men and boys, representing the best of Southern manhood, had offered their services, and were ready to pledge their fortunes and their lives to the cause of Southern independence. What was the meaning of this unparalleled spontaneity that pervaded all classes of the Southern people? The only answer is, that it was the impulse of self-defence. One case will illustrate this unsolicited outburst of martial enthusiasm; this excess of patriotism above the supposed exigencies of the hour; this vast surplus of volunteers, beyond the power of the new Government to arm. Mr. W. C. Heyward, of South Carolina, was a gentleman of fortune and a West Pointer, graduating in the same class with President Davis. As soon as the Confederate Government was organized, Mr. Heyward went to

* Letter to Seward, February 1.

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Montgomery in person to tender his services with an entire regiment. He was unable for some time to obtain even an interview on the subject, and utterly failed to secure an acceptance of himself or his regiment. Returning to his home disappointed, this wealthy, thoroughly educated, and trained military man joined the Home Guards, and died doing duty as a private in the ranks.

I know of nothing in all history that more brilliantly illustrates the lofty spirit, the high and holy impulse that sways a people aroused by the sentiment of self-defence than this spontaneous uprising of Southern youth and manhood; than their readiness to stand for their inherited convictions and constitutional rights, as they understood them; than the marvellous unanimity with which they rushed to the front with old flint and steel muskets, long-barrel squirrel rifles, and double-barrel shot-guns, in defence of their soil, their States, their homes, and, as they verily believed, in defence of imperilled liberty.

There is no book in existence, I believe, in which the ordinary reader can find an analysis of the issues between the two sections, which fairly represents both the North and the South. Although it would require volumes to contain the great arguments, I shall attempt here to give a brief summary of the causes of our sectional controversy, and it will be my purpose to state the cases of the two sections so impartially, that just-minded people on both sides will admit the statement to be judicially fair.

The causes of the war will be found at the foundation of our political fabric, in our complex organism, in the fundamental law, in the Constitution itself, in the conflicting constructions which it invited and in the institution of slavery which it recognized and was intended to protect. If asked what was the real issue involved in our unparalleled conflict, the average American citizen will reply, "The negro;" and it is fair to say that had there been no slavery there would have been no war. But there would have been no slavery if the South's protests could have availed when it was first introduced; and now that it is gone, although its sudden and violent abolition entailed upon the South directly and incidentally a series of woes which no pen can describe, yet it is true that in no section would its re-establishment be more strongly and universally resisted. The South steadfastly maintains that responsibility for the presence of this political Pandora's box in this Western world cannot be laid at her door. When the Constitution was adopted and the Union formed, slavery existed in practically all the States; and it is claimed by the Southern people that its disappearance from the Northern and its development in the Southern States is due to climatic conditions and industrial exigencies rather than to the existence or absence of great moral ideas.

Slavery was undoubtedly the immediate fomenting cause of the woeful American conflict. It was the great political factor around which the passions of the sections had long been gathered—the tallest pine in the political forest around whose top the fiercest lightnings were to blaze and whose trunk was destined to be shivered in the earthquake shocks of war. But slavery was far from being the sole cause of the prolonged conflict. Neither its destruction on the one hand, nor its defence on the other, was the energizing force that held the contending armies to four years of bloody work. I apprehend that if all living Union soldiers were summoned to the witness-stand, every one of them would testify that it was the preservation of the American Union and not the destruction of Southern slavery that induced him to volunteer at the call of his country. As for the South, it is enough to say that perhaps eighty per cent. of her armies were neither slave-holders, nor had the remotest interest in that institution. No other proof, however, is needed than the undeniable fact that at any period of the war from its beginning to near its close the South could have saved slavery by simply laying down its arms and returning to the Union.

We must, therefore, look beyond the institution of slavery for the fundamental issues which dominated and inspired all classes of the contending sections. It is not difficult to find them. The "Old Man Eloquent," William E. Gladstone, who was perhaps England's foremost statesman of the century, believed that the Government formed by our fathers was the noblest political fabric ever devised by the brain of man. This undoubtedly is true; and yet before these inspired builders were dead, controversy arose as to the nature and

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powers of their free constitutional government. Indeed, in the very convention that framed the Constitution the clashing theories and bristling arguments of 1787 presaged the glistening bayonets of 1861. In the cabinet of the first President, the contests between Hamilton and Jefferson, representatives of conflicting constitutional constructions, were so persistent and fierce as to disturb the harmony of executive counsels and tax the patience of Washington. The disciples of each of these political prophets numbered in their respective ranks the greatest statesmen and purest patriots. The followers of each continuously battled for these conflicting theories with a power and earnestness worthy of the founders of the Republic. Generation after generation, in the Congress, on the hustings, and through the press these irreconcilable doctrines, were urged by constitutional expounders, until their arguments became ingrained into the very fibre of the brain and conscience of the sections. The long war of words between the leaders waxed at last into a war of guns between their followers.

During the entire life of the Republic the respective rights and powers of the States and general government had furnished a question for endless controversy. In process of time this controversy assumed a somewhat sectional phase. The dominating thought of the North and of the South may be summarized in a few sentences. The South maintained with the depth of religious conviction that the Union formed under the Constitution was a Union of consent and not of force; that the original States were not creatures, but the creators of the Union; that these States had gained their independence, their freedom, and their sovereignty from the Mother Country, and had not surrendered these on entering the Union; that by the express terms of the Constitution all rights and powers not delegated were reserved to the States; and the South challenged the North to find one trace of authority in that Constitution for invading and coercing a sovereign State.

The North, on the other hand, maintained with the utmost confidence in the correctness of her position that the Union formed under the Constitution was intended to be perpetual; that sovereignty was a unit and could not be divided; that whether there was any express power granted in the Constitution or not for invading a State, the right of self-preservation was inherent in all Governments; that the life of the Union was essential to the life of liberty; or, in the words of Webster, "liberty and union were one and inseparable."

To the charge of the North that secession was rebellion and treason, the South replied that the epithets of rebel and traitor did not deter her from the assertion of her independence, since these same epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington and Hancock and Adams and Light Horse Harry Lee. In vindication of her right to secede, she appealed to the essential doctrine, "the right to govern rests on the consent of the governed," and to the right of independent action as among those reserved by the States. The South appealed to the acts and opinions of the Fathers and to the report of the Hartford Convention of New England States asserting the power of each State to decide as to the remedy for infraction of its rights; to the petitions presented and positions assumed by ex-President John Quincy Adams; to the contemporaneous declaration of the 8th of January assemblage in Ohio indicating that 200,000 Democrats in that State alone were ready to stand guard on the banks of the border river and resist invasion of Southern territory; and to the repeated declarations of Horace Greeley and the admission of President Lincoln himself that there was difficulty on the question of force, since ours ought to be a fraternal Government.

In answer to all these points, the North also cited the acts and opinions of the same Fathers and urged that the purpose of those Fathers was to make a more perfect Union and a stronger Government. The North offset the opinions of Greeley and others by the emphatic declaration of Stephen A. Douglas, the foremost of Western Democrats, and by the official opinion as to the power of the Government to collect revenues and enforce laws, given to President Buchanan by Jere Black, the able Democratic Attorney-General.

Thus the opposing arguments drawn from current opinions and from the actions and opinions of the Fathers were piled mountain high on both sides. Thus the mighty athletes of debate wrestled in the political arena, each profoundly convinced

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of the righteousness of his position; hurling at each other their ponderous arguments, which reverberated like angry thunderbolts through legislative halls, until the whole political atmosphere resounded with the tumult. Long before a single gun was fired, public sentiment North and South had been lashed into a foaming sea of passion; and every timber in the framework of the Government was bending and ready to break from "the heaving ground swell of the tremendous agitation." Gradually and naturally in this furnace of sectional debate, sectional ballots were crystallized into sectional bullets; and both sides came at last to the position formerly held by the great Troupe of Georgia: "The argument is exhausted, we stand to our guns."

I submit that this brief and incomplete summary is sufficient to satisfy those who live after us that these great leaders of conflicting thought, and their followers who continued the debate in battle and blood, while in some sense partisans, were in a far juster sense patriots.

The opinions of Lee and Grant, from each of whom I briefly quote, will illustrate in a measure the convictions of their armies. Every Confederate appreciates the magnanimity exhibited by General Grant at Appomattox; and it has been my pleasure for nearly forty years to speak in public and private of his great qualities. In his personal memoirs, General Grant has left on record his estimate of the Southern cause. This estimate represents a strong phase of Northern sentiment, but it is a sentiment which it is extremely difficult for a Southern man to comprehend. In speaking of his feelings as "sad and depressed," as he rode to meet General Lee and receive the surrender of the Southern armies at Appomattox, General Grant says: "I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and who had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, *one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse.*" He adds: "I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us."

The words above quoted, showing General Grant's opinion of the Southern cause, are italicized by me and not by him. My object in emphasizing them is to invite special attention to their marked contrast with the opinions of General Robert E. Lee, as to that same Southern cause. This peerless Confederate soldier and representative American, than whom no age or country ever produced a loftier spirit or more clear-sighted, conscientious Christian gentleman, in referring, two days before the surrender, to the apparent hopelessness of our cause, used these immortal words: "*We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.*"

There were those, a few years ago, who were especially devoted to the somewhat stereotyped phrase that in our Civil War one side (meaning the North) "was wholly and eternally right," while the other side (meaning the South) "was wholly and eternally wrong." I might cite those on the Southern side of the great controversy, equally sincere and fully as able, who would have been glad to persuade posterity that the North was "wholly and eternally wrong": that her people waged war upon sister States who sought peacefully to set up a homogeneous government, and meditated no wrong or warfare upon the remaining sister States. These Southern leaders steadfastly maintained that the Soutnern people, in the exercise of the freedom and sovereign rights purchased by Revolutionary blood, were asserting a second independence according to the teachings and example of their fathers.

But what good is to come to the country from partisan utterances on either side? My own well-considered and long-entertained opinion, my settled and profound conviction, the correctness of which the future will vindicate, is this: that the one thing which is "wholly and eternally wrong" is the effort of so-called statesmen to inject one-sided and jaundiced sentiments into the youth of the country in either section. Such sentiments are neither consistent with the truth of history, nor conducive to the future welfare and unity of the Republic. The assumption on either side of all the righteousness and all the truth would produce a belittling arrogance and an offensive intolerance of the opposing section; or, if either section could be persuaded that it was "wholly and eternally wrong," it would inevitably destroy the self-respect and manhood of

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its people. A far broader, more truthful, and statesmanlike view was presented by the Hon. A. E. Stevenson, of Illinois, then Vice-President of the United States, in his opening remarks, as presiding officer at the dedication of the National Park at Chickamauga. In perfect accord with the sentiment of the occasion and the spirit which led to the establishment of this park as a bond of national brotherhood, Mr. Stevenson said: "Here, in the dread tribunal of last resort, valor contended against valor. Here brave men struggled and died for the right as God gave them to see the right."

Mr. Stevenson was right—"wholly and eternally right." Truth, justice, and patriotism unite in proclaiming that both sides fought and suffered for liberty as bequeathed by the Fathers—the one for liberty in the Union of the States, the other for liberty in the Independence of the States.

While the object of these papers is to record my personal reminiscences and to perpetuate incidents illustrative of the character of the American soldier, whether he fought on the one side or the other, I am also moved to write by what I conceive to be a still higher aim; and that is to point out if I can, the common ground on which all may stand; where justification of one section does not require or imply condemnation of the other,—the broad, high, sunlit middle ground where fact meets fact, argument confronts argument, and truth is balanced against truth.

ON THE HILL

By James Herbert Morse

ELEVEN o'clock! The Sunday bells
Have slowly tolled the parson in.
A lively tan-ta-ra-ra tells
The house is hushed, the hymns begin.
Sweet old-time scene, when multitudes
On multitudes thus sat apart,
And heaven in happy interludes
Descended on the human heart!

Now I outside upon the hill
Lie level with the dial-plate,
And memory turns the hands, until
They point me to a golden date:—
The belfry and the bells the same;
The day, the very hour,—eleven,
When through the open windows came
Those harmonies that rang to heaven.

When Lyde's voice, of all the choir,
Came rounded, rich, and full and sweet,
The sunbeams danced upon the spire
With all their little silver feet.
Across the spicery of flowers
The very birds leaned down to see,
And while she sang, withheld their powers,
Which, other times, were heaven to me.

O Lyde, thou art singing still;
Thine upward eye, and sunny hair,
That once made heaven of this hill—
I doubt not they make heaven elsewhere.
But I, with thinking quite forlorn,
With winter in my beard, abide,
And now, as then, on Sunday morn,
A far-off listener, lie outside.

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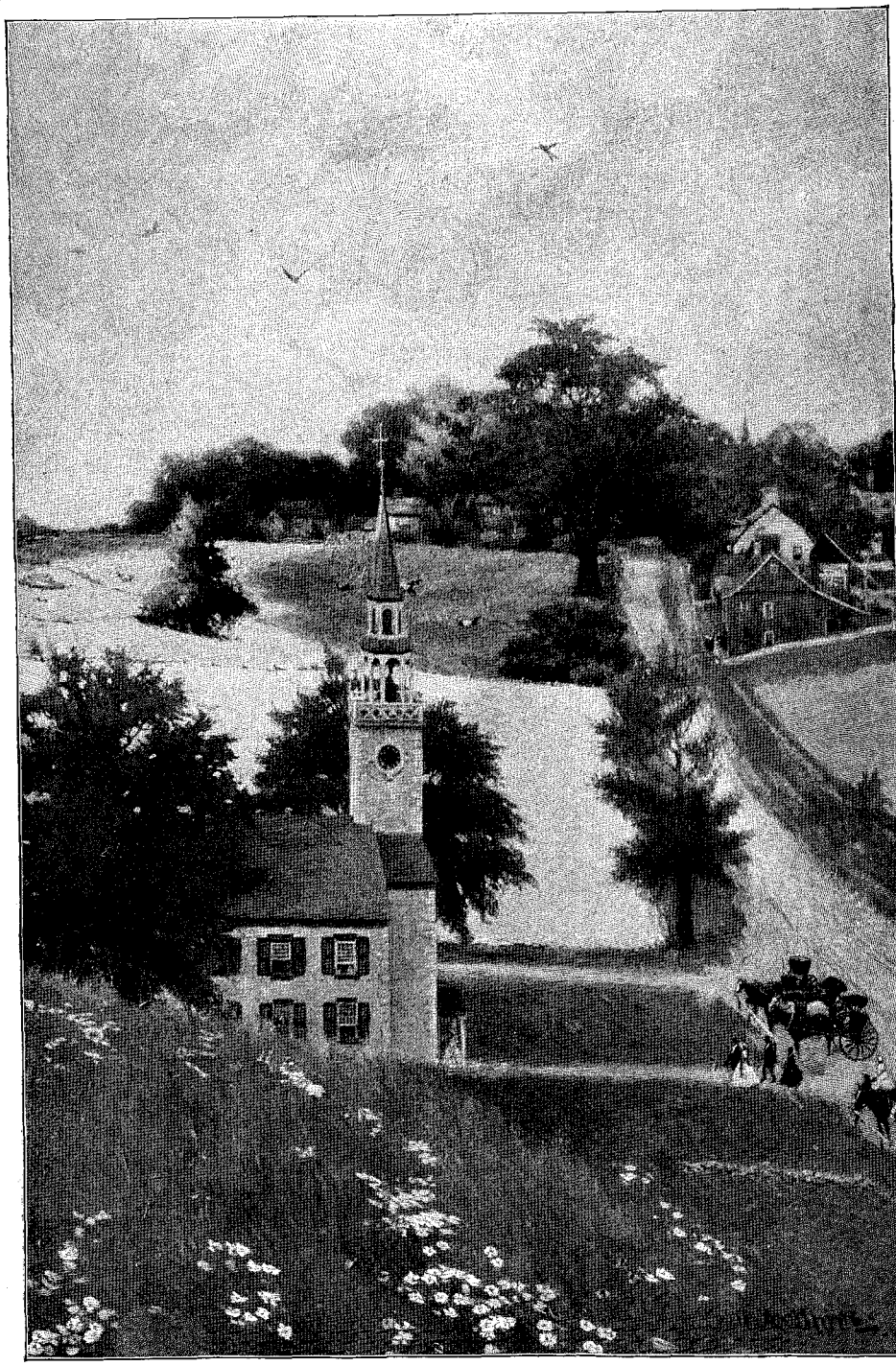

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

On the Hill.

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THE OPEN DOOR

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

O LISTEN for her step when the fire burns hollow,
When the low flame whispers and the white ash sinks,
When all about the chamber shadows troop and follow
As drowsier yet the hearth's red watchlight blinks.

WHILE bare black night through empty casements staring
Waits to storm the wainscot till the fire lies dead,
Fast along the snow-bound waste little feet are faring—
Hush—and listen—listen—but never turn your head.

LEAVE the door upon the latch—she could never reach it—
You would hear her crying, crying there till break of day,
Out on the cold moor 'mid the snows that bleach it,
Weeping as once in the long years past away.

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LEAN deeper in the settle-corner lest she find you—
Find and grow fearsome, too afraid to stay:
Do you hear the hinge of the oaken press behind you?
There all her toys were kept, there she used to play.

DO you hear the light, light foot, the faint sweet laughter?
Happy stir and murmur of a child that plays:
Slowly the darkness creeps up from floor to rafter,
Slowly the falling snow covers all the ways.

FALLS as it fell once on a tide past over.
Golden the hearth glowed then, bright the windows shone;
And still, still she comes through the sullen drifts above her
Home to the cold hearth though all the lights are gone.

FAR or near no one knew—none would now remember—
Where she wandered no one knew, none will ever know;
Somewhere, Spring must give her flowers, somewhere white December
Call her from the moorland to her playthings through the snow.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Little Suzanne . . . placed her cheek against the sister's shoulder.—Page 533.

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SISTER ESPÉRANCE

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

THE Convent of the Good Sisters dominated its surroundings in the same sense as Rheinstein or Drachenfels, except that the broad, brown river at the foot of the shelving hillside was not the Rhine, but the Seine, sweeping off, in a long, visible curve toward the open towers of Mantes Cathedral, kilomètres distant. The convent had another name, one which did honor to one of the multitude of minor saints, but this was singularly ineloquent when contrasted with the significance of the simpler title by which, among the peasantry, it had come to be known.

The Good Sisters numbered fifty, and of these one was Mother Superior, the rest equal in standing and authority. It was age alone wherein they essentially differed. One might almost have detected among them a curious general resemblance, and that not only of manner and of speech, but of actual conformation of feature. A common creed, a common existence, and a common aim seemed to have run their originally dissimilar individualities into a single mould.

The spirit of silence wrapped the convent as in a gray and silver veil. The footfalls of the Good Sisters, sandal-softened, awoke no echo in the lofty, whitewashed galleries; their voices, as they bent in company over their work, commingled in the veriest murmur, like that of the fountain in the court, which fell, not as other fountains, plashing into a pool, but upon a bed of thick moss. It was only during the hours between nine and noon that this tranquillity was stirred by two elements which it is never possible wholly to subdue —motherhood and youth. For then it was that the peasant-women of the little, clustering hamlets of the vicinity came to the convent for advice, medicines, and spiritual counsel, bringing simple meats and vegetables for the Good Sisters, and receiving prompt payment in new silver. They gathered in the hall reserved for their reception, and, for an hour or more, infused the atmosphere with a suggestion of rugged health, good-nature, and the sane, free life of out-of-doors. To and fro among them, questioning, advising, comforting, or rebuking, as the need might be, went the sisters appointed weekly to this duty. Others, meanwhile, in the galleries or the gardens, gave simple instruction to the little girls who had accompanied their mothers and remained for mid-day prayer; leaving afterward in a procession which dotted the dust of the road with the patterns of hob-nailed shoes, and stirred the adjacent air with laughter and childish gossip.

The morning stillness of the convent garden was stirred by a faint murmur of voices from the secluded corners where a score of sisters, each with a little girl beside her, gave low-voiced instruction, or read from the simple books the children themselves had brought. The sunlight, filtering through the foliage above, splashed in a dappled mosaic on the close-cropped grass. The plash of the fountain, the wind in the leaves, the low fluting of the birds, the voices of the sisters and the children—all were keyed to the same subdued note. Tranquillity lay upon the scene like a caress.

On a bench, under a great acacia, Sister Espérance took a well-worn Bible from the hand of the girl beside her.

"Thou hast brought thy own," she said. "It is well."

Little Suzanne laid in her lap the hand which had been holding the book, and, with a suddenly confiding impulse, placed her cheek against the sister's shoulder.

"Not mine," she answered, "but father's."

"And this is thy first day?"

"Yes, my sister," said the child, in the slow, mature voice which so strangely suited the melancholy of her face. "For a long time—for six weeks—ever since we came—he has held me back. I know not why. We are new here, my sister, having come from Rouen, and, since the mother died, I am all he has, *le pauvre père!* Perhaps that is why he does not wish to lose

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me, even for these few hours. But I have begged so hard—*j'commençais à le raser!* So, at last, this morning he gave the word that I should come with the other *gosses*," she added, unconscious of the incongruity of the word in these surroundings. "I am so glad. It is so beautiful here—and so still!"

"Thou must tell me something of thyself," said Sister Espérance. "I like to know my little friends, and since I have not seen thee before—— Thy mother is dead, thou sayest? *Pauvre petite! Alors*, tell me of thy father. Is he kind?"

"*C'est un type rudement bon!*" answered Suzanne, quaintly. "He keeps the lock at Les Mureaux, since six weeks. It is a government appointment, my sister. We were so lucky as to receive it. There is an assistant keeper, too, and his wife—*une grosse bonne femme*. We live all in the same house, yet not together. There is a division, different rooms, two kitchens—it is not easy to explain. My father does not care to be with others. The dear, good mother died three years ago. Now I am all he has. But I am twelve. What would you? I am worth another. And he loves me. I think he did not love the mother. *Hélas!* But he was always very kind."

There was something curiously old about Suzanne. Sister Espérance turned the child's sentences in her mind, as she opened the Bible and prepared to read. Somewhere back of that ungirlish gravity lay a common little tragedy—the tragedy of the child who is not supposed to notice or to understand, but whose heart is heavy with the weight of its parents' mute unhappiness.

"And this Bible?" asked the sister. "Thou sayest it is his? It is very worn. Has he read it much?"

"*Ah, ça!* I do not know. I found it in one of the old trunks when we came to move. Perhaps—long ago—when he was young. But I do not know. *Il n'aime plus ces sortes de choses!*"

The Bible had opened, as if of its own will, at a place where a narrow purple ribbon lay between the leaves, and here Sister Espérance began to read.

"'Hear, O Lord, my prayer, and let my cry come to thee.

"'Turn not away thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble: incline thy ear unto me.

"'In what day soever I shall call upon thee, hear me speedily.

"'For my days are vanished like smoke, and my bones are grown dry like fuel for the fire.

"'I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered, because——'"

Sister Espérance paused, and a cloud crept across the serenity of her face. The familiar words of the Fifth Penitential Psalm stirred a faint trouble at her heart. . . .

It was always there, then, the sweet, sad past! Should she never forget? Fifteen years it was since, bowed down by intolerable mortification, she had taken the veil, and, in passing the threshold of the convent, resolved to leave, outside, the world which she had loved. She was a mere girl then, and at first it had been hard—sometimes so hard that she despaired. She was enjoined—nay, more, she wanted—to forget. On her knees, during long hours of wakefulness, she besought this forgetfulness, wrestling bitterly, often with no words to voice her petition; and, little by little, as the months and years lagged by, there came to her, if not oblivion, at least the calm of resignation. Now she was outwardly as were the others, and inwardly, even, for the most part, content. But what had been—the disappointment, and, worse, the humiliation—lay more insistently upon her innocent memory than had the shadow of a sin or of a shame. For she had loved—ah, God, how she had loved!—and so, all young and ingenuous as she was, had dared more than another of lesser faith, proud, even, of her unmaidenly confession, in her confidence that it would be understood. And then, as she waited, heart and eyes aglow, for the man to make the next move, had come like a blow from a mailed hand the news of his betrothal to another. He despised her, flung in her face the riches she offered him, and had but silence and this rebuke for the words which she had written, knowing him too poor, and believing him too proud to write them for himself. And yet, before the petty quarrel which she had thought so to solve, he had loved her—yes! yes! he had loved her! Nothing could ever alter her faith in that. Even if he had changed, *once* he had loved her! . . .

Fifteen years—fifteen years! Despite

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penance and prayer, the shame of that repudiation was yet potent to set her cheeks blazing beneath the smooth brow-band of her cap, as they were blazing now. She resumed her reading, and went on for a moment, with her eyes half-blinded by tears unbidden and unshed.

"'For I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping——'"

A shadow falling across the book, and a movement of little Suzanne roused her, and, raising her eyes, Sister Espérance found herself looking into those of the Mother Superior, and, unreasonably, the dying flush on her cheeks deepened once more to crimson.

"You wish me, mother?"

"Nay—the child. I am sending Sister Félicité home with her. Thy father summons thee, my little one."

For an instant her hand, waxen in its transparency, rested on Suzanne's thick, straight hair.

"Go," she added, "go, my child. The sister awaits thee yonder."

With a sudden, startled widening of her eyes, Suzanne glanced at the speaker's face, and then, without a word, walked rapidly away to where Sister Félicité stood, with folded hands, at the end of the gravelled path.

"Mother!" whispered Sister Espérance, "there is trouble—illness? Could you not have sent me?"

"There is—death," said the other, slowly. "The wife of the assistant keeper brought the news, but now, from the lock at Les Mureaux. The child's father is keeper there, it seems. He has been crushed, I know not how, between the side of the lock and a barge passing through. There is said to be no hope."

Sister Espérance bowed her head.

"May God receive his soul!" she said. "I would I might have been of service, mother."

"It was my intention to have sent you both," answered the Mother Superior, "but when I came to you——There is that in your face, my daughter, which I have not seen there for many months—nay, for years! What sin is this? Is the old trouble to be revived which I thought you had conquered long since? Do you still dwell upon the past? Is the heart vowed to God yet busy with the pomps and vanities?"

Then, as Sister Espérance, bowing her head still lower, made no reply, she added, more sternly:

"This is a grievous fault. Mayhap, I have been too lenient in the past. To your cell! I will come to you later, when I have prayed for guidance."

In her tiny cell, Sister Espérance knelt long beside her pallet, without movement, her face buried in her hands. The sunlight, striking through the narrow window, fell upon the opposite wall in a golden rectangle, which, as the hours passed, crawled reluctantly eastward, until, reddening with the wane of afternoon, it lay full across the figure of an ivory Christ upon a cross of ebony. Then, with a long sigh, the nun lifted her head. There were deep circles under her heavy eyes, and her lips were set in a thin, blue line. Before her, upon the little bed, sprawled Suzanne's Bible, where she had put it down on entering the cell. Mechanically, she lifted it. It was open at the place where she had left off reading to the child, and now she resumed the thread of the Psalm, in a voice just above a whisper:

"'Because of thy anger and indignation, for having lifted me up, thou——'"

Her slender finger plucked at the corner of the leaf, in an attempt to turn it, but, finding that it clung to that which followed, she bent her eyes to the task, and with some difficulty drew the two apart. They came reluctantly, the type impression peeling in one place from the paper, and leaving a blank, ruffled space in its stead. A violet, dried and colorless with age, had glued the leaves together. . . .

A violet—a violet—and, on the margin of the right-hand page, seven words in pencil—"I love you! I love you! Marguerite."

Suddenly, Sister Espérance flung herself upright, and reeled dizzily backward, her arms, rigidly at right angles to her body, straining the book wide open before her eyes.

They were her own words!

As if at the touch of a necromancer's wand, the walls of her cell melted into those of Mère Delaunay's little house in Rouen, in the Rue Coignebert, fifteen years —*ah, mon Dieu!* fifteen long, leaden years before! She was no longer the Good Sister, but little Marguerite, orphan of the rich Monsieur Chapelle, come to visit the

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mother of the man she loved. Still holding the book at arm's length, she fluttered the pages back toward the fly-leaf, seeking, yet dreading to see, what was written there. Two words only, and a date, formed in a small, cramped hand:

"Jacques Delaunay, 1885."

It was all there, vividly, surrounding her, bewildering her, crushing her—the little crumpled note, long since destroyed, burned again upon her bosom, hinting at what he dared not ask, because that she was rich, and he was poor. And she was in the small, neat room, smelling of lavender and clean, coarse linen, which his mother showed with pride. There was the tiny bunch of early violets in a glass of water—"*Il aime les fleurs, mon Jacques, et surtout celles-ci !*"—and on the table beside his bed lay a single book, a Bible, *this* Bible—"*Oh, je vous assure, mademoiselle, c'est un fameux religieux, que mon Jacques!*"

Until then, she had not known how to act. His words had been so indefinite, so few, and he was desperately proud, this pauper, as he called himself! But, suddenly, as Mère Delaunay was called away to meet a gossiping neighbor at the door, she knew! With her heart hammering, she had written those seven words with her little pencil, and snatching a violet from the glass, had crushed it at the place, between the leaves. The flower was wet—how distinctly she remembered every most trivial detail of the scene!—and clung to the thin paper, but what of that? He would find it, would read her message, would come to her! His mark, a narrow purple ribbon, was at the place where he had been reading last. And her page followed! He would turn it——

But he had never turned it—he had never known! The evidence lay there before her, convincing, indisputable. The leaves of his Bible, linked together by that first carelessness of hers, had kept their secret, even from him. He had waited for her answer, and she for his, and neither came. And, as at his silence her courage had failed, so at hers had perished his faith. He had never touched his Bible since: his mark yet lay where she had seen it last. And here, Suzanne's words crowded themselves into her understanding—"*Il n'aime plus ces sortes de choses !*"

So, for six weeks, there had been silence, and then—and then, he had married another, another who had given him Suzanne, another who had died. Ah——

As had come the past, suddenly and unbidden, so now the present leaped once more upon her. What was it the Mother Superior had said?

"There is death. . . . There is no hope."

Ah, Jacques, Jacques! Fifteen years sacrificed to a misunderstanding, to an estrangement which had never had a cause! Ah, Jacques! Ah, Jacques!

The cell door swung open and then shut, and the Mother Superior stood before her.

"My daughter!"

"Mother!" cried Sister Espérance, wheeling upon her, "What have you heard? The lock-keeper—Suzanne's father——"

"There is hope," said the Mother Superior. "It is not as bad as was supposed, at first. He lives, but he is dangerously injured. Sister Félicité remains. He needs careful nursing. Had he but a wife—but she is dead. My daughter, have you repented?"

"Aye!" exclaimed Sister Espérance, flinging up her hands, "aye!—repented bitterly. For this man who is dying, below there, perhaps, is the man of whom I told you, long ago, the man I loved—the man I love! Let me pass, mother. I go to him!"

The Mother Superior, her arms flung wide across the doorway, barred the road.

"My daughter—my daughter!" she implored. "Remember your vows! Remember your duty!"

"My vows?" repeated Sister Espérance, bitterly. "And which vows come first, then, mother—those or these? My duty? My duty is between myself and Him who made me. There are things in life you wot not of. I renounce my vows. I am leaving the convent forever. I go to him. Let be—let be! Count me as you will. Perchance, I am a soul lost to all eternity. Who knows?"

And so, very gently putting aside the hands that sought to restrain her, she passed from the cell and the convent, never to return.

The Mother Superior raised her eyes and her crucifix to Heaven, and something that was almost a smile hovered on her lips. For she, too, had lived, and loved, and lost.

"Who knows?" she said, softly, "who knows?"

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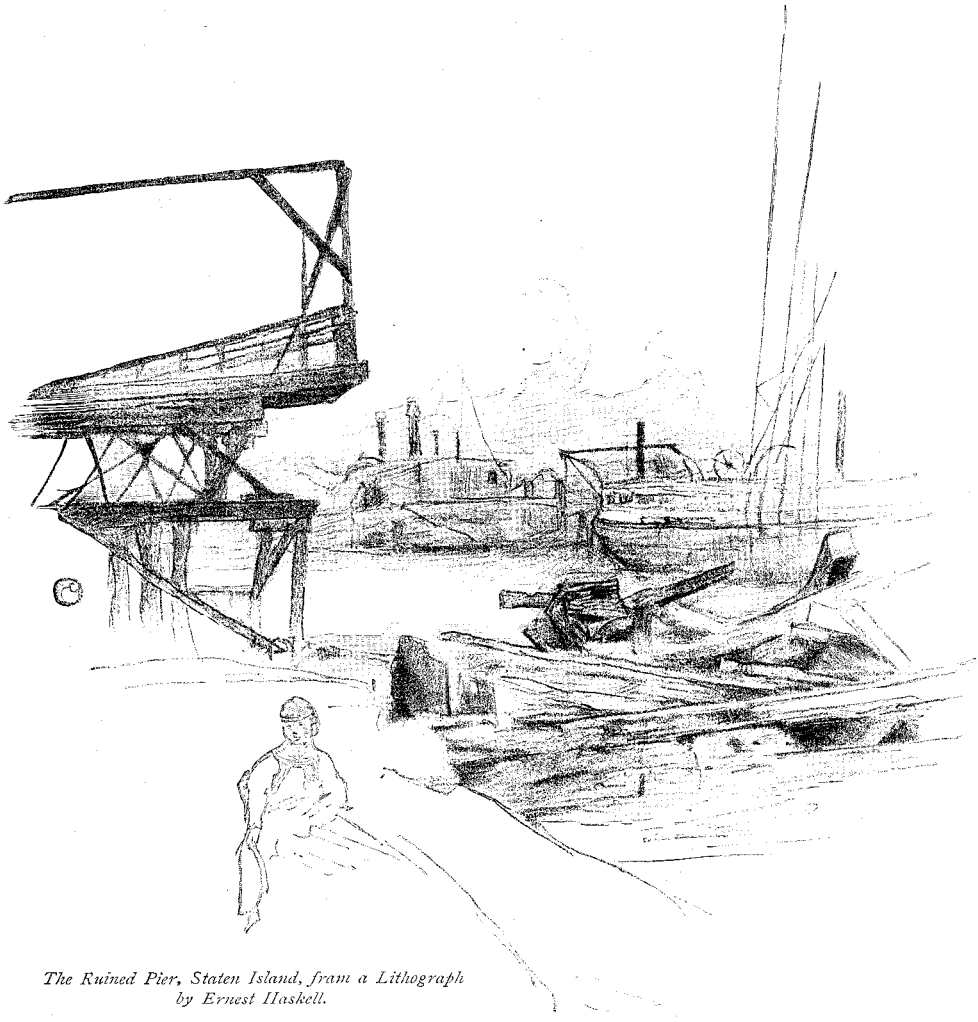

The Ruined Pier, Staten Island, from a Lithograph by Ernest Haskell.

PAINTER-LITHOGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES*

By Frank Weitenkampf

TWENTY-THREE years after Senefelder made his first attempt at printing from stone, Bass Otis, a portrait-painter, introduced lithography to the American public in a pair of drawings published, 1819, in the *Analectic Magazine*, of Philadelphia. The two unpretentious landscapes gave not the slightest hint of the possibilities exploited even at that time by Senefelder, Winter, Girodet, Vernet, Guérin, Gros, and others in Germany and France. Yet only seven years later Rembrandt Peale was awarded the silver medal of the Franklin Institute for his copy, on

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stone, of his own portrait of Washington. And we need not cite local pride or a backward state of art in this country as an explanation of the award, for Peale really, in this work, showed an understanding of the possibilities of the stone which is worthy of note, and which, by the way, is wanting in other lithographs from his hand.

A Portrait by Ernest Haskell.

The commercial importance of the new reproductive process was evident from the beginning. As early as 1825, Pendleton was engaged in the business of lithographic printing in Boston, and Imbert in New York, and it was not long before firms sprang up in Philadelphia and other cities. Much of the work produced was poor.

Painter-lithography, as an autographic art practised by the artist similarly to etching, could not, from the nature of things, find much expression in a land in which the conditions of social and political development left little time for the cultivation of art for its own sake. Still, the artistic interest was not entirely wanting, even in commercial work, when men such as Henry Inman (who formed a partnership with C. G. Childs), Thomas Sully, Rembrandt Peale, and Thomas Doughty were taking an interest in the development of the new process. Inman executed a number of drawings on the stone, among them a little figure of a nude boy, which is, perhaps, his best, a graceful and delicate bit of crayon-drawing. As a matter of fact, artistic lithography and the commercial product cannot always be separated when considering the work of those early days. Much of it was signed, thus representing distinct personalities, instead of bearing only the trade-mark of a firm-name.

From the late thirties to the early fifties a little group of portrait-artists turned out very respectable work, with an occa-

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A Study, by John S. Sargent.

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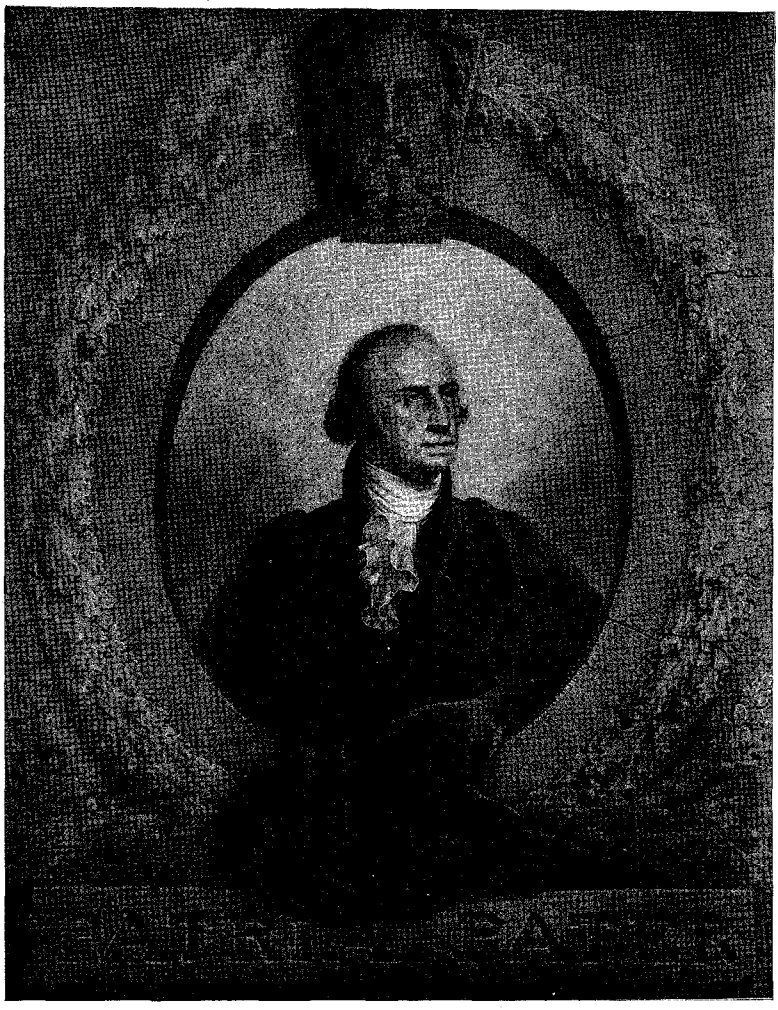

George Washington, by Rembrandt Peale.
(Courtesy of S. P. Avery.)

sional infusion of decidedly artistic feeling. One of the earliest was M. E. D. Brown, who surpassed himself in his portrait of William P. Dewees, after Neagle (1833), a really stunning bit of effect, with its vague outlines and strong shadows. In the forties, Charles Fenderich's drawings, in their rather sombre black, stood above much of the mediocre production of the period. But among these exponents of art in commercialism, such as they were, the deaf-mute Albert Newsam (1809–64) is best known and on the whole most noteworthy. His work varied greatly; some was quite poor. Yet in his best portraits—spirited productions such as the larger one of Dr. Rawle and that of Fanny Kemble — his study of French methods bore such really good fruit as to associate his name indelibly with the rise of the art in this country. He was most successful when copying, for when he drew directly from the life he faithfully reproduced the tired look of sitters, whom he could not animate on account of his bodily misfortune. J. O. Pyatt, his teach-

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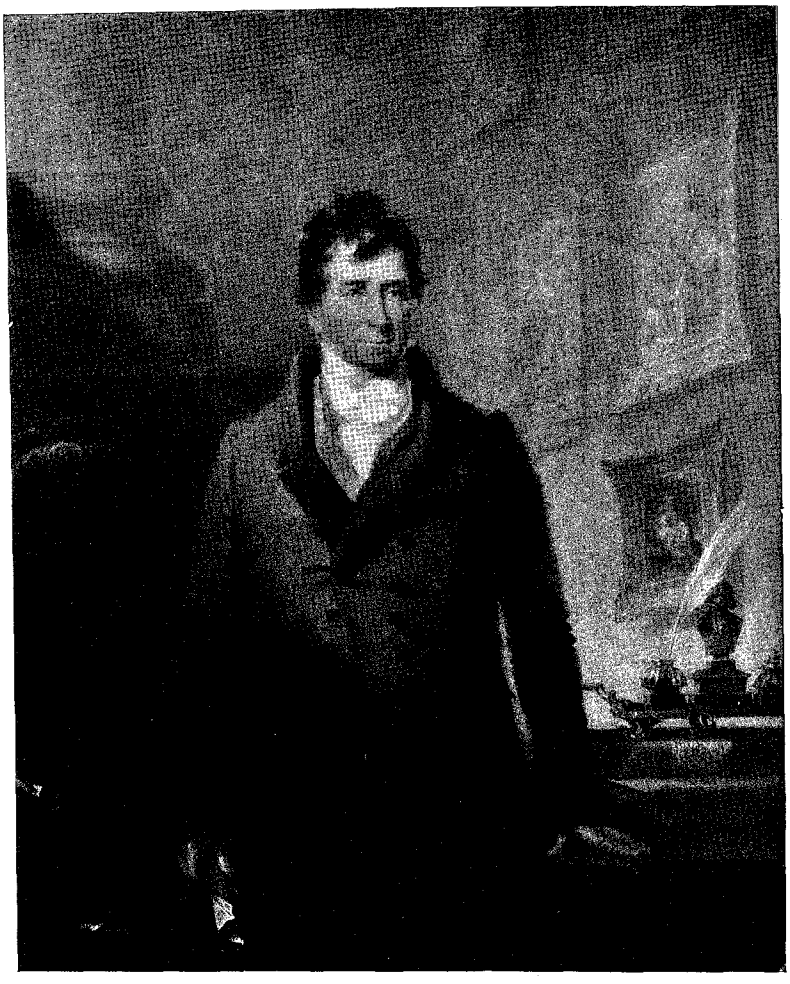

Portrait of William P. Dewees, by M. E. D. Brown.

er, devoted a monograph to him (Philadelphia, 1868), and Mr. D. McN. Stauffer has compiled a catalogue of his portraits (1901). A more uniform degree of merit appears in the lithographs of F. D'Avignon, whose series of portraits of distinguished Americans, issued about 1850, frankly and evidently copied from daguerreotypes, is remarkable for the delicacy of the crayoning, especially in the faces. His work and the best of Newsam's form a refreshing contrast to the flat, colorless tones so familiar in more recent years. Still another man who brought an artistic strain into the business of lithography was Napoleon Sarony, a clever artist, who had a graceful and facile touch and smooth manner, and who was for years associated with Major & Knapp. Special mention must be made also of an interesting head of Stephen Douglas, published in 1860. It is signed by Jules Émile Saintin, a French painter, who spent some years in the United States, and is interestingly unconventional and unprofessional in style and execution.

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"On the Seine," by H. W. Ranger.

Reproduced from the original lithograph in the possession of Forbes Heemans, Syracuse, N. Y.

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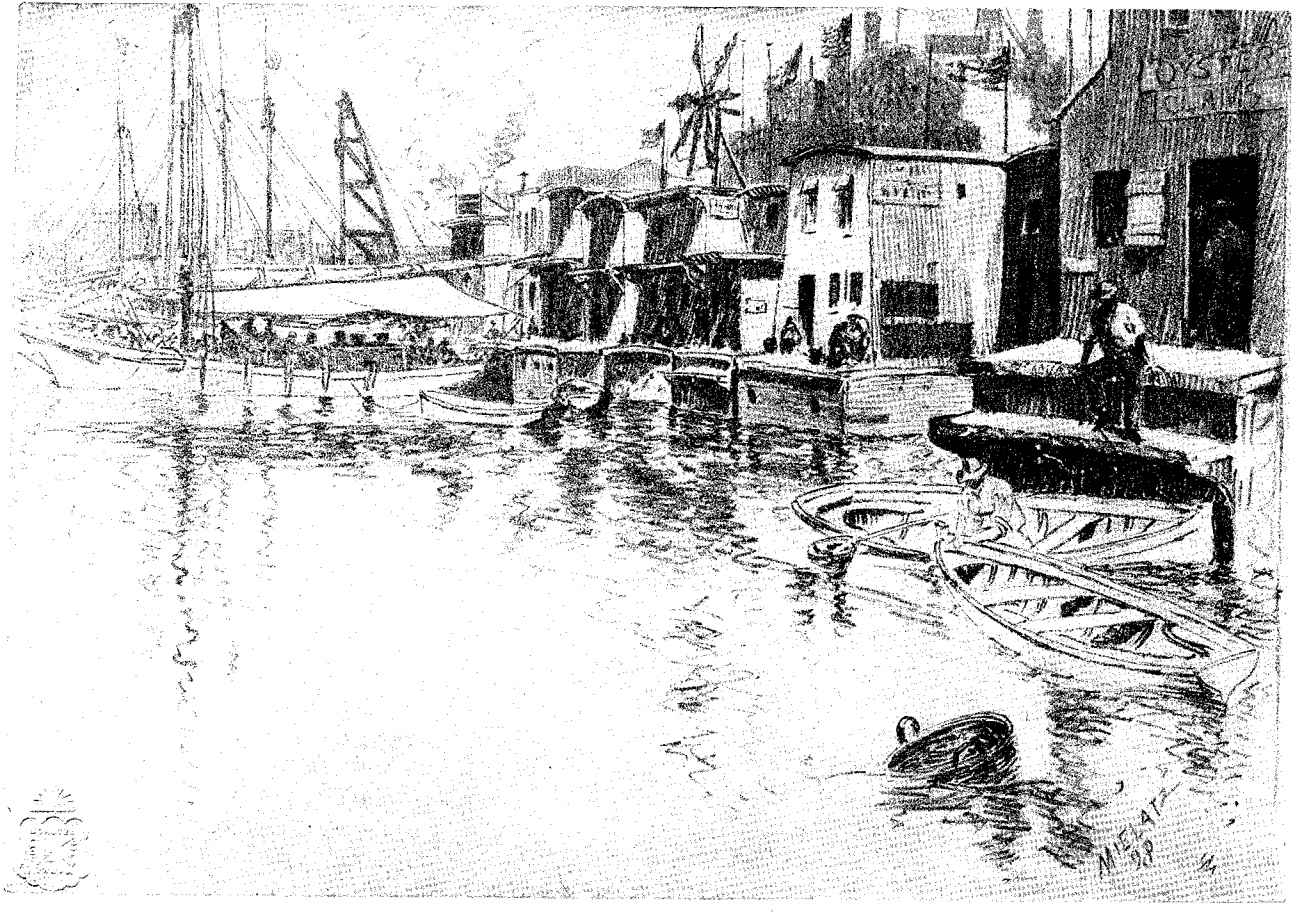

"Oyster Market near Christopher Street," by Charles F. W. Mielatz.

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With great improvement in commercial lithography came a corresponding decrease in artistic strength and individuality. Few signatures appeared under the portraits—theatrical posters, for the greater part—and these few, at the best, represented smooth and colorless workmanship. Only occasionally, as in the posters of Matt Morgan or the cartoons of Joseph Keppler, did an artistic personality of distinct individuality make itself felt.

Thus far I have dealt almost altogether with portraits, the productions of draughtsmen who are mentioned here because of the measurable degree of artistic success which attended their efforts in the commercial field. Landscapes such as "Catterskill Falls" (1856), by Charles Parsons, and "Taghanic Fall" (1854), done on stone by David Glasgow (who died in 1858, at the age of twenty-four), have a smoothness, delicacy of tone, and vigor of contrasts which place them at the head of work done by professionals.

Winfield Scott, by F. D'Avignon.

But for well-expressed individuality in landscape we must go to the prints, all too few, by two painters who found the grease-crayon a medium of artistic expression. Thomas Moran's "Solitude" (1869), a view on the south shore of Lake Superior, is a strong and picturesque performance, and his best lithograph, as the artist himself says. The stone was broken by an unfortunate fall when but

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"Solitude," by Thomas Moran.

ten or twelve impressions had been taken. Entirely different in style, simple in subject and treatment, with a quiet charm of their own, are J. Foxcroft Cole's "Pastorals" (1870), eight in all.

To the few achievements of these two are to be added those of William Morris Hunt and Winslow Homer. From Hunt's hand we have a little hurdy-gurdy player and a flower-girl; the latter is especially delightful in its painter-like qualities. Winslow Homer's "Campaign Sketches," half-a-dozen Civil War pictures, are interesting chiefly as foreshadowing the future development of the artist. In the example here reproduced there is some clever work with the scraper.

The example of these four, however,

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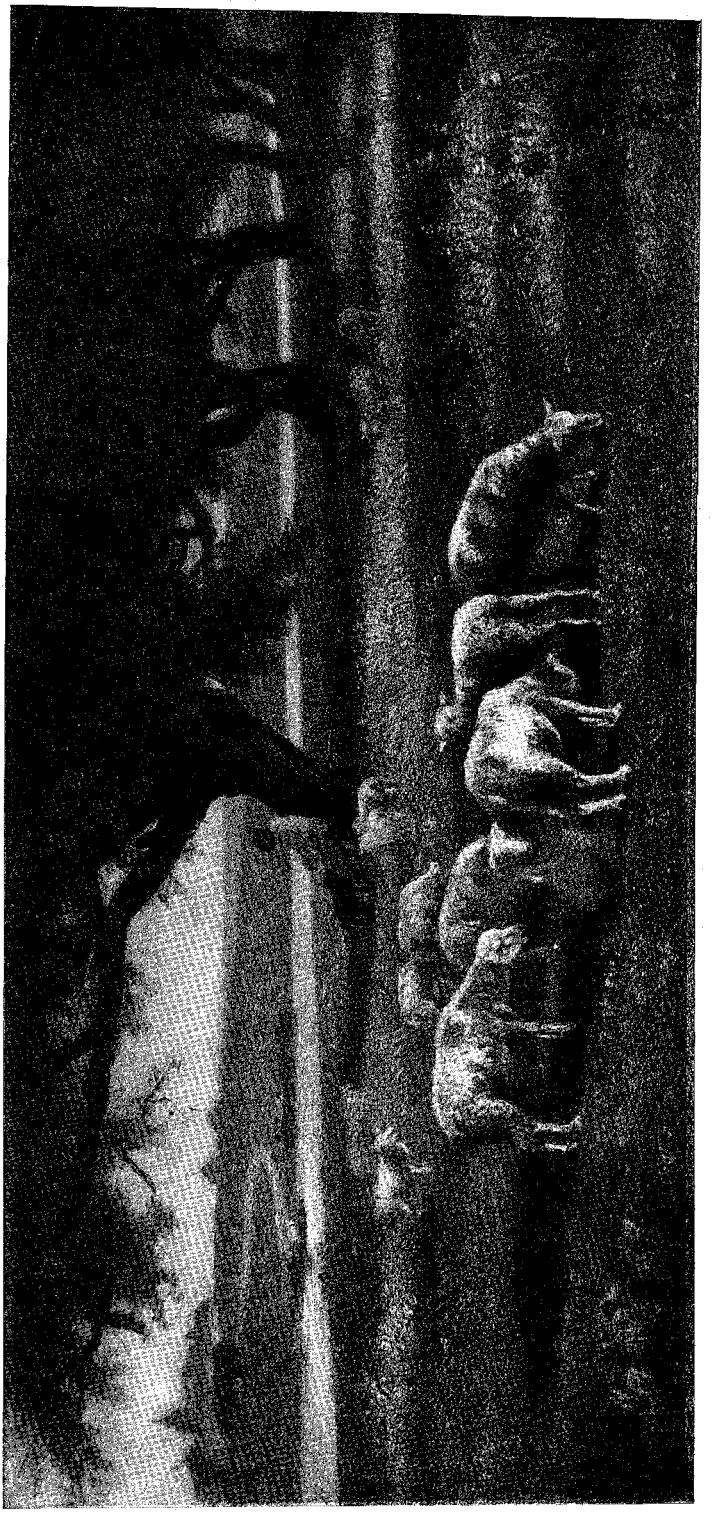

A "Pastoral," by J. Foxcroft Cole.

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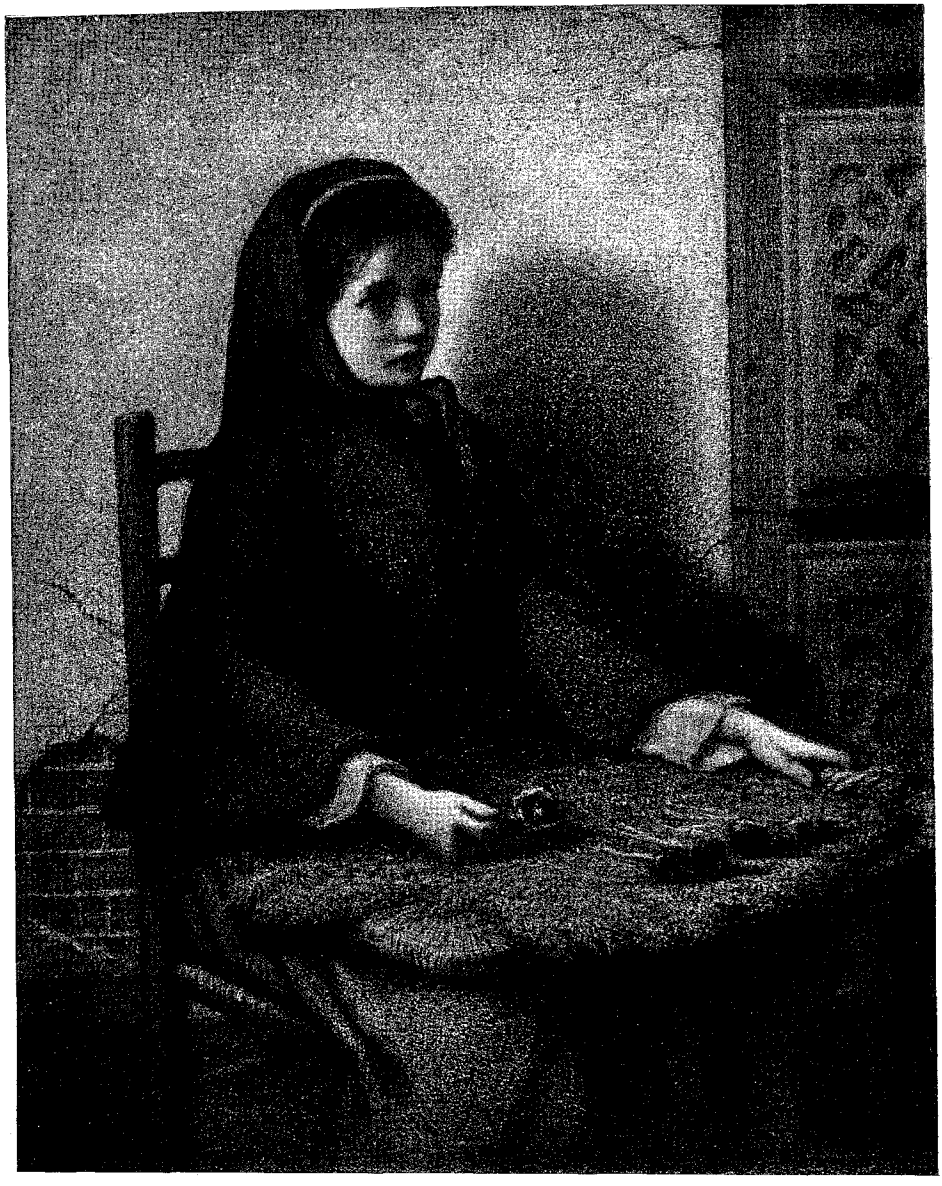

Original lithograph by William Morris Hunt.

was not soon followed by others on this side of the water. G. W. Nichols, of New York, about 1870, published a few lithographs—"Hagar and Ishmael," a good, vigorous drawing by Edwin White among them—but the long period of desuetude was not really broken until 1895, when Montague Marks, editor of the *Art Amateur,* tried to induce artists to turn their attention to lithography. J. Carroll Beckwith, J. Alden Weir, H. W. Ranger, F. Hopkinson Smith, Joseph Lauber and J. G. Brown were appealed to. Some good drawings resulted, notably H. W. Ranger's "On the Seine." But the "Society of Painter-Lithographers" of which Marks dreamed, did not materialize.

Meanwhile, Whistler, abroad, had in the

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The two earliest known American lithographs by Bass Otis.

late seventies begun to turn his attention to lithography, and found in it, we are told in the preface to T. R. Way's catalogue, "a medium which is more sympathetic and personal even than the copperplate." Whistler moulded the medium to his manner with the same lightness of touch and succinctness as in his etchings. His quiet tones, and the summariness of his method, show a marked difference from the rich, deep notes, and completeness of effect, characteristic of a Decamps or an Isabey. He has more extensively, interestedly, and successfully, practised painter-lithography than any other American-born artist of to-day. The influence of Whistler may be traced in "The Shop" and similar prints by Joseph Pennell, forming part of the "Spanish Series," well characterized by Whistler himself as crisp and light. The sketchy outlines of these lithographs give place to fuller tones in his "Holland Series," while in the views of Rouen Cathedral he strikes deep notes of vigorous black which throw his delicate treatment of architectural detail into strong relief. Pennell's work is as interesting as it is varied in style.

There are examples of desultory experiments made, during the last dozen years, by other Americans in Europe. John S. Sargent has drawn some studies of models; his big, black strokes are in forceful con-

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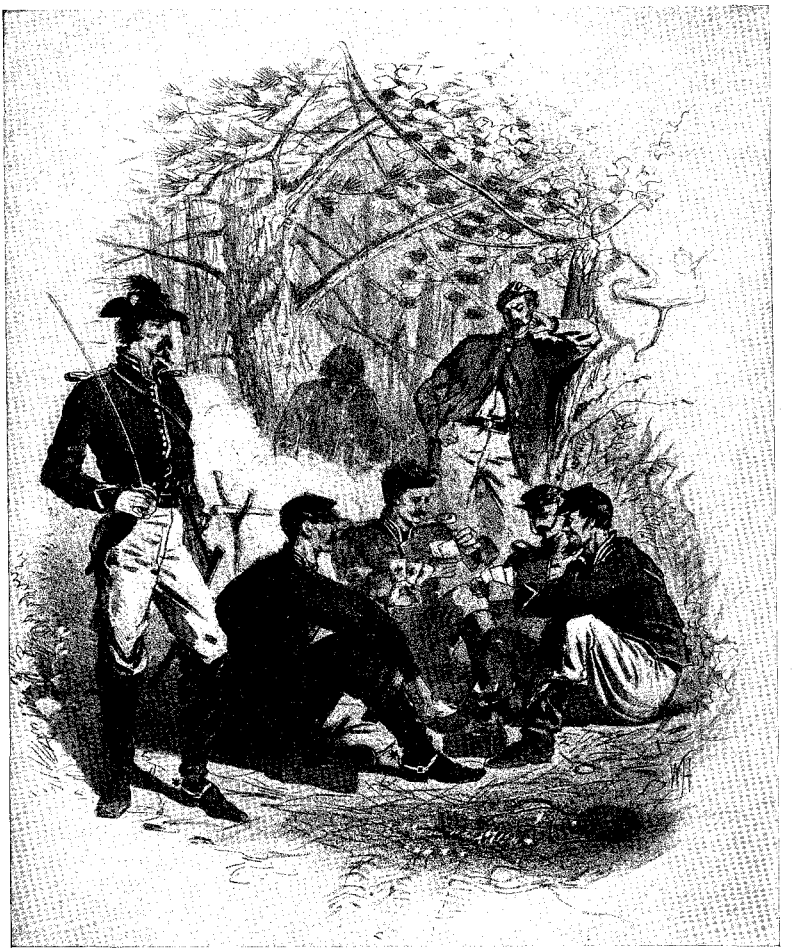

A sheet from Winslow Homer's "Campaign Sketches."

trast to the paler pencil-sketch-like effects of Whistler and others, emphasizing the range of potentialities of the art. E. A. Abbey's few essays have been described as not without merit. A sketch of a lady in an opera-box (1891), executed with crayon and scraper, is an "early and only attempt" by Mary Cassatt, according to a pencilled note by herself on Mr. S. P. Avery's copy. Only five impressions are known of this interesting experiment, in which the definite sureness of Miss Cassatt's work on the copper is not quite evident. The exhibition of Robert J. Wickenden's work in New York, in 1894, included fourteen lithographs, most of which had been exhibited in the *Salons* of 1893 and '94, and which had gained for him a *mention honorable* there. J. McLure Hamilton, of Philadelphia, now in London, has tried his hand at color-work; his clever sketch of Gladstone was published by Pennell, in his book on lithography.

Of Americans in America, Albert E. Sterner has produced some interesting figure-studies, Charles A. Vanderhoof is credited with a number of portraits, and Joseph Lauber has made some drawings on transfer-paper. C. F. W. Mielatz used the medium to good effect in the series of twelve views of New York, which

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he executed for the "Society of Iconophiles," preserving some of the less familiar landmarks of the metropolis. Ernest Haskell has signed some clever posters, among them four portraits of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. B. J. Rosenmeyer rose above the average of commercial production in his portraits of William McKinley and Richard Mansfield.

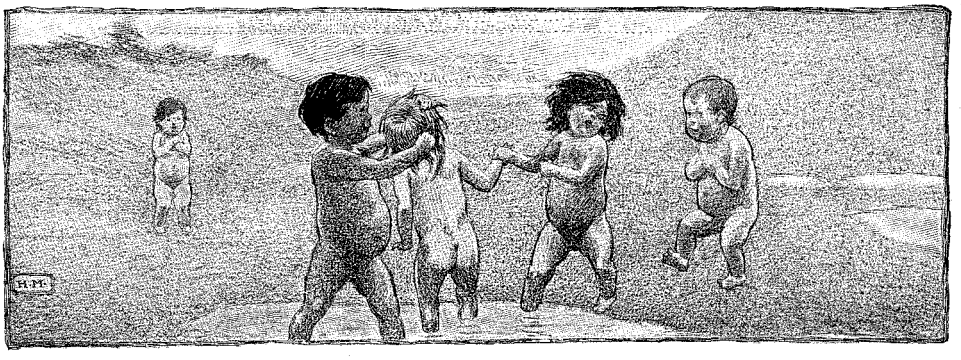
The list is not very long, nor are there many efforts of surpassing merit. Yet, in the fact that, despite the "deadness" of painter-lithography, more artists have tried it in the last fifteen years than in former times, we may perhaps gather hope for the future.

Our country's record of achievement in this field is not a very remarkable one, but enough has been done to point the way clearly. The art never had the vogue which painter-etching enjoyed for a time, and seems less alive even than that, with us. And yet may we not hope that some day more will follow the example of Hunt, Moran, Cole, Whistler, Pennell, Sargent, and the others? It is a mystery, almost, that an art so supple in expression, so rich in resources, so absolute in its reproduction of the artist's touch without the intervention of any other agency, should not have called forth a fuller and readier response to its appeal. Even its facility is in its favor. It does not lay upon the artist the burden of a long apprenticeship. In these days of transfer-paper we have done away with whatever inconvenience the direct working on the stone may imply. With all these advantages, lithography as a painter's art has not made headway here. Why?

Some artists have cited the want of good printers as a reason why they did not take up lithography. In the case of the not inconsiderable number who are familiar with the methods of commercial lithography through apprenticeship at the business in the early years of their careers, we may assume that their very experience has served to estrange them from the artistic possibilities of the stone. Possibly, also, the extensive commercial use of lithography is to a great extent responsible for this state of affairs, by having served to keep the glamour of high art from this reproductive method, which has seemed entirely devoted to the spirit of utility.

To many of those who appreciate painter-lithography the works of men such as Raffet, Decamps, Isabey, Gavarni have appealed with special force. They seemed so completely to breathe the very spirit of the art, to emphasize so richly the gamut of tones which lies between the white of the paper and the deep, velvety blacks which these masters imbued with such brilliancy and vigor. Yet we are not tied down, necessarily, to this particular expression of the art, which had its distinct formality, powerful though it was.

In the works of contemporaries such as Lunois, Fantin-Latour, Chauvel or Dillon in France, Menzel and Greiner in Germany, Whistler, Parsons, Shannon, Sargent, Legros, and others in England and America, such a wide range of methods and effects is manifested that it is a wonder and a pity that we have not more to show here.



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THE STRANGEST FEAT OF MODERN MAGIC

By Brander Matthews

IN the extremely interesting address of Dr. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., as president of the Society for Psychical Research, which is printed in the proceedings of the Society for March, 1902, there is a careful scientific consideration of various alleged occurrences which seem to be contrary to the laws of nature as we now understand them. Professor Lodge discusses the proper attitude of a man of science toward these alleged phenomena; and he deplores the inveterate antagonism between orthodox science and the accumulating evidence that certain phenomena do occur now and again which seem to be contrary to natural custom. He explains this antagonism as due to the fact that "Science has a horror of the unintelligible; it can make nothing of a capricious and disorderly agent, and it prefers to ignore the existence of any such."

But the attempt to ignore is in itself unscientific. It is the duty of Science to know—to know all that is to be known—and continually to extend the boundaries of knowledge, even though it is unable always to explain the immediate cause of every fact that it records.

Then Professor Lodge dismisses as unproved a host of alleged wonders of one kind or another, and he declares that full allowance must be made for "the ingenious and able impositions of a conjurer." He asserts that some of the psychical phenomena proclaimed to have occurred "bear a perilous resemblance to conjuring tricks," which can be very deceptive. He warns us that extreme caution is necessary, and full control must be allowed to the observers. He insists, moreover, that in so far as those professing to perform wonders demand their own conditions they must be content to be treated as conjurers.

There is one marvel wrought by the greatest of modern conjurers of which we have a true record, left us by the performer himself, who has told us what it was that he seemed to do, but who has not explained how he was able to accomplish the extraordinary feat. Robert-Houdin was the creator of the latter-day methods of modern magic; he was the inventor of many of the most ingenious and novel illusions, including the intricate and puzzling exhibition known as "second-sight." He defined himself as "a comedian playing the character of a magician." Late in life he wrote an account of his many adventures; and these "Confidences of a Prestidigitator" are worthy of comparison with all but the very best autobiographies—if not with Cellini's and Franklin's, at least with Cibber's and Goldoni's. Robert-Houdin's life of himself, quite as well as any of the others, would justify Longfellow's assertion that "autobiography is what biography ought to be."

The special feat of Robert-Houdin's which has been mentioned was devised by him for exhibition in a palace and before a king—circumstances which exclude all suggestion of collusion or confederacy on the part of the audience. He tells us that in 1846 he was summoned to the Palace of Saint-Cloud to give a performance before Louis Philippe and the royal family. He had six days to make all his arrangements, and he invented one new trick for the occasion—a trick which could not possibly have been performed under any other circumstances. He tells us that early on the appointed morning a wagon from the royal stables came to fetch him (and his son, who assisted him) and to convey all his varied paraphernalia. A stage had been set up in one of the large saloons of the palace, the windows of which opened out on the broad and beautiful gardens, with their double rows of orange-trees, each growing in its square box on wheels. A sentry was placed at the door to see

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Drawn by S. M. Arthurs.

The King . . . spread out before the spectators the six handkerchiefs.—Page 554.

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that the conjurer was not disturbed in his preparations. The King himself dropped in once to ask the entertainer if he had everything necessary.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the king and the queen, the members of the royal family, and a certain number of invited guests had assembled. The curtains were parted; and Robert-Houdin began to amuse and to puzzle his distinguished audience. He reserved for the end of his programme the so-called second-sight in which the son, blindfolded on the stage, named one after another all the objects which came into the father's hands, and even described them at length, giving the dates on coins and the inscriptions on watches. It was almost at the end of the programme and just before the exhibition of second-sight that Robert-Houdin accomplished the equally astonishing trick which he had invented for the occasion. In setting forth this feat we can follow his own accurate but summary account in the autobiography.

He began by borrowing half a dozen handkerchiefs from his noble spectators. These he took back to the stage and made into a package which he left upon his table. Then he came down again among the audience with a pack of blank visiting-cards in his hand. He distributed these here and there among the spectators, requesting everyone who received a card to write the name of a place where he or she would like the handkerchiefs to be conveyed instantly and invisibly. When a sufficient number of these cards had been written to insure a large variety of choice, Robert-Houdin gathered them up and went over to Louis Philippe.

The conjurer asked the king to pick out three cards and then to decide to which of the three places designated thereon he desired to have the handkerchiefs transported.

"Let us see," said the monarch as he looked at the first card he had taken. Then he read, "I desire that the handkerchiefs should be found under one of the candelabra on the chimney." The king looked up and said, "That is too easy for a sorcerer." So he read the writing on the second card, "that the handkerchiefs should be carried to the dome of the Invalides." With his customary shrewdness the King commented on this, saying that it might suit if it was not a great deal too far away, "not for the handkerchiefs—but for us."

Finally, Louis Philippe glanced at the third card, which he did not read aloud at once as he had read the others.

"Ah, ha!" he said, "I'm rather afraid that this would puzzle you! Do you know what it proposes?"

"Will your majesty be kind enough to inform me?" answered Robert-Houdin.

"This card," answered the monarch, "expresses the wish that you should cause the handkerchiefs to pass inside the box in which an orange-tree is growing, the last one on the right."

Robert-Houdin answered, promptly, "Is that all, Sire? Give the order and I will obey."

"So be it," Louis Philippe responded; "I shall not be sorry to see a deed of magic. So I choose the box of the orange-tree."

Then the King whispered an order or two, and several persons ran out promptly into the garden and stationed themselves about the orange-tree—"guarding against any fraud," as Robert-Houdin himself puts it.

The magician went back on the stage and putting the package of handkerchiefs on the centre of his table, he covered it with a ground-glass bowl. Then taking his wand, he tapped on the bowl and bade the handkerchiefs begone to their appointed place. When he lifted the glass the little package had disappeared; and in its stead there was a white turtle-dove with a ribbon about its neck.

At this moment the King went swiftly to the glass door through which he could see out into the garden; he wanted to make sure that his messengers were keeping faithful guard over the orange-tree.

Turning to the conjurer with an ironic smile, he said: "Ah, *Monsieur le Sorcier*, I'm doubtful about the virtue of your magic wand!"

Then the King gave orders to call the master-gardener and to tell him to open the box of the orange-tree at the end of the row on the right.

The gardener came immediately; and although greatly astonished at the order, he began work at once on the front of the

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box. Soon he had removed one of the upright panels of which it was composed.

Apparently he found the soil undisturbed, as he inserted his hand carefully in among the roots of the growing tree without discovering anything.

Suddenly a cry of surprise broke from him; and he withdrew his hand, holding a small iron casket eaten with rust.

This strange treasure-trove, scraped clean of the soil that incrusted it, was brought in and placed on a little table near the King.

"Well, monsieur," cried Louis Philippe with a movement of impatient curiosity; "here's a box. Are the handkerchiefs contained in that, by some strange chance?"

"Yes, Sire," the conjurer replied, with assurance. "They are there—and they have been there for a very long while!"

"A long while?" returned the monarch; "how can that be, as it is not a quarter of an hour since the handkerchiefs were given to you?"

"I cannot deny that, Sire," responded the magician; "but where would the magic be, if I could not accomplish things absolutely incomprehensible? No doubt, your majesty will be even more surprised when I prove beyond all question that this casket and what it contains were deposited in the box of the orange-tree sixty years ago!"

"I should like to be able to take your word for it," said the King, smiling; "but really I cannot do that. In a case like this I shall insist on proof."

"If your majesty will only open the iron casket," returned the conjurer, "you will find therein abundant proof of what I have asserted."

"Before I can open the casket, I must have the key," objected the monarch.

"You can have the key, Sire, whenever you please," explained the magician. "You have only to detach it from the neck of the turtle-dove."

Louis Philippe untied the ribbon which was around the neck of the bird, and which held a little rusty key. With this the King hastily opened the casket.

The first object that presented itself to the eyes of the monarch was a parchment. He took it up and opened it. This is what he read:

"*To-day, June 6, 1786.*

"*This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed within the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, to be used in the accomplishing of an act of magic, which shall be performed sixty years from to-day, before Louis Philippe and his family.*"

"Decidedly," remarked the monarch, now even more astonished, "this smacks of witchcraft. Nothing is lacking, since both the signature and seal of the celebrated sorcerer are here at the bottom of this document, which, God forgive me, seems to smell of sulphur."

To this gracious pleasantry of the sovereign, the courtiers paid the proper tribute of laughter.

Then the King took from out the box a carefully sealed package of parchment.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that the handkerchiefs are wrapped in this?"

"Indeed, Sire, that is where they are," answered Robert-Houdin. "But before opening I beg that your majesty will note that the package is also sealed with the seal of Count Cagliostro."

"Certainly," said the monarch, looking twice at the red wax with its firm impression. "It is the same."

And immediately the King, impatient to discover the contents of the packet, tore it open, and spread out before the spectators the six handkerchiefs which the conjurer had borrowed only a few minutes earlier.

This is the account Robert-Houdin himself gives; and it may be well to record that he always bore the reputation of being a truthful man. Nothing more extraordinary was ever performed by any mere conjurer; indeed, this feat is quite as startling as any of those attributed to Cagliostro himself, and it has the advantage of being accurately and precisely narrated by the inventor. Not only is the thing done a seeming impossibility, but it stands forth the more impressively because of the spectacular circumstances of its performance—a stately palace, a lovely garden, the assembled courtiers and the royal family. The magician had to depend on his wits alone, for he was deprived of all the advantages of his own theatre and of all possibility of aid from

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a confederate mingled amid the casual spectators.

Robert-Houdin was justified in the gentle pride with which he told how he had thus astonished the King of the French. He refrained from any explanation of the means whereby he wrought his mystery, believing that what is unknown is ever the more magnificent. He did no more than drop a hint or two, telling the reader that he had long possessed a cast of Cagliostro's seal, and suggesting slyly that when the King sent messengers out into the garden to stand guard over the orange-tree the trick was already done and all precautions were then futile.

Yet, although the inventor chose to keep his secret, anyone who has mastered the principles of the art of magic can venture an explanation. Robert-Houdin has set forth the facts honestly; and with the facts solidly established it is possible to reason out the method employed to accomplish a deed which, at first sight, seems not only impossible but incomprehensible.

The first point to be emphasized is that Robert-Houdin was as dexterous as he was ingenious. He was truly a prestidigitator, capable of any sleight-of-hand. Nothing was simpler for so accomplished a performer than the substitution of one package for another, right before the eyes of all the spectators. And it is to be remembered that although the palace was the King's, the apparatus on the extemporized stage was the magician's. Therefore, when he borrowed six handkerchiefs and went up on the stage and made them up into a package which remained on a table in sight of everybody, we can grant without difficulty that the package which remained in sight did not then contain the borrowed handkerchiefs.

In fact, we may be sure that the borrowed handkerchiefs had been conveyed somehow to Robert-Houdin's son who acted as his assistant. When the handkerchiefs were once in the possession of the son out of sight behind the scenery or hangings of the stage, the father would pick up his pack of blank visiting-cards and distribute a dozen of them or a score, moving to and fro in very leisurely fashion, perhaps going back to the stage to get pencils which he would also give out as slowly as possible, filling up the time with playful pleasantry, until he should again catch sight of his son. Then, and not until then, would he feel at liberty to collect the cards and take them over to the King.

When the son had got possession of the handkerchiefs, he would smooth them swiftly, possibly even ironing them into their folds. Then he would put them into the parchment packet which he would seal twice with Cagliostro's seal. Laying them in the bottom of the rusty iron casket, he would put on top the other parchment which had already been prepared, with its adroit imitation of Cagliostro's handwriting. Snapping down the lid of the casket, the lad would slip out into the corridor and steal into the garden, going straight to the box of the appointed orange-tree. He could do this unobserved because no one was then suspecting him and because all the spectators were then engaged in thinking up odd places to which the handkerchiefs might be transported. Already, in the long morning, probably while the royal household was at its midday breakfast, the father or the son had loosened one of the staples in the back of the box in which the designated orange-tree was growing. The lad now removed this staple and thrust the casket into the already prepared hole in the centre of the roots of the tree. Then he replaced the staple at the back of the box, feeling certain that whoever should open the box in front would find the soil undisturbed. This most difficult part of the task once accomplished, he returned to the stage, or at least in some way he signified to his father that he had accomplished his share of the wonder, in the performance of which he was not supposed to have any part.

On seeing his son, or on receiving the signal that his son had returned, Robert-Houdin would feel himself at liberty to collect the cards on which various spectators had written the destinations they proposed for the package of handkerchiefs, which was still in full sight. He gathered up the cards he had distributed; but as he went toward the King he substituted for those written by the spectators others previously prepared by himself—a feat of sleight-of-hand quite within the reach of any ordinary performer. Of these cards,

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prepared by himself, he forced three on the sovereign;—and the forcing of cards upon a kindly monarch would present little difficulty to a prestidigitator of Robert-Houdin's consummate skill.

When the three cards were once in the King's hands, the trick was done, for Robert-Houdin knew Louis Philippe to be a shrewd man in small matters. Therefore, it was reasonably certain that when the King had to make a choice out of three places, one near and easy, a second remote and difficult, and a third both near and difficult, Louis Philippe would surely select the third which was conveniently at hand and which seemed to be at least as impossible as either of the others.

The event proved that the conjurer's analysis of the king's character was accurate: yet one may venture the opinion that the magician had taken every needed precaution to avoid failure even if the monarch had made another selection. Probably Robert-Houdin had one little parchment packet hidden in advance somewhere in the dome of the Invalides and another tucked up out of sight in the base of one of the candelabra on the chimney-piece; and if either of the other destinations had been chosen, the substitute packet would have been produced and the magician would then have offered to transport it also into the box of the orange-tree. And thus the startling climax of the marvel would have been only a little delayed.

When so strange a wonder can be wrought under such circumstances by means so simple, we cannot but feel the force of Dr. Lodge's warning that an unwavering scepticism ought to be the attitude of all honest investigators toward every one who professes to be able to suspend the operation of a custom of nature. No one of the feats attributed to Home, the celebrated medium who plied his trade in Paris during the Second Empire, was more abnormal than this trick of Robert-Houdin's, and no one of them is so well authenticated. It may be that certain of the customs of nature are not inexorable and that we shall be able to discover exceptions now and again. But the proof of any alleged exception, the evidence in favor of any alleged violation of the custom of nature, ought to be overwhelming.

SWEET ADVENTURE, CALL NO MORE

By Joseph Russell Taylor

SWEET adventure, call no more,
O let us dream upon the shore!
Dream, and watch the boats come by
Up bluer water than the sky,
Dazzling as lilies on the blue,
Laden with love, a maiden crew,
That whistle and sing an old romance
Till the idle oars seem like a dance,
And we would follow and woo:
'Tis young love ferries heaven o'er,
But let us dream upon the shore,
Call no more!

Call no more, O sweet and wild,
Adventure, lest at length beguiled
We tempt the oars, we die away
Across the mirrored day,
Float and wander into the dark
Of the hill-reflection, whither—hark!
How faint and far the osprey shrills
Wheeling over the farther hills,
And over the wood-mere he can see,
Where the orchid blooms, and we would be!
Lure us not from the dreaming shore,
Dear adventure, call no more,
Call no more!

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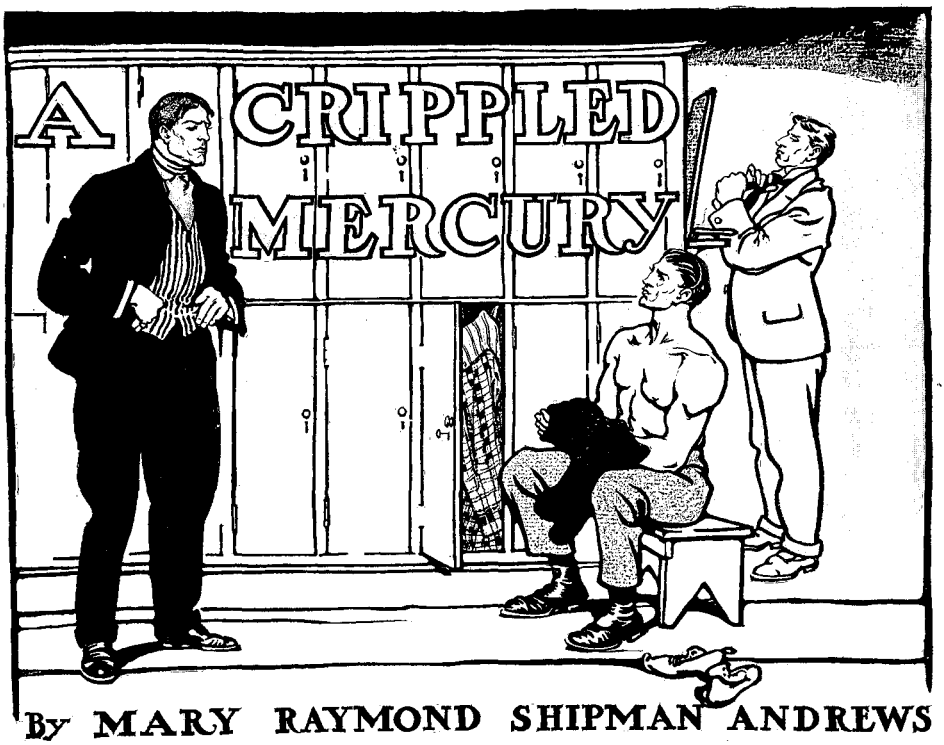
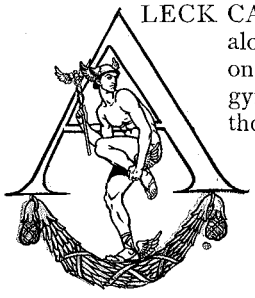


By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Illustrated by
Edward Penfield



ALECK CAMPBELL swung along Harbor Street on his way to the gymnasium and little thought that he was the most conspicuous object in a block. He was six feet one, with a lightness and development of muscle that seldom go with great height; with a claret-and-honey complexion mixed of life-long cosmetics—of sun and wind and rain and beefsteak and exercise; with clear brown eyes whose lashes were thick blackness; with—to crown the glory of so noble a body—a shining head of thick, straight, golden hair. He was a very beautiful youngster indeed, of the Greek beauty that is cropping out more and more often in America as more and more Americans set the foundations of the temple of learning on the rock of the hardy old Spartan simplicity, that taught a boy "to ride a horse, to draw a bow, and to speak the truth." Inheritance and environment had made him the flower of civilization, and the fine bone and sinew were set by the fine clothes he wore as a frame sets a picture. He thought little about it; he simply bought the best to be had, always, but a coat went on him with an air, and what other men might wear and be commonplace assumed, on the easy grace of the clean-limbed figure, the individuality of a poetic thought in dry-goods.

But Aleck, as he put yard after yard back of him in his effortless, buoyant swing, was far from thinking of his looks or his clothes. He was thinking indeed, pondering with all his might, as he did everything, a problem. It was this—whether, without danger of getting "stale," he might add a mile more a day to his running practice. That before he left college he should lower the world's record for a mile was the ambition nearest his heart. Weighing this and that, comparing the experiences and the records of athletes which he knew to their last detail, he passed, with his clear, dark gaze

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fixed dreamily before him, like a wind of youth through the crowded street, all unconscious that few of the tired multitude failed to feel the shock of his bright presence, or to give him the tribute of a friendly and admiring glance.

The Greek youths of old thought the effort of years none too much to win a wreath of leaves, and Greece in her glory was glorious not only with athletes, but with statesmen, philosophers, soldiers, poets. So the deep-chested, broad-shouldered, powerful young fellows who are rushing into ranks from all America, eager to reach the ever-rising crest of athletic honor, strive for years, pushing aside with firm young hands self-indulgence of every sort, to gain a reward as intangible, as ideal, as the Greek laurel wreath. From the nursery itself to the training-table of the university, the quest of the sound body that should hold a sound mind, teaches self-denial and fair-play and generosity and single-mindedness. To fit a finely tempered spirit and intellect to these is to fit a bright sword to its perfect hilt. The judges and generals and men of affairs who, thirty years from now, shall have evolved from the youngsters who are leaping hurdles and throwing hammers and running races with all their souls to-day, will not be less alert, less hard-working, less capable of intense effort; no, nor less honorable and high-thinking, than their fathers. And then, or later, the double chins and the dull eyes and heavy, useless weight of body shall have disappeared; and with them headaches and dyspepsia—and bad temper, perhaps—and an ugly list of ailments and diseases more. For the gospel of out-of-doors is health and long life and a happy spirit—sunshine absorbed and digested and become part of one.

This was the only hat that had interested him.—Page 559.

Up the gymnasium stairs sprang Aleck, three steps at a time, into the big, bare locker-room, throwing a smiling word or so to other young chaps in various stages of undress, and sticking his fingers tentatively into first one and then another of his pockets, as he went. In front of his own locker he stopped and instituted a systematic research into the pockets, and then with an exclamation looked about him helplessly.

"What's the matter, Polly?" asked a bundle of muscles that was pulling over itself some article that looked like the clothing a doll wears in a shop. Aleck's classmates named him "Apollo" for his beauty, but being pressed for time called him "Polly." Aleck himself took slight interest in it, either way.

"Why don't you get a gait on you?" continued Billy Bell, in the forcible manner of speech that is observed at seats of learning. "We're off in five minutes." It was early in April. The athletic field was not yet open, and a dozen of the track-team were being taken out for running practice through the streets.

"I've left my locker-key," said Aleck, dismally. "Can't run in this," and he looked with disgust at the correct, rough, light-gray clothes. "Haven't any of you fellows some togs? Anything would do!"

A hand was laid on his shoulder. "Hurry, my boy," said an older voice. "We haven't too much time for work to-day. Get into your things."

Aleck faced about to the trainer. "Oh, Mr. McKenzie! I've come off without my locker-key! Isn't there anything I can put on? I hate to lose the run."

The keen, dark, kindly eyes looked at him with critical interest. "No, I can't have you lose it," he said. "I'll fix you. Come over here."

"Mac," as the boys called him, was six inches short of Aleck's towering height, but the deep, powerful shoulders and great elastic muscles of the hard body measured as much as the younger man's.

"I'm afraid the trousers are a bit short," he said as he looked at the effect when Aleck had shot from one costume to the other. "You're a sweet-looking object, but never mind. You'll be lost in the bunch, and you'll get your run."

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He liked a girl who could ride a dangerous horse with a light hand and a firm seat.

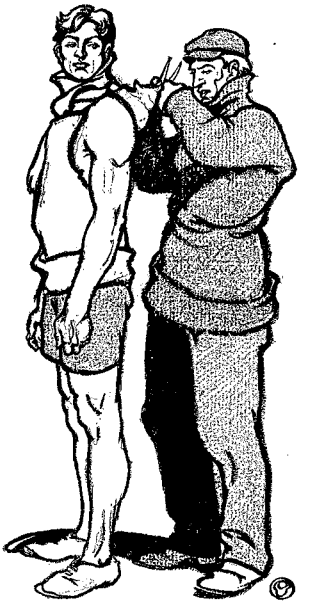
"We're none of us pretty in this rig," said the boy, tying his low, white shoes; and gave his appearance not another thought.

It was striking, however, even in this horde of athletes. Mac's trousers had once been part of a dark-blue flannel suit, of a loud stripe, and had been chopped above the knee, for this sort of use. As he had said, on Aleck they were short. And from somewhere Mac had unearthed an unheard-of horror, a pink sweater. The sleeves of that, too, had been cut far out on the shoulders, but the high turtle collar was still there. Aleck wriggled his neck uncomfortably in its clutch.

"This thing chokes me," he said. "It's not so handsome—couldn't I clip it?"

"Certainly. Clip away. I'll do it for you." In a minute a pair of scissors in the forcible masculine fingers had cut out a semi-*décollcté* effect around the boy's brawny throat. The result was a high grade of hideousness.

"Well, you are a sight," was the greeting he got from Billy Bell as he sauntered back to the locker-room. "You look like a horse trying to be a Dresden china shepherdess."



Cut out a semi-*décolleté* effect.

But it was all one to the unconscious Aleck, and he jogged away contented with the squad of twelve or so down through the city streets. Suddenly, as they went a bit slowly at a turn, he caught sight of a hat he knew. In all the long twenty-one years of his life this was the only hat that had interested him, and he was aware of a distinct jump somewhere in his healthy chest, as the red satin bows and the bobbing red cherries flashed across his eyes. The face under it was almost as sunburned and ruddy as his own, and the gray eyes were looking far down the street—for a car, evidently—so she did not see him. The lad, quite undisturbed as to his costume a moment before, shifted his position to the farther side of the squad. He was glad she did not see him. A pink sweater cut *décolleté* might look ridiculous to her; he did not wish her to think him ridiculous. And what was that Billy said about a horse?

Into the steady "pad—pad" of the runners as they left the cherry hat behind them on the corner, had entered a new element of accompanying thought. The face under the bright bows smiled again as it had smiled the last time he saw it—the day of the ride a week ago—when her horse had plunged, and she, sitting him, had laughed at Aleck over her shoulder. He liked a girl with nerve; he liked a girl who could ride a dangerous horse with a light hand and a firm seat; he liked a girl who could talk intelligently about athletics, and didn't mix the record for the pole-vault with the running broad; he liked a girl who understood why a fellow liked it all—the ambition of it and good-fellowship and all that. Jove! He liked a lot of things about that girl. With the fastidious pleasure of a well-bred man in blood and breeding, he remembered

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her pure accent and gentle ways and soft unhurried voice, and the satisfaction of certainty one felt that with all her eager, impetuous interest in all sorts of things, she would never be anything but gentle and soft-voiced. She could not be, for it was not in her. A line of Longfellow's that he had read a few days before—for the great fellow liked poetry — flashed into his mind :

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The rhythm of the boys' running feet went on — "pad — pad — pad," light and strong and steady over the pavements, and to Aleck they seemed working out, over and over again, to regular time, that line from Evangeline :

"When she — had passed—it seemed like —the ceasing — of exquis—ite music," rang the boys' feet, all unknowingly beating a poem from the flagstones of the city streets.

Strong and steady over the pavements.

It may be that athletics and sentiment cannot live together, or it may have been simply bad luck, but suddenly, in a bit of rough going, with a trip and a wrench he fell. To spring up and be back in the squad before it passed was automatic, but behold ! when the light jump landed him on the turned ankle it gave way, and down he went again. The boys looked back, there was a second of hesitation, a jolt in the steady composite jog, a word of concern and a quick inquiry or two. But Aleck, sitting in the street and holding his foot in his hand, dismissed them peremptorily.

"Go along. It's all right. It's nothing. I can look after myself." And the movement only half arrested caught its swing again. Billy Bell suggested, over his shoulder :

"Try walking on your hands—you might do that better," and then they were gone.

And there he was, limping to the sidewalk, stranded and dazed and at a loss. If he could get a cab—he looked about him. Nothing of that sort in sight. But there was a car coming half a block away with a great sign on it which said, "To Insanity Hospital," and he remembered, because he had an interest in that hospital, because, in fact, it was her father who was at the head of it, that these cars ran only to it, and then came back, passing into the city near his own home. The hospital could not be far ; he would take the car and get home that way. A thought struck him and his hands fumbled hurriedly in the pockets of Mac's trousers. Thank Heaven ! One bit of luck at least—by a miracle there was a quarter in one of them. He stopped the car and pulled himself aboard.

In the procession of events since he dressed he had quite forgotten what he was wearing, and for a moment after he had dropped into the corner seat by the door the very evident stir of interest in his advent bewildered him. Then, as he remembered the low-necked pink sweater and abbreviated, startling trousers, he blushed a painful blush that spread up to the roots of his bright, uncovered hair. His eyes fell with embarrassment, but they fell on his bare knees, and at that he blushed more deeply. With a sudden decision that dignity was his best *rôle* he straightened himself rigidly and stared haughtily out of the window. A greasy conductor stood in front of him, and Aleck gave him his solitary quarter, not glancing at the man. Now this happened to be a sullen fellow, with a large idea of his power and enough whiskey about him to emphasize the points of his character. Poor Aleck's patrician face and disdainful manner, combined with the pink sweater, were a challenge to him. "You ain't no business on this car," he said, with a mixture of desire and fear to bully.

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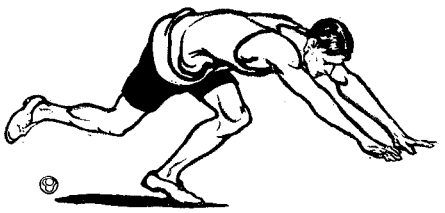

With a trip and a wrench he fell.— Page 560.

Then the lad turned his scornful dark eyes sternly on him. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Mean, eh? There's ladies on this car. Do you call them clothes fit to go before ladies?"

Aleck could not say that he did. Again the furious blush flooded his fresh face. He stammered, "I—but I've hurt my foot. I'm lame."

His hesitation gave the man courage. "I don't care nothin' about that. See here, you gotter get off o' this, and you better go quiet or there'll be trouble."

That roused the lion that had been lying down peaceably with the lamb in the boy's spirit. "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, doggedly. "I can pay my fare, and I'll stay on. My clothes are right enough. It's none of your business, but I'll tell you that I've been training for races, and these are running togs."

The man laughed a short disagreeable laugh. Bad temper had given a certain pluck to the sulky brute. "Training for jail! Running togs!" he sneered. "Won't git off, eh? We'll see." And he reached upward and pulled the strap.

Aleck's eyes, flashing indignantly down the line of passengers, saw that everyone was leaning forward, watching the scene, and suddenly his heart almost stopped beating as he met, from the farthest corner, an earnest, clear gray glance from under a cherry hat. Her face was flushed, and as he looked she tried to smile and nod to him, but at that second the conductor's rough hand gave his bare arm a jerk, and he turned in a fury. His blood was boiling to throw the man off his own platform, as he could have done with ease, but he was chained. He could not make a scene before her. His arms dropped.

"Take your hands off me," he growled. "I'll go."

At that the conductor was sure he had scored, and like a good general followed up his victory.

"Go, will you? Well, you'd orter said that before. You'll go to the lock-up now, I guess." He had glanced through the window before this valiant speech, and now with a step he stood on the platform and beckoned to a stately uniformed figure.

"Officer! Here, quick!" And a beefy arm of the law plunged over the curb and stood, a menacing mass, on the step.

Aleck, only too anxious now to be off the car before the plot thickened further, sprang forward, forgetting his aching ankle, and stumbling as his weight struck a sick pain through it, fell with all his long length against the policeman, and off they went, pell-mell, together in the mud. Less dramatic effect than the spectacle of a majestic police-officer and a tall and strangely clad young man rolling and snarling over each other will draw a crowd in a city street. The conductor leaned across the back platform of the now moving car, as if loath to lose them, gesticulating and shouting; Aleck and his quarry scrambled madly under and over what seemed to each a dozen legs and arms; and the crowd, with marvellous, silent swiftness, collected. Before the two were on their

"See here, you gotter get off o' this."

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feet at least twenty small boys, men, and women surrounded them. Through these rushed puffing, and bursting with importance, two more mighty blue uniforms, and descending on the harassed lad, pinioned his arms firmly. At this Aleck, whose last thought was attack on the police force, laughed a wild laugh. The officers stared at each other, and one of the new-comers tapped his perspiring brow.

"Off here," he said, succinctly, and set his lips firmly and nodded.

But the gentleman who had been rolled in the mud was not so charitable.

"Off yer grandmother!" was his verdict. "Dhrunk's fwhat he is. Knocked me over like tenpins he did, before I'd the time to dhraw breath. Th' station's the fit place for the likes of him. Come on, me lad!" and he laid a heavy grasp on the boy's arm that drew another threatening glance from the dark eyes.

But the second policeman was a man of theories and of confidence in his own judgment.

"Lave him be, Flanagan," he said. "'Tis gentleness will fix him. Tell me yer thrubbles pleasant, me man," he adjured Aleck. "Whin did yez eshcape, thin? What's wrong wid yez, and what for did yez fall on me frind Flanagan suddent? 'Tis me will be a frind to yez, but ye'd better be afther tellin' me where 'tis ye've eshcaped from."

Aleck, at this semblance of help, even in such deep disguise, took heart.

"You're a good chap," he said, heartily, "but I'm not crazy, you know."

"None of 'em is," remarked in hollow tones the third policeman, who had so far not opened his mouth.

Aleck went on hurriedly: "I'm a student at the University, you know."

"Is *them* the cloes they dresses 'em in?" interjected policeman No. 3 again, more hollowly, and with deep disapprobation.

"And I was training for a race; running, you know," continued the badgered youngster, trying to keep his temper, and feeling lost in a maze of misapprehension. "And I fell and turned my ankle and the others went on, and I took a car, and that beast of a conductor"—he was out of breath, and he realized that he was incoherent and far from clear. It struck him that a jolly, off-hand manner was apt to be taking with the masses—a circle of thirty or forty were now hanging on his words. "May be you fellows don't think my clothes are pretty," he said, with rather tremulous gayety.

A low murmur of pity ran through the crowd, and he caught an expression or two.

"Clean off his base!"

"Crazy as a loon!"

And even the overturned policeman shook his head. Such moments do not inspire self-possession. In an unfortunate second he thought to impress them.

"See here, you don't understand," he said. "I'm all right. I'm not crazy. My father is president of the Merchants' National Bank."

That was considered a rare joke. It called forth first scattering laughter and then quite a cosmopolitan chorus of wit and repartee.

"Be jabers! 'Tis a Boxer I thot he was furrst, but I see now 'tis the wurrkin' suit of a bank pris'dint I mishtook."

"Du lieber Himmel! Iss his fader already not rich enough to buy him of clothes yet?"

"Sacre bleu! Is it that one has raccourced for him lately the pantaloons of his père?"

"Say, Pres'dent, where'd ye git them sumpshus pants?"

Which last thought provoked a storm of fluent Bowery American.

"Yes, who's yer tailor, bub? I'd like to patternize him!"

"Hooray for the tailor what cut them pants—but he done cut 'em too short. Oh, my! I'm shocked!"

"I'd be for the pink sweater only them sleeves ain't modest!"

"But ain't it pretty 'round the neck?"

Two or three minutes of this horseplay threw Aleck, his dignity and his modesty outraged, into a towering passion. In a moment's lull his young voice rang out suddenly deep and strong like a gun-butt on flag-stones.

"Stop! Stop it, I say!"

The boy's judgment was quite dissolved in his anger, for, though startled and silenced by his sudden fierceness, it impressed them only as an ebullition of a wandering brain. And then he growled,

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"I could throw the lot of you into the river, and I'd like to do it," he said.

but his fresh tones carried to the limits of the ring:

"I could throw the lot of you into the river, and I'd like to do it," he said.

He looked so dangerous and powerful a young animal as he stood at bay that the policemen instinctively tightened their hold upon him, and at that he swung around with a swiftness that almost knocked one of them over.

"There's been enough of this idiocy. I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy. Now I'm going home," and he gave a great heave forward.

The crowd fell back squealing and the three blue uniforms threw themselves on him again.

"There now, me man! Ye've give me wan contagious to me lungs," said the friendly prophet of lunacy, "an' I'm not grudgin' yez that much, but 'twill do! Lave us take yez quiet an' frindly to th' hospital, and they'll fill yez up wid quineen and ipecac and sal-soda and what not, and yez'll be yersilf, or betther, the mornin'. Fit to go back to yer family cirrcle of pris'dints, me lad."

The rest of that scene was a blurred, bad dream to Aleck. Suddenly he resigned himself to the situation, and law and order surged over him in a blue and brass wave, and he found himself being led off, helpless and raging. He occupied his tempestuous mind by canvassing the best step to take when he should reach other hands than these thick-skulled Irishmen's, and paid meanwhile no attention to where they were taking him. At length he limped, between the large figures of his escort, sternly declining help, up the broad stone steps of a big building and into an impressive hallway.

"What place is this?" he asked, breaking his silence as a thought struck him. The answer was what he feared.

"'Tis the Lunatic Hospital sure, thin," and an immaculate white-capped nurse hurried forward to interview them. Aleck stood and listened with a sardonic smile that looked distinctly crazy, while the policeman volubly set forth his case, and the nurse glanced at him from time to time with the cold and business-like eye of one whom nothing could surprise. There was a moment's silence as the men's rich brogue stopped, and the boy, making an effort to be at once calm and emphatic, spoke:

"That statement," he said impressively, "is almost entirely false."

The nurse smiled, an exasperating smile to the over-wrought boy.

"Don't laugh like that," he snapped. "I'm as sane as you are—probably more so. I don't know what has gotten into everybody—I never knew there were such a lot of lunatics on earth."

The nurse turned, still smiling grimly,

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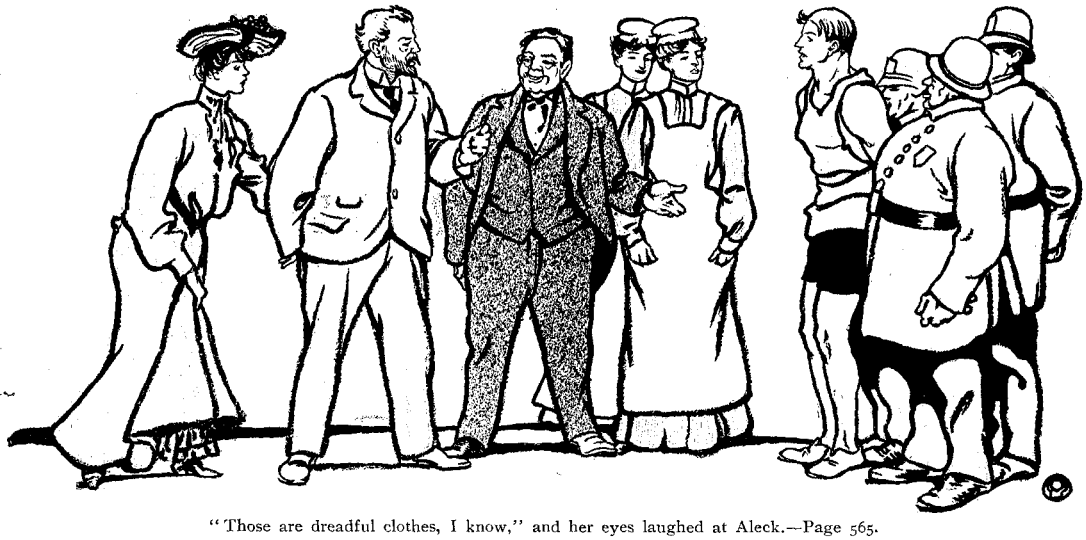

"Those are dreadful clothes, I know," and her eyes laughed at Aleck.—Page 565.

to another white-capped figure hovering in the background.

"Miss Bates," she said, "will you ask Dr. Taylor to come here?"

Aleck closed his lips firmly. Nothing should induce him to say another word to that grinning woman. Perhaps Dr. Taylor might be an intelligent human being.

"Won't you sit down and wait?" pursued the nurse in soothing tones. "You must be tired, with so much excitement. It's so hard for your poor head." Aleck glared at her.

In a few moments down the stairs tripped Dr. Taylor, fat and fussy.

"Well, well! What have we here?" began he volubly and cheerily. "Such a fine young fellow, and not feeling quite himself. Dear, dear! Head hot, my lad? Been doing too much, I warrant. Carrying brick in the sunshine daytimes, and perhaps a touch too much beer nights, eh?" And the doctor poked Aleck's mighty shoulder mischievously and bubbled with laughter at the blank stare he got in reply. "I can tell by those great muscles what *you* are, my man," he went on knowingly. "You're a sailor, my lad, if you're not a hod-carrier. Or a coal-heaver, maybe. Ah, I'm a student of the human animal, you see!"

"Doctor," began Aleck, "I appeal to you as a man of education and intelligence to stop this absurd farce. I'm as sane as you are"—but he got no farther. Dr. Taylor laughed heartily.

"Yes, yes, my lad. We know all that. They all say that," and he chuckled vivaciously again. "Has he been violent?" he asked the policeman.

"Vilent is it? He shtarted th' ball be knockin' me frind Flanagan off a shtreet-car, an' he done the Highland fling wid him in the mud—look at the coat on him, sor—no, 'tis on Flanagan I mane. It tuk th' three 'f us to handle him right, an' 'tis he wud' a' whittled us to the wish-bone if he'd not come off widout his knife."

It is perhaps human nature to make an accomplished exploit seem as difficult as possible.

The doctor compressed his mouth into a line that looked like a crease in a suet pudding. "Tut, tut!" he said, his manner becoming serious and weighty. "Very bad, very bad! Miss Bates, I think it is safer to place him, for the moment, in one of the cells. These good men will doubtless assist us—will you show them the way? I will be with you shortly."

At that a chill froze Aleck's very soul, followed by hot, frantic despair.

"I will not go!" he shouted. "I'm as sane as you are—saner. I insist that you shall telephone my father—Alexander Campbell, at the Merchants' National Bank. He's the president. Telephone my father—I have a right to ask that."

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Dr. Taylor laughed softly and cheerily, watching the boy's desperate face.

"I know Mr. Campbell by reputation, of course," he said. "One of our merchant princes. So you're his son!" His pompous, fat body shook at the joke, and the nurses laughed too. "You look it, I must say! No, my lad, I'm not likely to trouble Mr. Campbell with messages from charity patients picked out of the street. Officers"—he nodded to the men and they laid each a hand on Aleck.

Then the torn young nerves gave way, and with all his great strength he began to lay about him, striking out with every inch of force, with every trick of training, that he owned; choking, struggling in the one blind effort to fight his way to the door. But three to one was too much, for even the doctor's fat hands counted a little, and as they held him quiet at last he groaned in futile rage and then lifted his eyes at the sound of quick, decided steps descending the broad hall stairs. As he looked, a thrill shot through his muscles that made the policemen tighten their grip. A tall man with a fine iron-gray head stood at the last turn gazing sternly at the group below, and behind him glowed, for the third time in the boy's perturbed day, a hat that was bright with bobbing cherries.

"Dr. Taylor! Miss Bates! What is this? I can't have a disturbance of this sort. What does it mean?" asked the tall doctor severely.

But Aleck—his golden locks rumpled and on end, his eyes gleaming wildly from beneath them with new hope, a hot bar of red burning diagonally through his clear tanned cheeks, his strong neck rising proudly from the pink sweater, beautiful as a young god in his queer clothes and his distress—gave neither Dr. Taylor nor Miss Bates time to answer.

"Oh, help me! help me!" he cried to the cherry hat, and in a moment the girl's hand was in her father's and she was talking low and fast with scarlet cheeks and shining eyes.

"It's all a horrid mistake," she gasped, eagerly. "It's Mr. Campbell — Aleck Campbell. He's as sane as you are, father. Those are dreadful clothes, I know," and her eyes laughed at Aleck one dancing second, "but he was running with the track team, and you know what things they wear. I saw him with the squad in the city, but I looked away because I knew he'd hate to speak to me. And I saw the conductor put him off the car. He must have hurt himself, for he was lame. And I saw the policeman he—he bowled over"—a laugh rippled out at that—"and I wanted to help, but the car went on and I thought he would just explain, and it would be all right. I never dreamed—Father, make them take their hands off him!"

Thirty minutes later, Aleck, decently clothed in a mackintosh of the contrite Dr. Taylor, was rolling along in her father's brougham, a subdued and chastened yet indignant young man. His foot ached, even with the care it had received at the hospital, and he was bitterly anxious for his record, even with the doctor's assurance that the injury was slight. And no one can be a hunted animal for two hours without feeling the strain. Yet before he reached the door of the great house that was his home, his sense of humor had struggled up to a level with other emotions. He smiled sheepishly as he thought how his tale of woe would be received in "the family cirrcle of pris'dints." How his mother would alternately laugh at the victim and storm at the persecutors, how his little sister would make fun of him for months, how the big dining-room would echo with his father's shouts of delight. It was very little sentimental sympathy he need expect, he knew well, now that he was safely out of it. He owed his rescue to her, the idea pleased him, yet he flushed a dark red as it came to him insistently, what a hopeless guy he must have been in the sight of that cherry hat. The thought gnawed at his peace of mind.

The next day he wrote a note, and this was the answer that came with soothing promptness:

"Dear Mr. Campbell," the letter said. "It was good of you, but unnecessary, to write me that note. Probably you don't know it, but you are one of the few people who can never look ridiculous, whatever clothes you choose to wear. I did not think you so for a moment—please believe me. But where did you get the pink sweater? I never dreamed there were such things. As for not having the

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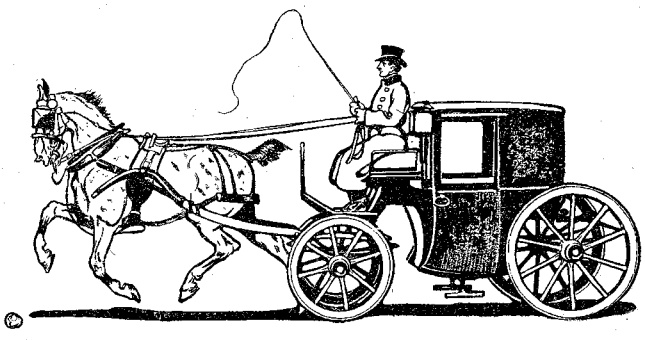
courage to face me again—that is *really* ridiculous, and here is a test of its sincerity. My father wishes me to tell you that he liked you even in your fancy dress—I think he said, for the way you 'slugged' the police—but that he wishes to meet you on even terms. So, as he has no pink sweater, I am to ask if you will come out Saturday in tailor-made clothes for a ride with me and dinner with all of us after. And any hint of apology or thanks will at once hurt my feelings, so be careful about that. Hoping surely to see you on Saturday, I am, very cordially yours——"

And her signature.

Aleck found the note in his room when he came in at twilight. When he saw the blue monogrammed paper he rushed with it to the window, and, reckless of eyesight, read it lines at a time. Then he dropped on the window-seat, his big feet up and his back against the jamb, and sat staring at nothing, the bit of blue held carefully in his hand. While in the gloom behind him strange, antique faces gleamed and brooded, and Old World eyes peered from the shadows among the boxing-gloves and foils and tennis-rackets and polo-sticks and golf-clubs that hung about the walls. The simple old pagan gods who had watched over the cradle of this young Greek of another century gathered about him to see the subtle beginnings of a new and unknown force in his crystal soul. They smiled mistily, the kind old gods, and nodded to each other through the falling night. "We know what this is," they seemed to say. "It was the same two thousand years ago" And the young Greek forgot the Olympian games and the imperilled splendor of his fame; forgot the thrilling rush of feet upon the track; the inspiring thunder of a thousand throats; the glorious pain of conflict; forgot the supreme moment and the joy of victory. And Hermes the silver-heeled, the messenger, who had been his guardian deity, dropped his head sadly upon his breast. "He does not care," he whispered, "not even for the broken wing upon his flying foot." But to this a clear, cold voice seemed to answer, softly: "Oh, foolish god!" it said, and the voice was that of Pallas Athene, who is wisdom. "He will care more, for he can lay his laurels at her feet." But Hermes only shook his head doubtfully; he knew he was first no longer. And a little, innocent-faced child-god, as old as Zeus, as young and as old as youth, whose wings had as yet but brushed the boy's spirit, hovering nearer than the rest, chuckled with mischievous heathen laughter; and suddenly a hush fell on the unseen, august circle as Aleck's voice broke the silence with half-whispered words:

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.



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THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

THE Navy Department is the constituted organ of the Government for administering the navy. Naval administration exists for the purpose of providing a nation with an effective navy. Incidentally it also administers — directs — the navy which it has created and maintains. Provision is the object, administration the method; the one is the end, the other the means. It is desirable to keep intelligently and continually in mind the distinction between the two; for an invariable experience teaches that the tendency of mankind, and especially of administrators, is to confound the two. Not only so, but even to raise the means into the seat of the end; usurpation by gradual revolution. Administration inclines to lose itself in itself, forgetful of the end for which it has been established. It is essential to guard against this error, by keeping the end always in the foreground of consciousness, as being the standard or test by which administrative methods are to be judged.

The method of naval administration now in force in the United States is the outcome of a gradual development, into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. We are to deal with the present; with historical antecedents only so far as to throw light on existing conditions. The Navy Department began with the institution of the office of Secretary in 1798, when, also, the first incumbent was appointed; and after various experiences it reached its present constitution in 1842. Since then it has remained fixed in fundamental principles; but has been subject, necessarily, to occasional considerable changes of detail and adjustment, as the navy has grown with the nation's growth, and as naval science has become more complicated in its demands. The gradual advance of the world in the mechanical arts has brought with it a corresponding application of those arts to maritime development in general, and to naval warfare in particular.

The general system is as follows: The President being, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Congress has created by law the office of Secretary of the Navy, a single person, who relieves the President of the burden of details. These are of two principal kinds, namely, those that concern the operations of the fleet all over the world, in peace and in war, which is the military side of naval administration, and those that relate to the creation and preservation of material in its manifold phases—ships, guns, engines, etc. —which is the civil side. As the aggregation of duties under these two heads has been found in practice far too great for any one man to discharge, they have been again subdivided by law. For this purpose there exist side by side two systems, military and civil, the Secretary being at the head of both, as the representative of the President. For, the management of the fleet in active service, in peace as in war, the end for which the navy exists, the stream of control descends through admirals, captains, and their subordinate officers. Each of these, in the measure of his particular authority, which is regulated by law, represents the Secretary, as the Secretary does the President.

In practice, the extent of ocean in which the United States habitually maintains a force for the benefit of American interests is divided into districts, called stations, mutually independent; that is to say, in each such district there is one officer in supreme command of the whole, usually an admiral, responsible directly and solely to the Secretary. With him the officers in similar command of other districts have in general no authority to interfere. If, by particular circumstances, it becomes necessary for the squadron of one such admiral to go, in whole or in part, into the sphere of another, the rule is that the one senior in rank takes command of the joint forces. The independence of undivided command does not then cease; it is simply transferred. Such exceptional cases do not invalidate the general statement of the independence of each station. If the com-

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mander of one, say the Asiatic Station, has incidentally to pass through the district commanded by a junior, as, for instance, going through the Mediterranean on his way to the East, he may indeed by his temporary presence exercise the authority inherent in his rank; but a serious interference with the arrangements of the regular commander would need justification, and might well entail censure, for the obvious reason that the measures of a permanent incumbent should not lightly be disturbed by an *ad interim* and purely casual intruder, whose power would lapse entirely as he passed beyond the imaginary lines bounding the station.

The military movement of the fleet, the military administration, being co-extensive with a geographical area, that is to say, with the seas of the world which require the presence of the navy, is thus conducted by the Secretary through means of independent geographical districts, each with its individual head. In like manner the field of civil administration, which is concentrated and localized at the Navy Department, for the creation and maintenance of material, the procurement and training of officers and seamen, the purchase and distribution of supplies of all kinds needed by the navy, is districted among a number of departments, mutually independent, called Bureaus, each having its particular head styled the Chief of Bureau. Within his particular range of duties, each of these, by specific provision of law, is invested with the authority of the Secretary. Orders from him are to be regarded as issued by the Secretary, just as are the orders of the admiral of a station; and no one of his colleague chiefs of bureaus can there interfere with him. In their totality the functions discharged by the bureau chiefs embrace all that is understood by the "establishment" of a navy; the establishment being the permanent constituted force—ships and men,—together with all the antecedent activities, such as those of the navy yards, by which ships are built and kept ready for service, and seamen gathered and organized into crews.

At this point, when fully prepared to act, the strict condition of establishment merges into that of military operation, and passes under the charge of the military officers—the admirals and their subordinates. It is true, certainly, that as material and supplies require frequent repair and renewal, and crews occasional reinforcement and relief, the functions of the establishment need in some degree to follow the ships in their career. For this purpose the several bureaus have their representatives among the official staff of each vessel, the captain being at the head of the whole, as is the Secretary over his bureau chiefs in Washington. In this manner each ship, for the purposes of naval administration, reflects in miniature the Navy Department, with which it is in continual correspondence by regulated channels. In strictness of method, as reflecting the ultimate responsibility and control of the Secretary in the Department, and the commander afloat,—admiral or captain,—all such correspondence is addressed through them, and by them distributed at either end of the line. Of course, much of this is purely routine and formal; but forms which represent facts, as in this case unity and concentration of authority are symbolized, are not to be discarded lightly. What is commonly called red tape, the circuition of documents, proceeds not from concentration, but from dispersion and subdivision of responsibility.

The term naval administration, though actually co-extensive with the whole range of the Secretary's authority, both in the establishment and in the movements of the squadrons, is commonly limited in application to the activities antecedent to military operations. Thus restricted, it becomes immediately apparent that naval administration is essentially civil in character, conditioned only by the fact that it subserves a military profession. In its methods it is strictly civil; it is military only in its end, which is to supply a military organization with the men and implements needed for operations of war. Carpenters use tools which they could not make; which are made for them. In this case the means and the end are both civil; but the distinction is the same as that which obtains between naval administration and naval operations. The tools of the naval seaman, from admiral to enlisted man, are ships, guns, engines. With these he does his naval work of every kind, and they are provided for him by the naval administration. The work is military, the provision civil.

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For instance, one chief function of naval administration is to design and build ships of war. This is only a particular problem of marine architecture, which is a civil calling; in application to naval needs it becomes conditioned, specialized, but not generically distinct. To make a modern gun for a specific purpose involves ingenuity of conception, as well as delicate metallurgical and mechanical processes, conditioned by particular knowledge of ordnance questions; but there is nothing in this, from design to completion, that demands a military cast of mind, much less a military habit of life. The naval man, the combatant officer, can most adequately decide the kind of work he needs his ship, or his gun, to do; he ought to be, by acquirement and experience in handling, master of the reasons which make such and such qualities best for his use; but it by no means follows that this aptitude to know the thing wanted entails ability to make it. A man does not need to be a tailor or a shoemaker to know what clothes or shoes are best suited for his calling. Military capacity of a very high order may go no further than to say, What is needed in a ship, or a gun, is such and such qualities; but it no less has a right to demand that its opinions on this practical matter should be ascertained and duly heeded. Manufacturers of articles used by the public are compelled to furnish what the public requires; for if they do not they lose their customers. The man who uses the tools is the final judge, and rightly; for he best knows which of several is fittest for its purpose. This is as true of a public military service as of a private civil handicraft. In the latter, however, competition insures the survival of the fittest, because there is individual freedom of action on the part of the workman. In the other, on the contrary, action is corporate, and there is no competitor; except, indeed, the foreign navies, which may become enemies on occasions of great national urgency.

The eight bureaus of the Navy Department are by title as follows: Yards and Docks, Construction and Repair, Steam Engineering, Ordnance, Equipment, Supplies and Accounts, Navigation, Medicine and Surgery. They are here arranged in what may be considered the chronological order of their relation to the preparation of a ship of war for sea; the completion of her as a unit in the naval establishment, ready to pass into the military order as part of the fleet in active service. The several navy yards, with their docks, are the scene where goes on much of the work of ship-building and repair, of gun-making, of placing on board the engines. There supplies of all sorts for the various departments are stored, and there are bestowed the final touches of preparation to ships built elsewhere. At a yard the ship receives on board her crew and goes into commission; to it she returns for repairs or to be laid up after a cruise. It underlies and concentrates the local activities of the several bureaus. Construction is evidently the first stage in the evolution of the finished ship; the engines probably will be being built coincidently, but cannot be placed until the hull has made a very considerable advance toward completion. Ordnance is a word which speaks for itself; the shipping of the guns is a later stage in the vessel's progress. Equipment is a term of less precise signification, because of more varied and minute detail. It corresponds to furnishing a building as a place to live and work in. For instance, there is embraced under this comprehensive idea the extensive and intricate electric system of lighting and motors, with the needed dynamos. Hence, also, much that appertains to the movable house which a ship is; for example, anchors, charts, compasses, with navigation books and instruments. For this reason, the Naval Observatory and the Hydrographic and Compass Offices, whence most of these appliances proceed, or by which they are tested and corrected, are under the Bureau of Equipment. In the days of sail, Equipment supplied rigging and sails—the motive power; so, in strict derivation, it now provides coal, the motive power of to-day, distributing it both to vessels and to coaling depots on foreign stations.

The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts is the purchasing agency of the navy. It buys for other bureaus, subject to their requisition and inspection. The paymaster of each ship in commission is its representative in this matter, under the responsible control of her commander, as the bureau itself is under the Secretary. Specifically, it buys and supplies, on its own account, the stores falling under the two great heads of provisions

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and clothing. It keeps, also, the pay accounts of officers and men, and pays them at stated times. The Bureau of Navigation has, by an historical devolution, of which its name gives no suggestion, inherited the charge of the personnel of the navy, as well officers as enlisted men. It regulates their admission, superintends their training, preserves continuous records of their service, and distributes them among the vessels of the fleet. As men are always of more account than their tools, the function of the Bureau of Navigation is the most eminent of all; but also, in the preparation of a ship for service, it is chronologically nearly last, as the crew do not go on board till the ship has been by the other bureaus prepared for their dwelling upon conditions consistent with health. This final requirement is the charge of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the importance of which may be measured by considering how far a well man is more useful than an invalid.

The general nature of the duties of each bureau is sufficiently apparent; to particularize further in this connection would simply involve the reader in a mass of technical details. The essential fact to remark is that each bureau—except Yards and Docks—has a distinct and mutually independent function in each ship built and commissioned, as well as in the processes which precede completion. This is the essential characteristic of the United States Naval Administration, deliberately adopted in 1842 to insure efficiency and responsibility, after long trial of a different system. The Secretary's function, intrinsically one, was then, for administrative effect, divided into five, and subsequently into eight, parts; the organic unity of which was found only in their subordination to him, not in their relations one to another. Consistency of action, therefore, depends upon the Secretary's appreciation of the necessities of the service in all the several broad features which the bureaus represent—not only from the side of the bureaus, but also from that of the officers afloat—and upon his power to reconcile the divergences of opinion inevitable between so many parties. Both for the purposes of the establishment which the bureaus sustain, and for the direction of naval operations which admirals and captains execute, the Secretary is the only unifying force. He has further to recognize that the Navy Department, as represented by the bureaus, and the Department as represented by the sea officers, often look at important matters from divergent points of view.

The Secretary frequently comes to his office without previous experience, and is necessarily immensely occupied with numerous calls on the side where the Department touches the country rather than the navy. He is apt to find himself, therefore, not only called upon to decide between several persons advocating different views on matters largely new to him, but to do so under conditions of pre-occupation which impede adequate attention. The system provides him neither a formulated policy nor an adviser; for, while the bureau chief can properly give advice and argue his views, it needs little knowledge of human nature to see that he can seldom be free from prepossession. He is, in short, rather an advocate than an adviser.

Under this stress of work and of technical inexperience, a secretary will naturally seek advice by instituting boards; committees of qualified men to discuss subjects and report to him conclusions. Such a board may be constituted, like one whose differences were recently reported in the press, from the bureau chiefs themselves, with perhaps one or two outside men to hold a balance. In the case cited the matter under consideration was the qualities to be realized in a particular class of ships. Or, again, boards may be composed, like the General Board, at the head of which the admiral of the navy now is, mostly of officers external to the administrative system, to discuss questions of broad policy connected with offensive and defensive measures, requisite in case of war with this or that country. Such a board might very properly influence the general direction, though not the detailed execution, of administrative action; for the obvious reason that the policy of the Department, as regards number and qualities of ships, should rest upon a clear appreciation of the probable nature of the operations for which they will be wanted. These boards, precisely analogous to committees of Congress, and to commissions frequently instituted by civil authorities for special investigation, are, in the strictest sense, advisory only. They can relieve the Secretary of no

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responsibility, but can assist him greatly by digestion of facts and summarizing expert opinion upon the arguments pro and con. During the Spanish war an *ex tempore* Board was constituted to give purely military advice upon the strategic movements of the fleet. It had no powers and, therefore, no responsibility, except for expert advice given; all orders were the Secretary's own. It is open to serious question whether in actual war such a recourse is desirable. Responsibility for advice, as well as for action, should then be single, undivided; but in peace a deliberative Board, continuous in existence, may be of the utmost service by the maturity and consecutiveness of the policy evolved. Had there been such in 1898 there would have been no need to create an instrumentality specially for that occasion. In the hands of a strong Secretary it would constitute a much needed balance to the necessary, but somewhat exaggerated, independence of action of the bureaus; for it would naturally regard matters from the purely service point of view.

The utility of convening bodies of competent men for the discussion of particular subjects is indisputable; all experience testifies to it. The difficulty with the navy is that the Secretary's official competency to combine the action of the several bureaus, in a steady, well digested, and unified progress, demands a policy, and not merely an administrative system tempered by boards summoned by him. The test of a system of naval administration, strictly so called, is its capacity,—inherent, not spasmodic,—to keep the establishment of the navy abreast of the best professional opinion concerning contemporary necessities, both in quality and quantity. It needs not only to know and to have what is best to-day, but to embody an organic provision for watching and forecasting to a reasonable future what will be demanded. This may not be trusted to voluntary action or to individual initiative. There is needed a constituted organ to receive, digest, and then officially to state, in virtue of its recognized office, what the highest instructed professional opinion, the opinion of the sea officers, holds concerning the needs of the navy at the moment; and for the future as far as present progress indicates. It is not enough that this or that chief of bureau, to use the nomenclature of the United States Administration, during his term of office takes such measures as appear to him sufficient to ascertain what is the opinion of the combatant sea officer, of the naval workman, concerning his tools. Granting entire sufficiency on the part of such bureau chief, it is not to his office, but to himself, that it is due. The system cannot claim the credit; nor can the system be sure, for it makes no pretence to assure, that such enterprise will be shown in other bureaus, or in subsequent incumbents of the same bureau. There is in the naval administration, as constituted by law, no organized provision to do the evolutionary work, the sifting process, by which in civil life the rough fighting test of supply and demand, of competition in open market and free usage, pronounces decisively upon the practical merits of various instruments or methods of manufacture. The body of sea officers, the workmen of the navy, receive for use instruments upon which the system provides them no means of expressing their professional opinion as to their adaptability, relatively to service conditions or to other existing instruments. Whatever harm may result from this falls not upon the workmen only, but upon those also for whom the work is done—that is, the nation.

Since the above was written, there have appeared in the London *Times* a series of three papers by the late Director of Naval Construction for the British Navy, Sir William White, who for eighteen years supervised the designing of all its war-ships. A quotation from these defines aptly the just relation between the designation of necessary qualities, by the combatant sea-officers of the navy, and the embodiment of these qualities in the finished design of a naval vessel. Italics are mine.

Sir William writes: "Ships have to be built for many different services, and each navy has its special requirements. It is inevitable, therefore, that the decision as to *the best combination of qualities* to be embodied in any type must be left to the responsible authorities. For the ships of the Royal Navy that decision rests with the First Lord of the Admiralty and his colleagues on the Board. The policy of naval construction, the types of ships to be built, and the qualities of offence, defence, speed, coal endurance, and other characteristics

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to be embodied in each type, are considered in detail and determined by the Lords Commissioners, acting, with the assistance of their technical advisers, as a 'Committee on Designs.' In addition to the large experience of the distinguished officers serving on the Board, there are available reports and suggestions from officers afloat, dealing with the capabilities and performances of existing ships, possible improvements, and the introduction of new types. The chief responsibility for the preparation of designs, *embodying the decisions of the Board*, rests on the Director of Naval Construction," (called in the United States Navy the Chief Constructor) . . . "But for the conditions themselves, the First Lord and his colleagues are responsible. They decide the policy of our naval construction, and determine the armament, armor, speed, and coal endurance for each class of ship added to the fleet. . . . My duty and responsibilities have been to design and direct the construction of strong, safe, and seaworthy vessels, having the offensive and defensive powers, speeds, and coal supplies, determined by successive Boards of Admiralty."

In a succeeding paper Sir William writes: "In such a complex and difficult question as the selection of armaments, the responsible authority, fully informed and constituted as the Board of Admiralty is, must be more capable of balancing opposing claims, and selecting the most efficient combination, than any individual. *The questions involved affect fighting efficiency, and are not primarily questions of naval architecture.*"

In Great Britain the Navy Department is itself a Board—the Board of Admiralty; not, as with us, an individual. *In general principle*, and as an administrative system, I prefer our own; but in the particular relation established between military specification of desired qualities, and the narrower sphere of technical design, by which those qualities are to be realized, I find the *method* above described much superior, for the Board of Admiralty embraces an extremely strong element of matured expert professional knowledge, chosen from the commanding officers of the Navy. There is in our administrative system nothing answering to it; and the defect not only is grave, but lies at the very source of the provision for naval wants.

As has been said, the present system of independent bureaus has now been in operation for sixty years. This fact in itself affords strong presumption in its favor, and it has many merits. It has also shown very good results, regarded as a machine, which every system more or less is. A machine is an organization, an assemblage of parts, which has great powers of work in certain fixed directions, purely routine. It is the essence of a machine that it moves round and round in an appointed path; but it has within itself neither motive force nor directive impulse. Both these, which are the two factors of active life, come to it from without. As the steam slackens, the engine works feebly; as the hand at the helm is weak, it errs blindly. All the time it is the same machine. Consequently, put on steam in a national impulse, or supply a strong master in a particular Secretary or President, and after a few jars of rusty joints, the renewal possibly of some worn-out coupling, it takes up at once its intended work, doing it steadily, strongly and efficiently.

Such fluctuations of efficiency, dependent upon external conditions, are characteristic of all machines. They are not to be cured radically by the introduction of new parts, adding to the machinery, for that makes them none the less machines than before, even though as machines they may be improved. It may be possible, however, so to contrive the connection between machinery and power, which with us is, in the last analysis, the popular understanding and will, as to cause energy to be supplied and sustained in reasonable proportion to the work required; which work is the maintenance and development of the navy on the lines and scale demanded by the possibilities of war to-day, and of the evident to-morrow. The grave lapses of the past, in this respect, are facts not to be ignored, nor safely to be repeated. Provision against them, to be enduring, as proposed, must be more continuous in operation than a succession of individual administrators can be. At present the President and Secretary, the one by the Constitution, the other by law, are the administrative connecting links between the country and the navy. Broadly considered, in their official relation to the administrative system,

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the President and Secretary are parts of the machine, liable with the rest to feel the slackening of energy when it relaxes in the nation. The desired steadfastness of purpose is not to be found in any succession of tenures of office; for with the expiry of each there is a solution of continuity. Only corporate life endures, and there is none such in our present system.

The experience of the great Civil War bears abundant evidence to the capacity for work of the bureau system, composed as it is of a number of chiefs mutually independent in their respective spheres, and, therefore, individually and solely responsible for the work intrusted to them. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world, has a naval organization had thrown upon it the sudden and immense expansion of work that the Navy Department had then to meet. In 1865 there were employed in active operations of war 7,600 officers and 50,000 seaman, more than fivefold the numbers prior to the war; and the fleet had increased from 69 vessels to 671, 208 of which had been built or begun while hostilities were going on.* No radical administrative change was made by Congress. The number of bureaus was increased from five to eight, with a corresponding subdivision of labor; but each of the eight was as independent in his own office as the five had been in theirs. This was the essence of the system; there was no let or hindrance to any one of them, by the interposition of a recognized authority,—man or board,—between him and the Secretary, or between him and his work. Urgent decision was not fettered by the requirement of consultation; responsibility could not be escaped under cover of colleagues, consenting or opposing. The bonds of power and of accountability lay upon each man, spurring him to the height of his abilities, freeing him from every trammel of interference, and encouraging him by the sense that credit as well as blame would be his alone.

Individual power and individual responsibility are the fundamental merits of the bureau system. Its defect is lack of coordination. Happily, this lucky country, which at its first cast got Farragut for the most critical command of the Civil War, as in 1898 it found Dewey at Manila and Sampson off Santiago, in 1861 unwittingly introduced into the naval administration a singularly fit man; an official who filled, without particular definition, the precise place which was needed then, and is equally needed now, in peace as in war, to impart unity of direction and effort to the eight distinct impulses under which naval expansion was advancing. The labors of the chief overseer, the Secretary, under the mandate of the times and the people, plainly demanded personal assistance; and it happened—the word is exact—that there was selected for Assistant Secretary a man whose particular fitness only his subsequent performance could have demonstrated. Mr. Fox had been a naval officer until he reached maturity, and afterwards became an active business man. He therefore brought to his position a close knowledge of naval conditions, which had not advanced materially beyond those of his own career, and at the same time an administrative experience which enabled him to utilize, without impeding, the separate energies of the Department's chief subordinates. There was thus introduced into the heart of the administration, in close contact with and influence upon the bureau system, the special aptitudes of the naval officer for the guidance of the war in its military phase, and for adapting to the particular conditions the broad lines of the huge expansion which the then establishment had to undergo. The activities of the establishment, of the Navy Department on its civil side, were thus harmonized with the requirements of the military situation.

It would require more than a magazine article to express in detail the multifold character of the work thus done for and by the establishment; the vessels of various kinds and construction designed and built; the vessels bought and altered for specific purposes; the corresponding developments of armament. All these were governed in conception by the necessity to meet conditions, varying from expeditions up Southern creeks and bayous, including therein the whole vast river system of the Mississippi Valley, to deep-sea cruises extending to the waters of Asia and the Mediterranean. There was involved the creation of armored fleets to contend, some with fortifications in shallow, tortuous inland streams, others

*These numbers are taken from Soley's "The Blockade and the Cruisers."

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with works protecting seacoast harbors. There was to be instituted and maintained the most extensive and grinding blockade ever yet made effective, actually as well as technically. Underlying the whole, however, was the military conception, the exact appreciation of the military necessities. Under the guidance of this were laid down the general lines upon which the bureau administrations were to advance in their activities. This was the cutting out of the work, as distinct from its executive superintendence. From this comprehension of the decisive lines, this military sense, proceeded the unity of effort and effect wherein consists the excellence of a work of art, which warfare in its highest sense is. The specific character of any particular war creates of itself certain central features upon which attention must fasten; and to which effort must correspond, if success is to be attained. It was peculiarly fortunate that the Civil War found, placed at the centre of the civil administration of the navy, a person especially qualified, by nature and training, to concentrate in his own person professional comprehension, broadened to meet the case by close intercourse with leading officers; and with this to combine influence, real if not formal, upon the general direction to be taken by the eight several branches of the civil administration.

The very great success of the navy in the Civil War is universally admitted and needs no insistence; but, though frequently narrated historically, it is doubtful whether it is yet philosophically appreciated, or even understood. For present purposes it is sufficient to note the fact that there was then found within the Navy Department—not existing there before, but introduced fortuitously for the occasion—a means by which the enthusiastic determination of the nation could take shape in intelligent comprehension of the issues and strongly coördinated effort; while to the satisfactory maintenance of the activity thus directed the bureau system was found adequate. Adequate, that is, to meet a great emergency under the spur of a great impulse, communicated through an instrumentality which for the purposes of the war focussed the several separate energies. It is to be borne in mind, however, that there was the emergency with its pressure; that it had its clear, distinctive features, susceptible of recognition; and that there was present somewhat accidentally the human instrument to recognize them, and to realize in the work of the Department the means necessary to meet them. All these constituted pressure, steam, directive force. Granted this, the machine showed its efficiency.

Emergency is not always with us, though the need of an up-to-date navy is. The preparations of peace have their distinctive features, equally recognizable with those of war, but less clearly visible to intelligence unstartled by alarm at the doors. The bureau system carries no instrumentality to study and formulate them; to maintain constant attention upon, and understanding of, not this or that branch of naval progress, but upon the field as a whole; to co-ordinate the various elements of advance in their relative importance; and by such sustained apprehension, communicated to the nation, to maintain a pressure which shall constantly insure a navy abreast of the contemporary situation in quantity and quality. It is possible for any Secretary to create such an instrumentality, and the tendency of recent Secretaries has been in that direction; but it depends upon the will of any particular incumbent; its influence is what he chooses to attribute to his own creature; and he may at any moment discontinue it. It is no part of the bureau system, and its life is always precarious. Of inferior influence to a bureau, in that it has no legal existence, its position is less that of a subordinate than of a dependent.

The Civil War showed the merits of the bureau system under favorable forcing conditions. Peace speedily demonstrated its defects; rather, perhaps, the defects of a system constituted wholly of independent departments—the exact opposite of a cabinet government. Independent departments—bureaus—through lack of concert together, lose in influence upon their head more than they gain in individual freedom of action; and the loss is national. In 1865 the nation reacted violently from the extreme tension of war, and the effect was inevitably manifest throughout the military branches of the government, as constituted. The principal work of the Departments of War and Navy became the reduction of the huge establishments, and the disposition of the quantities of accumulated material now

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no longer needed. Though the then administration had nearly four years to run, Mr. Fox retired shortly, leaving no successor in name or in fact. With him disappeared what had been virtually an institution, rather than an individual or an office. His nominal position of Assistant Secretary was not revived till over twenty years later.

Retrenchment—a word never to be uttered with disrespect—now became the order of the day; but it was not graduated by any systematic provision for studying the needs of the navy as a whole, watching contemporary progress, and defining to the country the evident necessities of naval policy. There was no sentinel stationed on the watch-tower to take note of danger; and volunteers, who were not wanting, rarely have the authority or perseverance to arouse national attention. The bureaus went on doing their several works, and, doubtless, very respectably. Excellent boards, constituted by the Department, from time to time made wise reports. Secretary succeeded Secretary in a complacency that the country seemed fully to share. The military branch, of course, was dissatisfied. It realized the peril, concrete before its eyes in foreign ships and its own decadent, obsolete relics of former days; but the military branch was not—and is not—represented in the scheme of naval administration. There is in the Navy Department, besides the Secretary, no daysman that lays his hand on civil and military both; upon the establishment and upon the navy in commission. In the Navy Department, as constituted by law, there are sea-officers at the head of bureaus; but by their office they are bureau-chiefs, charged with details of the establishment, not representatives of the military necessities. They have no obligation, and may have no inclination, to meddle with concerns of the broad naval policy which does, or should, determine and co-ordinate the general march of the system as a whole.

It would be rash to affirm that there was, for nearly two decades following the war, any formulated determination that could be called a naval policy. In result, doubtless, there was realized a course of action, which might be styled a policy; that of apathetic drift. The system itself provided no instrument for studying the data, or evolving the policy, except the Secretary himself; and the successive Secretaries, coming often new to their work, were as chanced by choice of successive Presidents. The several bureau chiefs were personally no more responsible than any other individual officer for the general regress. Each had his bureau; but, if he managed it as well as the Secretary's measures demanded, the rest was not his concern. There was nowhere in the Department any person, or any body, whose business it was to represent to the Secretary the perilous decline which was rapidly verging upon annihilation. There was nobody at fault for not speaking, nor anybody whose office required the intrusion of a scheme of resuscitation. The future depended upon the personality of a Secretary, not upon a provident system.

Equally with the details of the Civil War, it is inexpedient to enter upon the instances which illustrate the decadence of the ensuing period. To patch and repatch into temporary efficiency vessels, excellent for their day, but which, if still in their prime, would be worthless under the changed conditions; to build a few, a very few, new ships of substantially the same type as the old, and therefore no more fitted for modern warfare; to mount contentedly on their ancient carriages the old, and in their time most useful, guns which had fought the Civil War; to "convert" a few of them, from the large stock left on hand, into makeshift imitations of modern weapons—such was the general course of administration, awaiting the coming of a Secretary who should realize that the first necessity of policy was to sweep away a sham, and bring the country face to face with the fact that it had no navy. The bureaus worked on perfectly respectably, meeting the demands of that day accordingly as they had met the strenuous period of the Civil War, and as under a new impulse they were again to meet, and fulfil, the more complicated, if not more onerous, requirements of re-creating the establishment. As a machine, in short, the system was good; it adapted itself readily and efficiently to the work before it, be it more or less, and showed conclusively that it required only the impulse from without, and the necessary supply of grist, to work at high speed and high power, with correspondent results.

In time, though much overdue, the awaited man came, and with him a new

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impulse. By the accident of a Secretary determined to face the conditions, the just discontent of the active navy found voice and expression in a new and positive policy. It is, however, clearly a great evil that, throughout a prolonged period of popular reaction and lethargy, a principal department of the Government should have contained within itself no principle of continuous efficiency, and have remained dependent upon the chances of a series of individuals, bound to no sequence of interest or of action, and very possibly, as in instances experience has shown, incapable of realizing a policy or imparting an impulse. Most branches of the Executive Government find themselves naturally represented in the continuous interests of civil life, which constitute for them an abiding impulse, directive as well as motive, to keep abreast of the time. The navy and army lack this; the navy conspicuously so. It is therefore not sufficient that each has a Secretary, as have the Departments of the Treasury, the Interior, and others. They need within their administrative constitution something which shall answer to the continuous interest of the people in civil details; something which, while wholly subordinate to every Secretary, shall embody a conservative and progressive service idea, and in so doing shall touch both the public, from whose sense of national needs impulse comes, and the administration, ashore and afloat, upon whose response to impulse efficiency depends. That a Secretary can do this has been abundantly shown; the dangerous possibility, also amply demonstrated, is that several in sequence may lack either will, or power, or professional understanding. Though the office lives, the Secretary dies every four years, and who shall guarantee the succession? The value of the office will not be diminished by such a something as here advocated, without executive authority, consultative only and advisory; responsible not for action taken —for it should have no power to act—but for opinion expressed; above all, continuous in its activity, which implies corporate life, maintaining sound tradition by its consecutiveness, yet preserved from stagnation by changes of membership, periodical but not simultaneous.

Executive authority, like executive responsibility, must be undivided, single. No qualification is admissible upon the powers of the Secretary, as the President's representative. The bureaus, mutually independent, are wholly dependent on him when he sees fit directly to interpose. Where they clash, as at times they do, he holds the balance, and his say is final. These conditions no instructed man of affairs would wish to modify. Yet it remains that in these various matters Secretaries have often to act upon personal judgment, with limited personal konwledge. Under such conditions one man may easily vacillate in a line of policy; how much more a series of men differing in personal traits and acquired information. The utility of a steadying factor, of a body of digested professional knowledge, continuously applied to the problems of naval advance, is evident. It is demonstrated also by the increasing disposition of Secretaries to assemble standing boards of officers for the consideration of professional problems, the conclusions of whom constitute for him expert advice, without any infringement upon his official action. Useful though these may be, they have, nevertheless, no place in the administrative system. Creatures of the Secretary's will, there is no assurance of their permanency; yet, the essence of their utility will consist in their embodying a policy, which they can only do by permanence. Such policy, like the action of a bureau chief, will ever be subject to the Secretary's alteration; his personal characteristics will modify it; but there can be no more doubt of the utility of such an embodied policy than there can be of a settled national tradition like that about entangling alliances, or European interference in this hemisphere.

It is in the lack of permanent tenure by the Secretary himself that is to be seen the most cogent argument for such a continuous institution, interior to the legalized system of administration. A steady incumbent, personally competent, would in time become like the president of a great railroad, or other business corporation; himself an embodied policy, the consistency of which on certain general lines is a recognized advantage. With unlimited time a Secretary should acquire that personal knowledge of details, and acquaintance with the characteristics of his subordinates, which are essential to the successful

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administrator. No such incumbency is to be expected under our general system of executive government. To supply the defect inherent in temporary tenure and periodical change, there is required for the Navy Department a tradition of policy; analogous in fact to the principles of a political party, which are continuous in tradition, though progressive in modification. These run side by side with the policy of particular administrations; not affecting their constituted powers, but guiding general lines of action by an influence, the benefit of which, through the assurance of continuity, is universally admitted.

KITCHEN SKETCHES

By Elizabeth Hale Gilman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

MY KITCHEN

WITH eyes still shut with sleep I grope downstairs to fix my kitchen fire. At the east window the glory of the sky opens my eyes, and I wait thralled by the still slow merging of hue into hue until suddenly a yellow-gold arc springs above the horizon and sends a dazzling gleam into my eyes.

I gather my wrapper close, for the cold suddenly strikes through me, and turn to tend the fire. To slide the draughts open and draw the kettle front, to assure myself by a glance round the kitchen that all is ready for my return, is the work of a moment; but whether I do it in the gray winter dawn, or in the level, hazy sun-rays of a June morning, it always impresses me as if it were in some way a sacred rite; it is the beginning of my daily kitchen service.

When I come back to the kitchen after I am dressed, it is full of light and alertness. The level sun-rays flash on pans and covers, and the fire glowing red through open draught and little mica windows, has warmed the room and set the kettle jogging. Everything is ready to help me get the breakfast, and make an acceptable start on the day's service.

In the beginning my kitchen service was accidental and unwilling. One morning, after forty busy years, my mother stayed in bed. My sister, the Zealot, came to announce the fact, waking me out of my sleep and my irresponsibility at the same moment. She left me with a great air of haste and importance, saying, "Go stay with mother, I am going to get breakfast." I went to my mother, and forgot about the Zealot, but remembered afterward that it was a very long time before she reappeared. When she came she was flushed and out of breath, and presented my mother with a tray, dainty, but looking rather bare, I thought. Then we went down to breakfast together. We talked of mother, and of the weather, and of the morning news, but I grew maudlin after tasting the coffee. At last, the Zealot covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Why don't you say it's vile?" she moaned. "I couldn't find anything, and I didn't know what to do with what I did find. Poor mother will starve."

I tried to comfort her, but her grief was so great that at last I rose to a supreme height of sympathy. "Never mind," I said, "I'll get dinner."

I did get it, and it was a presentable meal, but I think I used every resource of my intellect in the process. My mother's cook-book only puzzled and discouraged me; but little things that I had seen and forgotten, bits of knowledge that I had picked up no one knows where, and suggestions from all sorts of books came to aid me. I cooked meat and vegetables according to Exodus and the "Iliad," and served salad and dessert by the detailed descriptions of General Lew Wallace and Mr. Marion Crawford. But

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in spite of so many cooks it was not a bad dinner.

Before supper-time my best neighbor came over and helped me a little. She watched me as I went back and forth doing now with certainty the things that I had puzzled out at dinner-time. "It comes kind o' natural to ye, don't it?" she said. I did not tell her about the learned authorities on whom I depended, nor yet what a shock her words gave me. They sounded unpleasantly like destiny.

My mother stayed in bed many mornings, and when she rose at last, the old ready-for-anything strength was gone. Day by day the ways of the kitchen became easier to me; I who had always been absorbed in school, who had grown up believing myself literary, found myself suddenly confronted with rude monotonous work which had to be done, and for which I proved to have a fatal facility. The Zealot viewed my ability with deep admiration and wrote thrilling descriptions of my skill to the rest of the family. They answered with an immense amount of teasing and kindliness, but I knew they were putting heads together and saying, "It is just what she needs."

I submitted to my destiny with a morbid, hurt feeling. I had always disliked such work cordially; I had felt a superior contempt for the simple domestic woman, and now, each day was helping to make me into one. The first months of my kitchen service are not a period that I care to think about. It was a morbid, despondent time. I prefer to remember that I came out of it contentedly reading "Sesame and Lilies," which I had tried to read once before, but had clapped to the book at the end of "Queen's Gardens" with great disgust. I remember also that about this time I learned King Lemuel's praise of the Virtuous Woman, and used to quote it to the Zealot at seasonable and unseasonable moments. I began to give the Zealot lectures over the dish-pan upon my theories concerning kitchen art and woman's destiny; she replied either with hootings of amusement, or with the vehement, furious kind of argument which gave her her nick-name. None the less she delighted in the shifts we invented to make work pleasant and lovely. She entertained our friends with a description of the way she found me scouring pots with a small whisk-broom, and singing to myself,

Εἴθε λυρα καλὴ γενοίμην ἐλεφαντίνη.

But I caught her peeling potatoes in the gloves which I had devoted to that purpose, smiling ironically, to be sure, but acknowledging that the disagreeableness was taken out of the task. It was she who gave me the idea for my summer kitchen gowns, which keep me neat and save me some of the scorching torment of my fire. They are simple lawn dresses with half-sleeves and low necks and a ribbon round the waist. When my brother came home for his summer holiday he objected to having me breakfast in evening dress, but after he had tried the heat of my kitchen with his collar on, he made no further protest beyond sometimes a kiss in the back of my neck when my hands were deep in bread-sponge. In winter, however, he could not ask anything more prim than I appear in a high-necked, long-sleeved apron, buttoned down the back, and reaching to the bottom of my skirt. I can drop it off when I leave the kitchen and become in an instant a neatly dressed young person with only hot cheeks to betray that I have had any association with the beefsteak or the biscuits.

My efforts to make my kitchen lovely have been greatly helped by the kitchen itself. It has an east window through which, beyond my neighbor's house, I can see the sunrise and the swaying, sweeping branches of a big weeping willow. Through the west window I can see the smooth stretch of the lawn and another neighbor's house, likewise his barn, but between them is room enough for a little picture of the sunset. My back door looks across the fields and the creek to the woods beyond, a simple, little, flat view, but it changes in light and color with every hour of the day. When things go all wrong, when I have burned my hand, or the bread, when the thousand things that must be done all at once overwhelm me, a glance out the door will sometimes give me a new start. The first bitter days of my kitchen service were in the winter, when the door was shut, but I spent many moments with my forehead pressed against the cold glass of the east window, heart-

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sick for the life of books and college and ambitions which I had expected. Many times when the tears would suddenly brim over and fall, I would see the familiar swaying outline of the willow against the sky, and it gave me my first comfort.

There is loveliness inside my kitchen, though, as well as out. My woman-eyes delight in neat shelves and shining pans, in my table bleached with scrubbing, and the stretch of shining oil-cloth on the floor. The Zealot laughs over the bowls of Wandering Jew that I have in the windows, and my mother sighs over my hands when she catches me in the midst of the Saturday scouring, but they are both proud of the kitchen. They invite people out to see it sometimes, and I can't help liking to have them, for I am a little proud of it too. It has made me so happy to try to make everything in it lovely, however common or hidden. I think a knife-drawer should be as ordered and dainty as the pretty things in the sea-deeps that no one ever sees; and that a dish-cloth deserves a hem and a black pot a polished cover as much as ill-smelling toadstools deserve to have white lace-work on their under sides.

This is the sort of thing I tell the Zealot in my dish-pan lectures. She listens, and laughs, and then some day when I am out ties a green sash round my fat kettle. She has grown to have a great interest in kitchen affairs, though, and in spite of her laughing she likes to idealize them as much as I do. Once in church, she came across the aisle in the middle of the Psalms to hand me her Prayer-Book with her finger on the verse: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove."

EMBER STORIES

A PALE yellow streak gleams in the west, but the dark is coming fast. The cold creeps in at the windows and under the kitchen-door; I have taken its warning and moved my vines from the window-ledge to the shelf over the stove. Through the house I have lighted the lamps and piled the fires as high as I dare, for some tired, cold people will soon be coming home to tea. In the kitchen, the fire casts a circle of warmth round the stove, but the milk has frozen in the closet, and I have to keep the water running to prevent the pipes from freezing.

The kettle is still silent in spite of the glowing fire. I am waiting for its "faint, soft undersong" before I can cool off the stove a little for the toast. A peep into the oven delights me with a charming sight and odor, for secreted there is the supper-dish which the family likes best, and it is turning a beautiful brown. I am so pleased with its color that I can't resist poking the stolid kettle, which sputters over on the stove in protest. Suddenly it begins to sing, then to rock a little on the uneven lids, and at last breaks out into a bubbling and gurgling like laughter. I throw open the front of the stove and begin the toast.

The fire-light fills the dusky room with shadows. The red coals glow and wink, and the little flames snatch at the crisping toast. I always imagine Cinderella in a dusky glow like this, when she still sat in rags and cinders. Probably there was a big pumpkin under her kitchen-table just as there is under mine. I hope my fairy-godmother won't trouble to make this one into a coach, though, for I want to make it into pies to-morrow. I like to think of the morning after the ball, when the ugly sisters and the step-mother were sleeping late, and Cinderella was getting breakfast, dancing back and forth between the cupboard and the fire and whispering remarks about the Prince to the kettle. I know she peeped into her pocket at the little glass slipper, when she should have looked into the oven.—Excellent thought! In a moment more my precious supper-dish might have been black as King Alfred's cakes. Dear King Alfred, patron saint of absent-minded cooks! But how times change; only a day or two ago I set a mighty man to watch my cookery, and instead of letting it burn while he thought of his mighty affairs, he spent the time thinking out a dozen ways of doing it better. I have spared him the service since as tactfully as if he had burned my biscuits to cinders.

The little flames have sunk into the steady glow of the coals; the red heaps and hollows are full of pictures. Women have cooked and dreamed in this ember-

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glow since the world began. In the old days when the shewbread was baking, or sometimes the "cakes for the Queen of Heaven," Hebrew women must have pictured marches and deliverances, seas divided and cities with miraculously fallen walls; and always the universal woman-visions of lovers and espousals, of home-comings and toddling children. . . . Fierce battles and triumphs must have glowed in the fires of the Viking wives as they watched the roasting feasts and chanted songs of their lords' exploits. . . . Often I see in the embers, Martha with her anxious, reproachful face, and sometimes the young knight Gareth when he came to King Arthur's court to earn his place at the Round Table with a year of service as a scullion-lad. It is hardly likely that the King realized what a trial of devotion that year of trencher-scouring and spit-turning was. The Zealot says that she is sure Merlin, or the Lady of the Lake, or some other "supernatural convenience," saved him from actually turning the roasts, but I like to think of him doing his rough work as at the King's command, dodging the cook's blows gayly, and in leisure minutes playing ball with the other scullion-lads.

. . . . . .

Banging doors and the sound of laughter and footsteps wake me from my fire-lighted dreams. They all come pouring out into the kitchen, talking and exclaiming in their out-door voices. The Zealot thrusts a cold nose into my neck with, "O Babes, what a pile of toast!"

"Um! All buttered!" says my brother. "I can manage one of those platefuls without assistance."

"What's that in the oven?" says another voice, drowned by "Let's begin," from several, while another asks close to my ear, "What was the Virgin of the Kettles doing out here in the ember-glow?"

I can only answer them by giving the word to "carry in," and in a moment they are all off to the dining-room, each with a plate or a dish or a pitcher, while I get my treasure out of the oven and bear it in as the crown of the feast, for it is not burned in spite of my dreaming.

THE ZEALOT

My salt-box is brown with age, for it stood in its place on the corner of the kitchen table years before I was born. I have been thinking that I should like to have a motto on its old mellow-colored cover, "Laughter the salt of life," for it doesn't take a sage to make the epigram, "A kitchen without laughter is like a kitchen without salt."

The Zealot is the salt of my kitchen. I had not realized it until one morning when she had been away a long while and big, black Caroline "stopped in" to see me. I talked to her, as I went about my work, of the weather and her washings, and answered her questions about the family just as usual, but after awhile my subjects ran out and perhaps I was rather silent. Finally Caroline gathered up her shawl and her basket, and I stopped rolling crumbs to go through the lengthy process of leave-taking. She looked me over slowly. "You're jest spilin' for Miss Susy, ain't ye?" she said.

The idea of the Zealot saving me from "spilin'" amused me so that I ran down to the cellar for a pie to put in Carrie's big basket, with which she went off beaming and nodding and blessing me with her usual formula, "The Good Man'll take care of ye, honey!"

Undoubtedly, the Zealot saves my temper from "spilin'." When my nerves get strained with my accounts, or with the over-fastidiousness which is my bane, she comes to the rescue every time.

When she finds me out in the April wind, scaling a huge shad and feeling a little disgusted at the odor and the hurts which the sharp fins have inflicted on my hands, she insists on holding what she calls "his big wet tail," and after a moment's protest the nonsense overcomes me, and we go at it together, the big fish giving the most unexpected starts and slides. She is really in the way, and makes me longer over the work, but when we come finally to the last act of cutting off "his big wet tail," we are both hilarious, and our gayety lasts until the dinner dishes are washed and put away.

The Zealot's intensity often gets us into trouble. I have two double boilers, one

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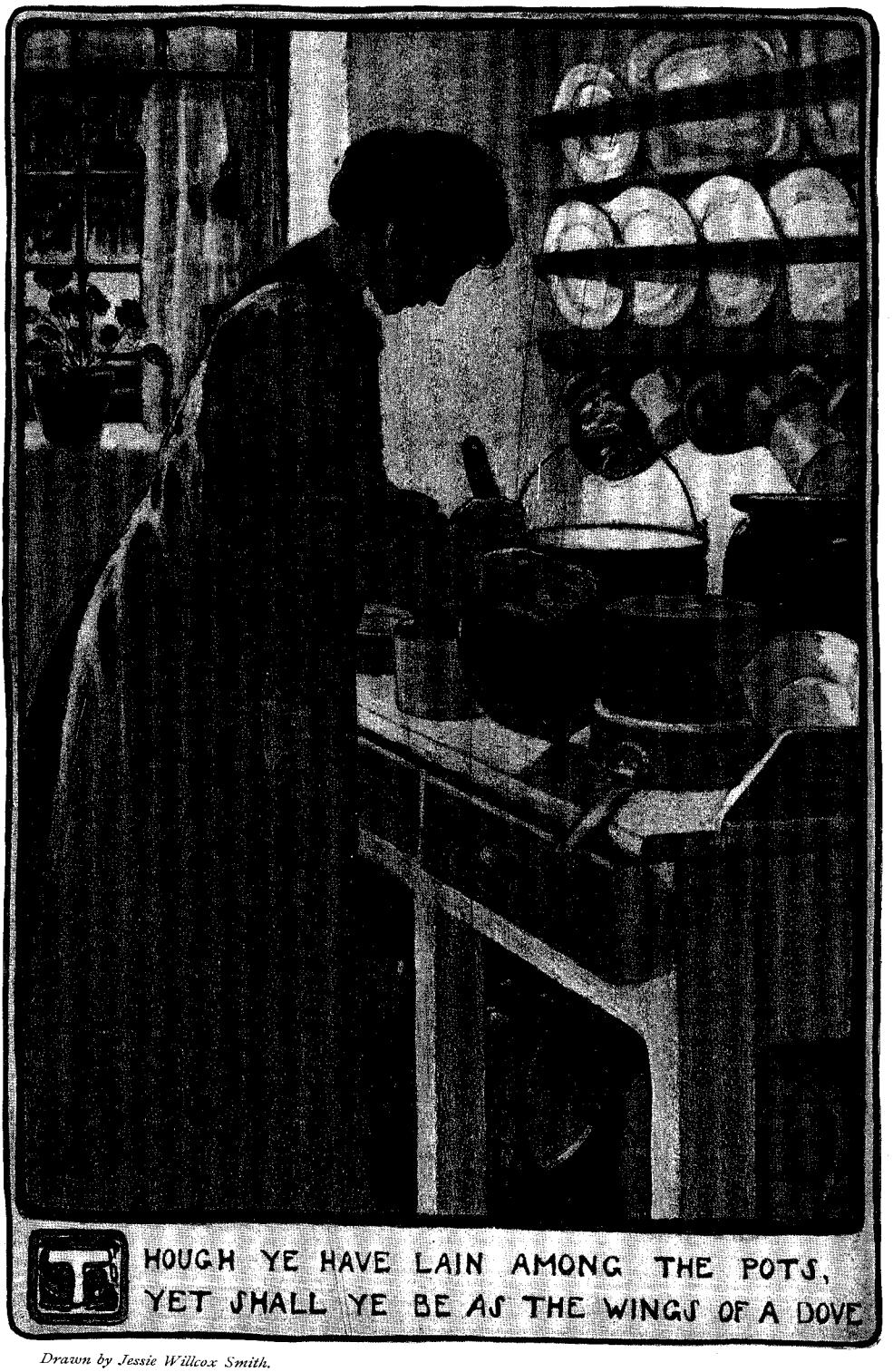

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

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a utensil of quality reserved for special and delicate uses, the other a victim of fallen fortunes with a hole in its bottom which has to be calked with a bit of rag. Once when this one was on the stove full of soup, the Zealot came down to help in the last offices of the dinner. She stirred the soup. Feeling the small rag at the bottom and thinking it an ingredient, she determined that it should not stick to the pot. It yielded. Then something began to happen, but so quietly and slowly that the Zealot did not notice it until half the soup had disappeared.

I was kneeling before the oven when I heard her awed whisper, "Babes."

I knew she had done something, and a single glance told me what. "Go take the soup-spoons off the table," I said with a look of great eloquence, and went on basting the meat. I think she would hardly have been to blame if she had tipped the rest of the soup over upon me, but instead, she went meekly to rearrange the table. I knew she would laugh in a minute, though, and, sure enough, when I rose scorched and half smothered from before the oven, there she was leaning against the wall in a silent paroxysm.

I opened my mouth in the shape of an anathema, but the wretch took that moment to break out with, "Why not serve it as a ragoût?"

The Zealot's enthusiasm, though rather provoking when it stirs holes in one's pots, is wonderfully inspiring, it helps one to do the impossible. One August when she and I were at home alone, I asked her as we were doing the breakfast dishes a few mornings before her birthday what we should do to celebrate it. She thought a minute, then said, with her air of absolute conviction:

"I want to give a dinner."

"A dinner!" I said, rather alarmed. "How large a dinner?"

"I want—" she counted on her fingers—"ten."

"Ten!" I said. "Who's to wait on them? Every darky in town is in the cannery, and they wouldn't know how if they were out."

"Therefore they needn't be considered. Get Carrie to come in and cook the plain things, and we will do the waiting as we usually do."

"We can't both be jumping up and running to the kitchen; you will look after the conversation and I will work the courses," I said, inadvertently speaking as if I intended to carry out her impossible plan.

"Please have pineapple ice and salted almonds, and serve the salad on the Wedgwood plates."

"There aren't but nine," I said in weak opposition to the rush of her enthusiasm.

"Give you or me another kind," she said as she started upstairs.

When she was gone I began to imagine what such a dinner would be like, but it was still in an air-castle when the Zealot came running down again, beginning to talk before she came in sight.

"These are the people I want, and, Babes, I want dinner-cards. I will make them pretty, and you must make a verse for each one."

She assailed my weakest side. Even as she spoke a charming couplet at the expense of our chief guest came into my head. I would rather have given two dinners than have allowed it to go to waste. I said it to her, and we decided to give the dinner.

It took us every moment of two days to get ready for it. We had no overpowering difficulties, though, until the afternoon of the second day. I was standing in the back porch turning the ice-cream freezer when a little woolly head bobbed up over the gate.

"Aunt Carrie says she can't come."

"What?" I said, not believing my own ears.

"Aunt Carrie's got an awful bad misery and says she can't come this evenin'."

I went on turning mechanically with all the spirit dashed out of me. Every turn reminded me of muscles already aching with weariness, and the thought of the things that must be done before seven that night paralyzed me. I had not noticed that the Zealot had come to the door in time to hear the pickaninny's second announcement.

She stepped out on the porch. "We'll have to tell them not to come, Babes."

"Indeed we won't," I said.

"But you'll be killed, let me turn awhile."

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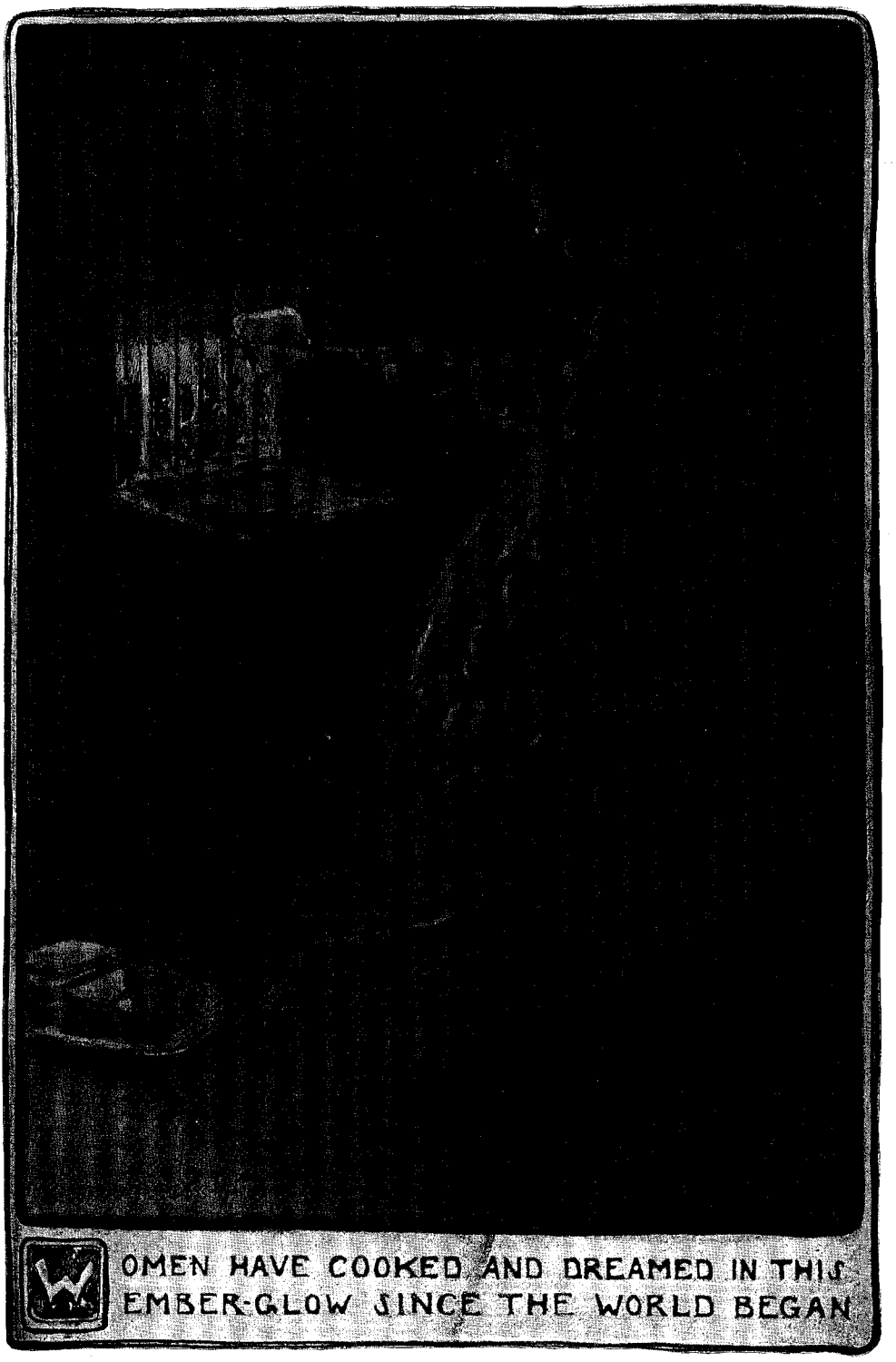

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"Oh, go on, Suky," I said, but I stopped to lean against her shoulder a minute.

She was the best help a person could be all the afternoon, silent and careful as she knows I like her to be when things are trying. We set the table together, and it was so lovely, shining in white and silver and glowing with nasturtiums that it rested me to look at it. We arranged the salad on our precious ancestral plates, and left them on a shelf in the cellar until the time for them should come. Then the Zealot brought down the dainty yellow candle-shades that she had made, and the dinner-cards with my verses, while I made a toilet which was completed with a big apron instead of a dress, and began to cook the dinner.

We were late, disgracefully late. When it was twenty minutes after seven the Zealot came out, looking charming in her low-necked black gown. I was thickening the gravy. "Let me stir that," she said, "while you get your dress on."

I tied my apron round her by the sleeves and left her holding the pan gingerly with a dish-towel and stirring the bubbling gravy with a long spoon. Her long black skirts curled round her feet, and her bare neck and arms and shining hair were amusingly incongruous in the dusky, disordered kitchen.

The dinner was a success. I couldn't talk much, but I wasn't needed. One or two of the guests looked a little surprised when I slipped out of my chair after the first course and proceeded to change the plates, but after the first time they were used to it, and were very clever and kind about looking after each other. It went through without a hitch from beginning to end, and I think I never was so proud in my life as when we left the dining-room, and I had time to realize that we had done it, and done it well.

We were a congenial little company, and the guests were pleased enough with themselves and us to stay late. They said good-night at last, though, and the Zealot and I went out to the kitchen. The table was three feet high with dishes. We changed our dresses, then washed and wiped and put away for an hour, talking it all over as we worked, telling each other the funny things we had noticed, and rejoicing over the success of it all. Toward the end, though, we grew silent, and at last, as I fixed the fire, I heard the Zealot going upstairs one step at a time, and knew from my own just how her feet ached. I managed to get upstairs, though I could not see the steps for weariness, and dropped into bed in some fashion with a last dim thought that perhaps the God-Father would take the dinner for a prayer that night.

CHRISTMAS DAY

It was very cold, and the stars were still shining when I crept down to stir the fire. Everything seemed a little unusual; I felt expectant. Something had happened last night which was like a dream now, yet I knew that I had just crept out from beside the Zealot and dressed without a sound, and that every other bed in the house had two people in it sleeping a comfortable Christmas morning sleep. Down here, also, was the table which they had all helped to set for breakfast before we went to bed. They had wanted the dishes they had used when they were children, and managed to collect a strange company of cups without handles, and oatmeal bowls of several shapes and colors. My tall brother groped round on the top shelf of the closet and finally brought out a white china butter-dish with a bite out of the edge which he declared he wouldn't eat breakfast without. It was the first thing I saw this morning when I turned on the light, standing beside his place with a toppling pile of odd butter-plates beside it. I dropped a holly sprig on his napkin, and went back to the kitchen where there were also strange things. So many people had helped clear up after supper that a dish-towel was hung up over the clock, and I found the stove-lifter in the drawer with the spoons. I collected the pots and bowls and materials for the breakfast, for the Zealot was to begin it while I was at church. On a long strip of paper pinned to the table I wrote a list of what she was to do and when. Part of it read like this: "Put on the blue pot at eight o'clock, it has the milk for the oysters in it. Keep it stirred with the big agate spoon, I shall be back to put in the oysters. Please

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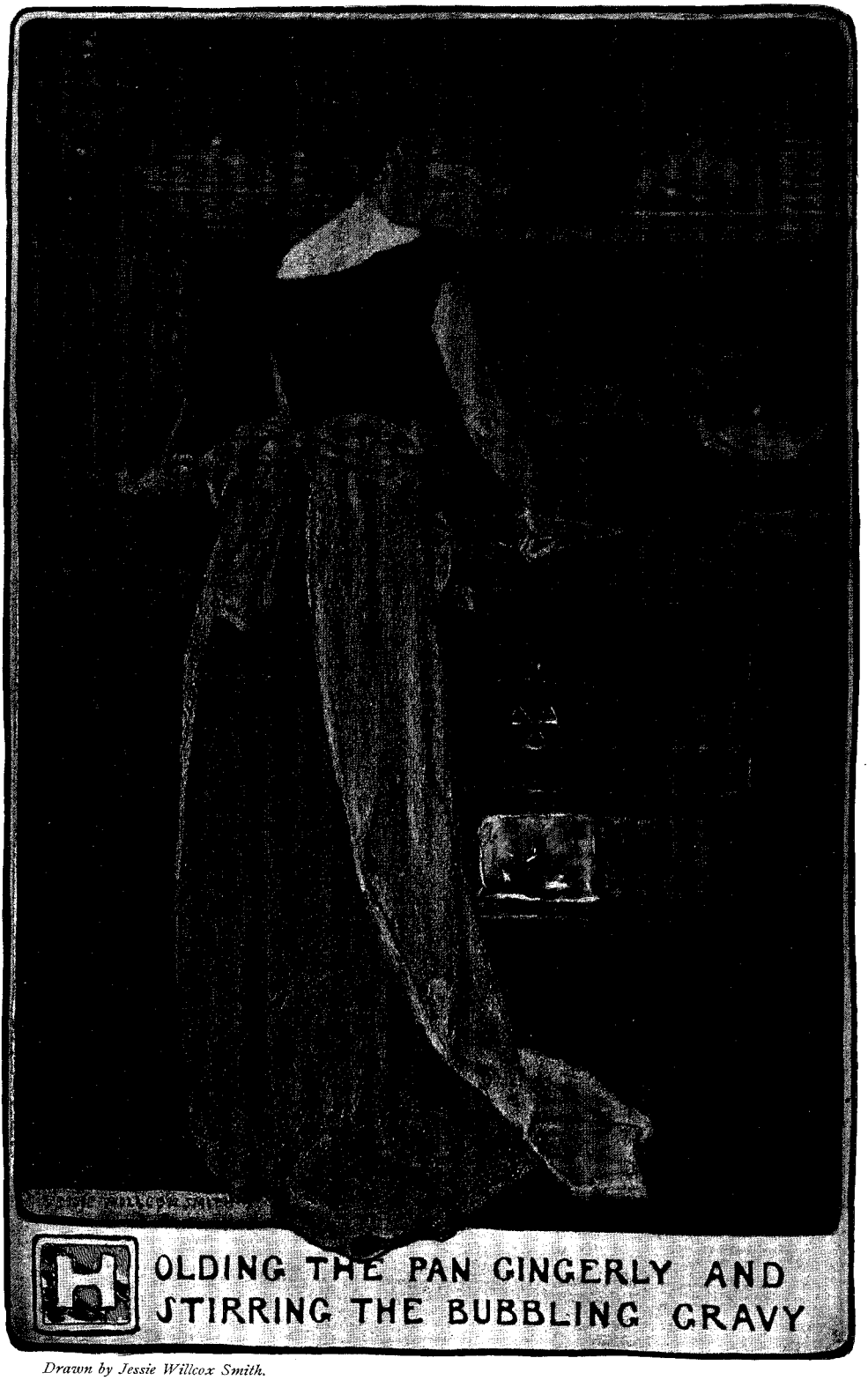

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grind the coffee. I was afraid the noise would wake the family." I laid everything she would need in a line on the table, from the potato-balls and the lard-can to the piles of bread cut for the toast covered with a dampened napkin; then I got the whole breakfast in my head, to be sure I had forgotten nothing. The fire was bright already and the water under the double boiler beginning to steam, but after I had my things on I came out once more to assure myself that everything was ready. The kitchen was warm, and bright with lamp-light, and full of a sense of preparation. As I opened the door to go out into the gray morning, I thought of the little church at the end of the long walk, warm and candle-lighted, and also full of preparation and expectancy. I covered my eyes with my hands, not daring to think the depths of it.

. . . . . .

When I came back the sitting-room was a jumble of wrapping-paper and colored ribbons and gay people. They exclaimed and fell upon me in a way good to hear and feel. It was all such a confusion, I only knew my mother's cheek was wet when I kissed her, and that my brother prodded me with a long bundle, saying, "Hurry up and see what's in this, I think it's a poker."

"You'll have to wait, Big Boy," I answered; "think of the breakfast." For I saw the Zealot disappearing through the dining-room door with a long spoon over her shoulder and a pot dangling at its end like an emigrant's bundle. She had done everything as well as anyone could, but the kitchen looked as if she had done it dancing.

The breakfast was not a pretty meal on account of the dishes, but I think it was the gayest one I ever ate. The clearing up was hilarious, there was another bite out of the ancient butter-dish before we had finished. I tried to settle down to getting the dinner in a staid, orderly way, but, like everything else, it went off at the pitch of excitement. I was too anxious for comfort until after the pudding was safely out of its cloth; it came out beautifully though, round and firm and black. I thrust the traditional holly-sprig into its heart with a satisfaction which nothing can express except the superior, contented smile with which a woman looks out from behind her Christmas plum-pudding. As a special privilege the Zealot bore it in blazing, and managed to get it on the table without singeing her hair. We sat so long over nuts and coffee that visitors came in before we had finished, and others before they had gone. I enjoyed them especially, for I knew that big Caroline was slowly reducing the pile of dishes and pans on the kitchen-table, droning a camp-meeting hymn as she worked.

The visitors went away when the dusk came down, and most of the family went out with them; it left the house very quiet. I sat in the dusk enjoying the fire and Caroline's singing. Finally that stopped, and she came to the door to say good-night and give me her accustomed blessing. I could hear the sound of my mother's pen in the next room, where she sat writing to the only one of us who had not been able to come home. By and by, His Eminence came in and sat watching the fire for half an hour without saying a word.

At last he said, "I have a thought clear back in my head that keeps me from talking."

"I don't mind if you don't talk," I answered. "But may I know the thought?"

"It is a Prayer-Thought for your kitchen," he said, "which the day has given me. We poor clay cups which the Master has moulded for His common service He has filled to the brim with His life."

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The old man's lip shook and he turned abruptly within.—Page 602.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XVI

AND yet, the next time Chad saw Margaret, she spoke to him shyly but cordially, and when he did not come near her, she stopped him on the street one day and reminded him of his promise to come and see them. And Chad knew the truth at once—that she had never asked her father about him, but had not wanted to know what she had been told she must not know, and had properly taken it for granted that her father would not ask Chad to his house, if there were a good reason why he should not come. But Chad did not go even to the Christmas party that Margaret gave in town, though the Major urged him. He spent Christmas with the Major, and he did go to a country party, and the Major was delighted with the boy's grace and agility, dancing the quadrille; and the lad occasioned no little amusement with his improvisations in the way of cutting pigeon's wings and shuffling, which he had learned in the mountains. So the Major made him accept a loan and buy a suit for social purposes after Christmas, and had him go to Madam Blake's dancing school, and promise to go to the next party to which he was asked. And that Chad did—to the big gray house on the corner, through whose widespread doors his longing eyes had watched Margaret and her friends flitting like butterflies months before.

It intoxicated the boy—the lights, music, flowers, the little girls in white—and Margaret. For the first time he met her friends, Nellie Hunt, sister to Richard; Elizabeth Morgan, cousin to John Morgan; and Miss Jennie Overstreet, who, young as she was, wrote poems—but Chad had eyes only for Margaret. It was while he was dancing a quadrille with her, that he noticed a tall, pale youth with black hair, glaring at him, and he recognized Georgie Forbes, a champion of Margaret, and the old enemy who had caused his first trouble in his new home. Chad laughed with fearless gladness, and Margaret tossed her head. It was Georgie now who blackened and spread the blot on Chad's good name, and it was Georgie to whom Chad—fast learning the ways of gentlemen—promptly sent a pompous challenge, that the difficulty might be settled "in any way the gentleman saw fit." Georgie insultingly declined to fight with one who was not his equal, and Chad boxed his jaws in the presence of a crowd, floored him with one blow, and contemptuously twisted his nose. Thereafter open comment ceased. Chad was making himself known. He was the swiftest runner on the football field; he had the quickest brain in mathematics; he was elected to the Periclean Society, and astonished his fellow-members with a fiery denunciation of the men who banished Napoleon to St. Helena—so fiery was it, indeed, that his opponents themselves began to wonder how that crime had ever come to pass. He would fight at the drop of a hat, and he always won; and by-and-by the boy began to take a fierce joy in battling his way upward against a block that would have crushed a weaker soul. It was only with Margaret that that soul was in awe. He began to love her with a pure reverence that he could never know at another age. Every Saturday night, when dusk fell, he was mounting the steps of her house. Every Sunday morning he was waiting to take her home from church. Every afternoon he looked for her, hoping to catch sight of her on the streets, and it was only when Dan and Harry got indignant, and after Margaret had made a passionate defence of Chad in the presence of the family, that the General and Mrs. Dean took the matter in hand. It was a childish thing, of course; a girlish whim. It was right that they should be kind to the boy—for Major Buford's sake, if not for his own; but they could not have

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even the pretence of more than a friendly intimacy between the two, and so Margaret was told the truth. Immediately, when Chad next saw her, her honest eyes sadly told him that she knew the truth, and Chad gave up then. Thereafter he disappeared from sports and from his kind in every way, except in the classroom and in the debating hall. Sullenly he stuck to his books. From five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, he was at them steadily, in his room, or at recitation—except for an hour's walk with the schoolmaster and the three half-hours that his meals kept him away. He grew so pale and thin that the Major and Caleb Hazel were greatly worried, but protest from both was useless. Before the end of the term he had mounted into college in every study, and was holding his own. At the end he knew his power—knew what he *could* do, and his face was set, for his future, dauntless. At once, when vacation came, he went to the Major's farm, but not to be idle. In a week or two he was taking some of the reins into his own hands as a valuable assistant to the Major. He knew a good horse, could guess the weight of a steer with surprising accuracy, and was a past master in knowledge of sheep. By instinct he was canny at a trade—what mountaineer is not?—and he astonished the Major with the shrewd deals he made. Authority seemed to come naturally to him, and the Major swore that he could get more work out of the "hands" than the overseer himself, who sullenly resented Chad's interference, but dared not open his lips. Not once did he go to the Deans, and neither Harry or Dan came near him. There was little intercourse between the Major and the General, as well; for, while the Major could not, under the circumstances, blame the General, inconsistently, he could not quite forgive him, and the line of polite coolness between the neighbors was never overstepped. At the end of July, Chad went to the mountains to see the Turners and Jack and Melissa. He wore his roughest clothes, put on no airs, and, to all eyes, save Melissa's, he was the same old Chad. But feminine subtlety knows no social or geographical lines, and while Melissa knew what had happened as well as Chad, she never let him see that she knew. Apparently she was giving open encouragement to Dave Hilton, a tawny youth from down the river, who was hanging, dog-like, about the house, and foolish Chad began to let himself dream of Margaret with a light heart. On the third day before he was to go back to the Bluegrass, a boy came from over Black Mountain with a message from old Nathan Cherry. Old Nathan had joined the church, had fallen ill, and, fearing he was going to die, wanted to see Chad. Chad went over with curious premonitions that were not in vain, and he came back with a strange story that he told only to old Joel, under promise that he should never make it known to Melissa. And then he started for the Bluegrass, but over Black Mountain and down to Cumberland Gap. He would come back every year of his life, he told Melissa and the Turners, but Chad knew he was bidding a last farewell to the life he had known in the mountains. At Melissa's wish and old Joel's, he left Jack behind, though he sorely wanted to take the dog with him. It was little enough for him to do in return for their kindness, and he could see that Melissa's affection for Jack was even greater than his own: and how incomparably lonelier than his life was the life that she must lead! This time Melissa did not rush to the yard gate when he was gone. She sank slowly where she stood to the steps of the porch, and there she sat stone-still. Old Joel passed her on the way to the barn. Several times the old mother walked to the door behind her, and each time starting to speak, stopped and turned back, but the girl neither saw nor heard them. Jack trotted by, whimpering. He sat down in front of her, looking up at her unseeing eyes, and it was only when he crept to her and put his head in her lap, that she put her arms around him and bent her own head down; but no tears came.

XVII

AND so, returned to the Bluegrass, the midsummer of that year, Chadwick Buford, gentleman. A youth of eighteen, with the self-poise of a man, and a pair of level, clear eyes, that looked the world in the face as proudly as ever, but with no defiance and no secret sense of shame. It was a curious story that Chad brought back and told to

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the Major, on the porch under the honeysuckle vines, but it seemed to surprise the Major very little: how old Nathan had sent for him to come to his death-bed and had told Chad that he was no foundling; that one of his farms belonged to the boy; that he had lied to the Major about Chad's mother, who was a lawful wife, in order to keep the land for himself; how old Nathan had offered to give back the farm, or pay him the price of it in stock, and how, at old Joel's advice, he had taken the stock and turned the stock into money. How, after he had found his mother's grave, his first act had been to take up the rough begum coffin that held her remains, and carry it down the river, and bury her where she had the right to lie, side by side with her grandfather and his—the old gentleman who slept in wig and peruke on the hillside—that her good name and memory should never again suffer insult from any living tongue. It was then that Major took Chad by the shoulders roughly, and, with tears in his eyes, swore that he would have no more nonsense from the boy; that Chad was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone; that he would adopt him and make him live where he belonged, and break his damned pride. And it was then that Chad told him how gladly he would come, now that he could bring him an untarnished name. And the two walked together down to the old family graveyard, and the Major said that the two in the mountains should be brought there some day where the two brothers who had parted nearly fourscore years ago could, side by side, await Judgment Day.

When they went back into the house the Major went to the sideboard.

"Have a drink, Chad?"

Chad laughed: "Do you think it will stunt my growth?"

"Stand up here, and let's see," said the Major.

The two stood up, back to back, in front of a long mirror, and Chad's shaggy hair rose at least an inch above the Major's thin locks of gray. The Major turned and looked at him from head to foot with affectionate pride.

"Six feet in your socks, to the inch, without that hair. I reckon it won't stunt you—not now."

"All right," laughed Chad, "then I'll take that drink." And together they drank.

Thus, Chadwick Buford, gentleman, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, came back to his own: and what that own, at that day and in that land, was!

It was the rose of Virginia, springing, in full bloom, from new and richer soil—a rose of a deeper scarlet and a stronger stem: and the big village where the old University reared its noble front was the very heart of that rose. There were the proudest families, the stateliest homes, the broadest culture, the most gracious hospitality, the gentlest courtesies, the finest chivalry, that the State has ever known. There lived the political idols; there, under the low sky, rose the memorial shaft to Clay. There had lived beaux and belles, memories of whom hang still about the town, people it with mistral shapes, and give an individual or a family here and there a subtle distinction to-day. There the grasp of Calvinism was most lax. There were the dance, the ready sideboard, the card table, the love of the horse and the dog, and but little passion for the game-cock. There were as manly virtues, as manly vices, as the world has ever known. And there love was as far from lust as heaven from hell.

It was on the threshold of this life that Chad stood. Kentucky had given birth to the man who was to uphold the Union—birth to the man who would seek to shatter it. Fate had given Chad the early life of one, and like blood with the other; and, curiously enough, in his own short life, he already epitomized the social development of the nation, from its birth in a log cabin to its swift maturity behind the columns of a Greek portico. Against the countless generations of gentlepeople that ran behind him to sunny England, how little could the short sleep of three in the hills count! It may take three generations to make a gentleman, but one is enough, if the blood be there, the heart be right, and brain and hand come early under discipline.

It was to General Dean that the Major told Chad's story first. The two old friends silently grasped hands, and the cloud between them passed like mist.

"Bring him over to dinner on Saturday, Cal—you and Miss Lucy, won't you? Some people are coming out from town."

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In making amends, there was no half-way with General Dean.

"I will," said the Major, "gladly."

The cool of the coming autumn was already in the air that Saturday when Miss Lucy and the Major and Chad, in the old carriage, with old Tom as driver, and the pickaninny behind, started for General Dean's. The Major was beautiful to behold, in his flowered waistcoat, his ruffled shirt, white trousers strapped beneath his highly polished, high-heeled boots, high hat and frock coat, with only the lowest button fastened, in order to give a glimpse of that wonderful waistcoat, just as that, too, was unbuttoned at the top that the ruffles might peep out upon the world. Chad's raiment, too, was as Solomon's—for him. He had protested, but in vain; and he, too, wore white trousers with straps, high-heeled boots, and a wine-colored waistcoat and slouch hat, and a brave, though very conscious, figure he made, with his tall body, well-poised head, strong shoulders and thick hair. It was a rare thing for Miss Lucy to do, but the old gentlewoman could not resist the Major, and she, too, rode in state with them, smiling indulgently at the Major's quips, and now, kindly, on Chad. A drowsy peace lay over the magnificent woodlands, unravaged then except for firewood; the seared pastures, just beginning to show green again for the second spring; the flashing creek, the seas of still hemp and yellow corn. And Chad saw a wistful shadow cross Miss Lucy's pale face, and a darker one anxiously sweep over the Major's jesting lips. Guests were arriving, when they entered the yard gate, and guests were coming behind them. General and Mrs. Dean were receiving them on the porch, and Harry and Dan were helping the ladies out of their carriages, while, leaning against one of the columns, in pure white, was the graceful figure of Margaret. That there could ever have been any other feeling in any member of the family other than simple, gracious kindliness towards him, Chad could neither see nor feel. At once every trace of embarrassment in him was gone, and he could but wonder at the swift justice done him in a way that was so simple and effective. Even with Margaret there was no trace of consciousness. The past was wiped clean of all save courtesy and kindness. There were the Hunts—Nellie, and the Lieutenant of the Lexington Rifles, Richard Hunt, a dauntless looking dare-devil, with the ready tongue of a coffee-house wit and the grace of a cavalier. There was Elizabeth Morgan, to whom Harry's grave eyes were always wandering, and Miss Jennie Overstreet, who was romantic and openly now wrote poems for the *Observer*, and who looked at Chad with no attempt to conceal her admiration of his appearance and her wonder as to who he was. And there were the neighbors roundabout—the Talbotts, Quisenberrys, Clays, Prestons, Morgans—surely no less than forty strong, and all for dinner. It was no little trial for Chad in that crowd of fine ladies, judges, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen—but he stood it well. While his self-consciousness made him awkward, he had pronounced dignity of bearing; his diffidence emphasized his modesty, and he had the good sense to stand and keep still. Soon they were at table—and what a table and what a dinner that was! The dining-room was the biggest and sunniest room in the house; its walls covered with hunting prints, pictures of game and stag heads. The table ran the length of it. The snowy tablecloth hung almost to the floor. At the head sat Mrs. Dean, with a great tureen of calf's head soup in front of her. Before the General was the saddle of venison that was to follow, drenched in a bottle of ancient Madeira, and flanked by flakes of red-currant jelly. Before the Major rested broiled wild ducks, on which he could show his carving skill—on game as well as men. A great turkey supplanted the venison, and last to come, and before Richard Hunt, Lieutenant of the Rifles, was a Kentucky ham. That ham! Mellow, aged, boiled in champagne, baked brown, spiced deeply, rosy pink within, and of a flavor and fragrance to shatter the fast of a Pope; and without, a brown-edged white layer, so firm that the lieutenant's deft carving knife, passing through, gave no hint to the eye that it was delicious fat. There had been merry jest and laughter and banter and gallant compliment before, but it was Richard Hunt's turn now, and story after story he told, as the rose-flakes dropped under his knife in such thin slices that their edges coiled. It was full half an hour before the carver and story-teller were done. After that ham the tablecloth was lifted, and the

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dessert spread on another lying ready beneath; then that, too, was raised, and the nuts and wines were placed on a third—red damask this time.

Then came the toasts: to the gracious hostess from Major Buford; to Miss Lucy from General Dean; from valiant Richard Hunt to blushing Margaret, and then the ladies were gone, and the talk was politics—the election of Lincoln, slavery, disunion.

"If Lincoln is elected, no power but God's can avert war," said Richard Hunt, gravely.

Dan's eyes flashed. "Will you take me?"

The lieutenant lifted his glass. "Gladly, my boy."

"Kentucky's convictions are with the Union; her kinship and sympathies with the South," said a deep-voiced lawyer. "She must remain neutral."

"Straddling the fence," said the Major, sarcastically.

"No; to act the peacemaker when the tragedy is over."

"Well, I can see Kentuckians keeping out of a fight," laughed the General, and he looked around. Three out of five of the men present had been in the Mexican war. The General had been wounded at Cerro Gordo, and the Major had brought his dead home in leaden coffins.

"The fanatics of Boston, the hot-heads of South Carolina—they are making the mischief."

"And New England began with slavery," said the lawyer again.

"And naturally, with that conscience that is a national calamity, was the first to give it up," said Richard Hunt, "when the market price of slaves fell to sixpence a pound in the open Boston markets." There was an incredulous murmur.

"Oh, yes," said Hunt, easily, "I can show you advertisements in Boston papers of slaves for sale at sixpence a pound."

Perhaps it never occurred to a soul present that the word "slave" was never heard in that region except in some such way. With Southerners, the negroes were "our servants" or "our people"—never slaves. Two lads at that table were growing white—Chad and Harry—and Chad's lips opened first.

"I don't think slavery has much to do with the question, really," he said, "not even with Mr. Lincoln." The silent surprise that followed the boy's embarrassed statement ended in a gasp of astonishment when Harry leaned across the table and said, hotly:

"Slavery has *everything* to do with the question."

The Major looked bewildered; the General frowned, and the keen-eyed lawyer spoke again:

"The struggle was written in the Constitution. The framers evaded it. Logic leads one way as well as another and no man can logically blame another for the way he goes."

"No more politics now, Gentlemen," said the General quickly. "We will join the ladies. Harry," he added, with some sternness, "lead the way!"

As the three boys rose, Chad lifted his glass. His face was pale and his lips trembled.

"May I propose a toast, General Dean?"

"Why, certainly," said the General, kindly.

"I want to drink to one man but for whom I might be in a log-cabin now, and might have died there for all I know—my friend and, thank God! my kinsman—Major Buford."

It was irregular and not in good taste, but the boy had waited till the ladies were gone, and it touched the Major that he should want to make such a public acknowledgment that there should be no false colors in the flag he meant henceforth to bear.

The startled guests drank blindly to the confused Major, though they knew not why, but as the lads disappeared the lawyer asked:

"Who is that boy, Major?"

Outside, the same question had been asked among the ladies and the same story told. The three girls remembered him vaguely, they said, and when Chad reappeared, in the eyes of the poetess at least, the halo of romance floated above his head.

She was waiting for Chad when he came out on the porch, and she shook her curls and flashed her eyes in a way that almost alarmed him. Old Mammy dropped him a curtsey, for she had had her orders, and, behind her, Snowball, now a tall, fine-looking coal-black youth, grinned a welcome. The three girls were walking under the trees, with their arms mysteriously twined

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about one another's waists, and the poetess walked down toward them with the three lads, Richard Hunt following. Chad could not know how it happened, but, a moment later, Dan was walking away with Nellie Hunt one way; Harry with Elizabeth Morgan the other; the Lieutenant had Margaret alone, and Miss Overstreet was leading him away, raving meanwhile about the beauty of field and sky. As they went toward the gate he could not help flashing one look toward the pair under the fir tree. An amused smile was playing under the Lieutenant's beautiful mustache, his eyes were dancing with mischief, and Margaret was blushing with anything else than displeasure.

"Oho!" he said, as Chad and his companion passed on. "Sits the wind in that corner? Bless me, if looks could kill, I'd have a happy death here at your feet, Mistress Margaret. *See* the young man! It's the second time he has almost slain me."

Chad could scarcely hear Miss Jennie's happy chatter, scarcely saw the shaking curls, the eyes all but in a frenzy of rolling. His eyes were in the back of his head, and his backward-listening ears heard only Margaret's laugh behind him.

"Oh, I do love the autumn"—it was at the foot of those steps, thought Chad, that he first saw Margaret springing to the back of her pony and dashing off under the fir trees—"and it's coming. There's one scarlet leaf already"—Chad could see the rock fence where he had sat that spring day—"it's curious and mournful that you can see in any season a sign of the next to come." And there was the creek where he found Dan fishing, and there the road led to the ford where Margaret had spurned his offer of a slimy fish—ugh! "I do love the autumn. It makes me feel like the young woman who told Emerson that she had such mammoth thoughts she couldn't give them utterance—why, wake up, Mr. Buford, wake up!" Chad came to with a start.

"Do you know you aren't very polite, Mr. Buford?" Mr. Buford! That did sound funny.

"But I know what the matter is," she went on. "I saw you look"—she nodded her head backward. "Can you keep a secret?" Chad nodded; he had not yet opened his lips.

"That's going to be a match back there. He's only a few years older. The French say that a woman should be half a man's age plus seven years. That would make her only a few years too young, and she can wait." Chad was scarlet under the girl's mischievous torture, but a cry from the house saved him. Dan was calling them back.

"Mr. Hunt has to go back early to drill the Rifles. Can you keep another secret?" Again Chad nodded gravely. "Well, he is going to drive *me* back. I'll tell him what a dangerous rival he has." Chad was dumb; there was much yet for him to learn before he could parry with a tongue like hers.

"He's very good-looking," said Miss Jennie, when she joined the girls, "but oh, so stupid."

Margaret turned quickly and unsuspiciously. "Stupid! Why, he's the first man in his class."

"Oh," said Miss Jennie, with a demure smile, "perhaps *I* couldn't draw him out," and Margaret flushed to have caught the deftly tossed bait so readily.

A moment later the Lieutenant was gathering up the reins, with Miss Jennie by his side. He gave a bow to Margaret, and Miss Jennie nodded to Chad.

"Come see me when you come to town, Mr. Buford," she called, as though to an old friend, and still Chad was dumb, though he lifted his hat gravely.

At no time was Chad alone with Margaret, and he was not sorry—her manner so puzzled him. The three lads and three girls walked together through Mrs. Dean's garden with its grass walks and flower beds and vegetable patches surrounded with rose bushes. At the lower edge they could see the barn with sheep in the yard around it, and there were the very stiles where Harry and Margaret had sat in state when Dan and Chad were charging in the tournament. The thing might never have happened for any sign from Harry or Dan or Margaret, and Chad began to wonder if his past or his present were a dream.

How fine this courtesy was Chad could not realize. Neither could he know that the favor Margaret had shown him when he was little more than outcast he must now, as an equal, win for himself. Miss Jennie had called him "Mr. Buford." He

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wondered what Margaret would call him when he came to say good-by. She called him nothing. She only smiled at him.

"You must come to see us soon again," she said, graciously, and so said all the Deans.

The Major was quiet going home, and Miss Lucy drowsed. All evening the Major was quiet.

"If a fight does come," he said, when they were going to bed, "I reckon I'm not too old to take a hand."

"And I reckon I'm not too young," said Chad.

XVIII

ONE night, in the following April, there was a great dance in Lexington. Next day the news of Sumter came. Chad pleaded to be let off from the dance, but the Major would not hear of it. It was a fancy-dress ball, and the Major had a pet purpose of his own that he wanted gratified, and Chad had promised to aid him. That fancy was that Chad should go in regimentals, as the stern, old soldier on the wall, of whom the Major swore the boy was the spit and image. The Major himself helped Chad dress in wig, peruke, stock, breeches, boots, spurs, cocked hat, sword, and all. And then he led the boy down into the parlor, where Miss Lucy was waiting for them, and stood him up to one side of the portrait. To please the old fellow, Chad laughingly struck the attitude of the pictured soldier, and the Major cried:

"What'd I tell you, Lucy!" Then he advanced and made a low bow.

"General Buford," he said, "General Washington's compliments, and will General Buford plant the flag on that hill where the left wing of the British is entrenched."

"Hush, Cal," said Miss Lucy, laughing.

"General Buford's compliments to General Washington. General Buford will plant that flag on *any* hill that *any* enemy holds against it."

The lad's face paled as the words, by some curious impulse, sprang to his lips, but the unsuspecting Major saw no lurking significance in his manner, nor in what he said, and then there was a rumble of carriage wheels at the door.

The winter had sped swiftly. Chad had done his work in college only fairly well, for Margaret had been a disturbing factor. The girl was an impenetrable mystery to him, for the past between them was not only wiped clean—it seemed quite gone. Once only had he dared to open his lips about the old days, and the girl's flushed silence made a like mistake forever impossible. He came and went at the Dean's as he pleased. Always they were kind, courteous, hospitable—no more, no less, unvaryingly. During the Christmas holidays he and Margaret had had a foolish quarrel, and it was then that Chad took his little fling at his little world—a fling that was foolish, but harmful, chiefly in that it took his time and his mind and his energy from his work. He not only neglected his studies, but he fell in with the wild young bucks of the town, learned to play cards, took more wine than was good for him sometimes, was on the edge of several duels, and night after night raced home in his buggy against the coming dawn. Though Miss Lucy looked worried, the indulgent old Major made no protest. Indeed he was rather pleased. Chad was sowing his wild oats—it was in the blood, and the mood would pass. It did pass, naturally enough, on the very day that the breach between him and Margaret was partly healed; and the heart of Caleb Hazel, whom Chad, for months, had not dared to face, was made glad when the boy came back to him remorseful and repentant—the old Chad once more.

They were late in getting to the dance. Every window in the old Hunt home was brilliant with light. Chinese lanterns swung in the big yard. The scent of early spring flowers smote the fresh night air. Music and the murmur of nimble feet and happy laughter swept out the wide-open doors past which white figures flitted swiftly. Scarcely anybody knew Chad in his regimentals, and the Major, with the delight of a boy, led him around, gravely presenting him as General Buford here and there. Indeed, the lad made a noble figure with his superb height and bearing, and he wore sword and spurs as though born to them. Margaret was dancing with Richard Hunt when she saw his eyes searching for her through the room, and she gave him a radiant smile that almost stunned him.

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She had been haughty and distant when he went to her to plead forgiveness: she had been too hard, and Margaret, too, was repentant.

"Why, who's that?" asked Richard Hunt. "Oh, yes," he added, getting his answer from Margaret's face. "Bless me, but he's fine—the very spirit of '76. I must have him in the Rifles."

"Will you make him a lieutenant?" asked Margaret.

"Why, yes, I will," said Mr. Hunt, decisively. "I'll resign myself in his favor, if it pleases you."

"Oh, no, no—no one could fill your place."

"Well, he can, I fear—and here he comes to do it. I'll have to retreat some time, and I suppose I'd as well begin now." And the gallant gentleman bowed to Chad.

"Will you pardon me, Miss Margaret? My mother is calling me."

"You must have keen ears," said Margaret; "your mother is upstairs."

"Yes; but she wants me. Everybody wants me, but——" he bowed again with an imperturbable smile and went his way.

Margaret looked demurely into Chad's eager eyes.

"And how is the spirit of '76?"

"The spirit of '76 is unchanged."

"Oh, yes, he is; I scarcely knew him."

"But he's unchanged; he never will change."

Margaret dropped her eyes and Chad looked around.

"I wish we could get out of here."

"We can," said Margaret, demurely.

"We will!" said Chad, and he made for a door, outside which lanterns were swinging in the wind. Margaret caught up some flimsy garment and wound it about her pretty round throat—they call it a "fascinator" in the South.

Chad looked down at her.

"I wish you could see yourself; I wish I could tell you how you look."

"I have," said Margaret, "every time I passed a mirror. And other people have told me. Mr. Hunt did. He didn't seem to have much trouble."

"I wish I had his tongue."

"If you had, and nothing else, you wouldn't have me"—Chad started as the little witch paused a second, drawling—"leaving my friends and this jolly dance to go out into a freezing yard and talk to an aged Colonial who doesn't appreciate his modern blessings. The next thing you'll be wanting, I suppose—will be——"

"You, Margaret; you—*you!*"

It had come at last and Margaret hardly knew the choked voice that interrupted her. She had turned her back to him to sit down. She paused a moment, standing. Her eyes closed; a slight tremor ran through her, and she sank with her face in her hands. Chad stood silent, trembling. Voices murmured about them, but like the music in the house, they seemed strangely far away. The stirring of the wind made the sudden damp on his forehead icy-cold. Margaret's hands slowly left her face, which had changed as by a miracle. Every trace of coquetry was gone. It was the face of a woman who knew her own heart, and had the sweet frankness to speak it, that was lifted now to Chad.

"I'm so glad you are what you are, Chad; but had you been otherwise—that would have made no difference to me. You believe that, don't you, Chad? They might not have let me marry you, but I should have cared, just the same. They may not now, but that, too, will make no difference." She turned her eyes from his for an instant, as though she were looking far backward. "Ever since that day," she said, slowly, "when I heard you say, 'Tell the little gurl I didn't mean nothin' callin' her a little gal' "—there was a low, delicious gurgle in the throat as she tried to imitate his odd speech, and then her eyes suddenly filled with tears, but she brushed them away, smiling brightly. "Ever since then, Chad——" she stopped—a shadow fell across the door of the little summer house.

"Here I am, Mr. Hunt," she said, brightly; "is this your dance?" She rose and was gone. "Thank you, Mr. Buford," she called back, sweetly.

For a moment Chad stood where he was, quite dazed—so quickly, so unexpectedly had the crisis come. The blood had rushed to his face and flooded him with triumphant happiness. A terrible doubt chilled him as quickly. Had he heard aright—could he have misunderstood her? Had the dream of years really come true? What was it she had said? He stumbled around in the half darkness, wondering. Was this another phase of her unceasing coquetry? How

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quickly her tone had changed when Richard Hunt's shadow came. At that moment, he neither could nor would have changed a hair had some genie dropped them both in the midst of the crowded ballroom. He turned swiftly towards the dancers. He must see, know—now!

The dance was a quadrille and the figure was "Grand right and left." Margaret had met Richard Hunt opposite, half-way, and was curtseying to him with a radiant smile. Again Chad's doubts beat him fiercely; and then Margaret turned her head, as though she knew he must be standing there. Her face grew so suddenly serious and her eyes softened with such swift tenderness when they met his that a wave of guilty shame swept through him. And when she came around to him and passed she leaned from the circle towards him, merry and mock-reproachful:

"You mustn't look at me like that," she whispered, and Hunt, close at hand, saw, guessed and smiled. Chad turned quickly away again.

That happy dawn—going home! The Major drowsed and fell asleep. The first coming light, the first cool breath that was stealing over the awakening fields, the first spring leaves with their weight of dew, were not more fresh and pure than the love that was in the boy's heart. He held his right hand in his left, as though he were imprisoning there the memory of the last little clasp that she had given it. He looked at the Major, and he wondered how anybody on earth, at that hour, could be asleep. He thought of the wasted hours of the past few months; the silly, foolish life he had led, and thanked God that, in the memory of them, there was not one sting of shame. How he would work for her now! Little guessing how proud she was, he swore to himself how proud she should be of him some day. He wondered where she was, and what she was doing. She could not be asleep, and he must have cried aloud could he have known—could he have heard her on her knees at her bedside, whispering his name for the first time in her prayers; could he have seen her, a little later, at her open window, looking across the fields, as though her eyes must reach him through the morning dusk.

That happy dawn—for both, that happy dawn!

It was well that neither, at that hour, could see beyond the rim of his own little world. In a far Southern city another ball, that night, had been going on. Down there the air was charged with the prescience of dark trouble, but, while the music moaned to many a heart like a god in pain, there was no brooding—only a deeper flush to the cheek, a brighter sparkle to the eye, a keener wit to the tongue; to the dance, a merrier swing. And at that very hour of dawn, ladies, slippered, bare of head, and in evening gowns, were fluttering like white moths along the streets of old Charleston, and down to the Battery, where Fort Sumter lay, gray and quiet in the morning mist—to await with jest and laughter the hissing shriek of one shell that lighted the fires of a four years' hell in a happy land of God-fearing peace and God-given plenty, and the hissing shriek of another that Anderson, Kentuckian, hurled back, in heroic defence of the flag struck for the first time by other than an alien hand.

XIX

SO, on a gentle April day, the great news came—came like a sword that, with one stroke, slashed the State in twain, shearing through the strongest bonds that link one man to another, whether of blood, business, politics or religion, as though they were no more than threads of wool. Nowhere in the Union was the National drama so played to the bitter end in the confines of a single State. As the nation was rent apart, so was the commonwealth; as the State, so was the county; as the county, the neighborhood; as the neighborhood, the family; and as the family, so brother and brother, father and son. In the nation the kinship was racial only. Brother knew not the face of brother. There was distance between them, antagonism, prejudice, a smoldering dislike easily fanned to flaming hatred. In Kentucky the brothers had been born in the same bed, slept in the same cradle, played under the same roof, sat side by side in the same schoolroom, and stood now on the threshold of manhood arm and arm, with mutual interests, mutual love, mutual pride in family that made clan feeling pecul-

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iarly intense. For slavery fanaticism, or honest unionism, one needed not to go to the far North; as, for imperious, hot-headed, non-interference or pure State sovereignty, one needed not to go to the far South. They were all there in the State, the county, the family—under the same roof. On the border alone did feeling approach uniformity—the border of Kentucky hills. There unionism was free from prejudice as nowhere else on the continent save elsewhere throughout the Southern mountains. Those Southern Yankees knew nothing about the valley aristocrat, nothing about his slaves, and cared as little for one as for the other. Since '76 they had known but one flag, and one flag only, and to that flag instinctively they rallied. But that the State should be swept from border to border with horror, there was division even here: for, in Kentucky mountains, there was, here and there, a patriarch who owned slaves, and he and his sons fought for them as he and his sons would have fought for their horses, or their cattle, or their sheep.

It was the prescient horror of such a condition that had no little part in the neutral stand that Kentucky strove to maintain. She refused troops to Lincoln; she refused them to Davis. Both pledged her immunity from invasion, and, to enforce that pledge, she raised Home Guards and State Guards for internal protection and peace. And there—as a State—she stood: but the tragedy went on in the Kentucky home—a tragedy of peculiar intensity and pathos in one Kentucky home—the Deans'.

Harry had grown up tall, pale, studious, brooding. He had always been the pet of his Uncle Brutus—the old Lion of White Hall. Visiting the Hall, he had drunk in the poison, or consecration, as was the point of view, of abolitionism. At the first sign he was never allowed to go again. But the poison had gone deep. Whenever he could he went to hear old Brutus speak. Eagerly he heard stories of the fearless old abolitionist's hand-to-hand fights with men who sought to skewer his fiery tongue. Deeply he brooded on every word that his retentive ear had caught from the old man's lips, and on the wrongs he endured in behalf of his cause and for freedom of speech.

One other hero did he place above him—the great commoner after whom he had been christened, Henry Clay Dean. He knew how his life had been devoted to averting the coming war, and how his last days had been darkly shadowed by the belief that, when he was gone, the war must come. At times he could hear that clarion voice as it rang through the Senate with the bold challenge to his own people that paramount was his duty to the nation—subordinate his duty to his State. Who can tell what the nation owed, in Kentucky, at least, to the passionate allegiance that was broadcast through the State to Henry Clay? It was not in the boy's blood to be driven an inch, and no one tried to drive him. In his own home he was a spectre of gnawing anguish to his mother and Margaret, of unspeakable bitterness and disappointment to his father, and an impenetrable sphinx to Dan. For in Dan there was no shaking doubt. He was the spirit, incarnate, of the young, unquestioning, unthinking, generous, reckless, hot-headed, passionate South.

And Chad? The news reached Major Buford's farm at noon, and Chad went to the woods and came in at dusk, haggard and spent. Miserably now he held his tongue and tortured his brain. He withdrew from his fellows. The social life of the town, gayer than ever now, knew him no more. He kept away even from Margaret, for he knew that the truth must soon come, and he knew what would be the bitter cost of that truth. He kept up his college work, but when he was not at his books he walked the fields, and many a moonlit midnight found him striding along a white turnpike, or sitting motionless on top of a fence along the border of some woodland, his chin in both hands, fighting his fight out in the cool stillness alone. He himself little knew the unmeant significance there was in the old Continental uniform he had worn to the dance. Even his old rifle, had he but known it, had been carried with Morgan from Virginia to Washington's aid in Cambridge. His earliest memories of war were rooted in thrilling stories of King's Mountain. He had heard men tell of pointing deadly rifles at red-coats at New Orleans, and had absorbed their own love of Old Hickory. The schoolmaster himself, when a mere lad, had been with Scott in Mexico. The spirit of the backwoodsman had been caught in the hills, and was alive and unchanged at that very hour. The boy was practically born in Revolutionary days, and

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that was why, like all mountaineers, Chad had little love of State and only love of country—was first, last and all the time, simply American. It was not reason—it was instinct. The heroes the schoolmaster had taught him to love and some day to emulate, had fought under one flag, and, like them, the mountaineers never dreamed there could be another. And so the boy was an unconscious reincarnation of that old spirit, uninfluenced by temporary apostasies in the outside world, untouched absolutely by sectional prejudice or the appeal of the slave. The mountaineer had no hatred of the valley aristocrat, because he knew nothing of him, and envied no man what he was, what he had, or the life he led. So, as for slavery, that question, singularly enough, never troubled his soul. To him slaves were hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Lord had made them so, and the Bible said that it was right. That the schoolmaster had taught Chad. He had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the story made him smile. The tragedies of it he had never known and he did not believe. Slaves were sleek, well-fed, well-housed, loved and trusted, rightly inferior and happy; and no aristocrat ever moved among them with a more lordly, righteous air of authority than did this mountain lad who had known them little more than half a dozen years. Unlike the North, the boy had no prejudice, no antagonism, no jealousy, no grievance to help him in his struggle. Unlike Harry, he had no slave sympathy to stir him to the depths, no stubborn, rebellious pride to prod him on. In the days when the schoolmaster thundered at him some speech of the Prince of Kentuckians, it was always the national thrill in the fiery utterance that had shaken him even then. So that unconsciously the boy was the embodiment of pure Americanism, and for that reason he and the people among whom he was born stood among the millions on either side, quite alone.

What was he fighting then—ah, what? If the bed-rock of his character was not loyalty, it was nothing. In the mountains the Turners had taken him from the Wilderness. In the Bluegrass the old Major had taken him from the hills. His very life he owed to the simple, kindly mountaineers, and what he valued more than his life he owed to the simple gentleman who had picked him up from the roadside and, almost without question, had taken him to his heart and to his home. The Turners, he knew, would fight for their slaves as they would have fought Dillon or Devil had either proposed to take from them a sheep or a cow or a hog. For that Chad could not blame them. And the Major was going to fight, as he believed, for his liberty, his State, his country, his property, his fireside. So in the eyes of both Chad must be the snake who had warmed his frozen body on their hearthstones and bitten the kindly hands that had warmed him back to life. What would Melissa say? Mentally he shrank from the fire of her eyes and the scorn of her tongue when she should know. And Margaret—the thought of her brought always a voiceless groan. She could never see him as she saw Harry. Harry was a beloved and erring brother. Hatred of slavery had been cunningly planted in his heart by her father's own brother, upon whose head the blame for Harry's sin was set. The boy had been taunted until his own father's scorn had stirred his proud independence into stubborn resistance and intensified his resolution to do what he pleased and what he thought was right. But Chad—she would never understand him. She would never understand his love for the Government that had once abandoned her people to savages and forced her State to seek aid from a foreign land. In her eyes, too, he would be rending the hearts that had been tenderest to him in all the world: and that was all. Of what fate she would deal out to him he dared not think. If he lifted his hand against the South, he must strike at the heart of all he loved best, to which he owed most. If against the Union, at the heart of all that was best in himself. In him the pure spirit that gave birth to the nation was fighting for life. Ah, God! what should he do—what should he do?"

XX

THROUGHOUT that summer Chad fought his fight, daily swaying this way and that—fought it in secret until the silly phantom of neutrality faded and gave place to the grim spectre of war—until with each hand Kentucky drew a sword and

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made ready to plunge it into her own stout heart. When Sumter fell she shook her head resolutely to both North and South. Crittenden, in the name of Union lovers and the dead Clay, pleaded with the State to take no part in the fratricidal crime. From the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of thirty-one counties came piteously the same appeal. Neutrality, to be held inviolate, was the answer to the cry from both the North and the South; but armed neutrality, said Kentucky. Straightway State Guards went into camp and Home Guards were held in reserve, but there was not a fool in the Commonwealth who did not know that, in sympathy, the State Guards were already for the Confederacy and the Home Guards for the Union cause. This was in May.

In June, Federals were enlisting across the Ohio; Confederates just over the border of Dixie which begins in Tennessee. Within a month Stonewall Jackson sat on his horse after Bull Run watching the routed Yankees, praying for fresh men that he might go on and take the Capitol, and, from the Federal dream of a sixty-days' riot, the North woke with a gasp. A week or two later Camp Dick Robinson squatted down on the edge of the Bluegrass, the first violation of the State's neutrality, and beckoned with both hands for Yankee recruits. Soon an order went round to disarm the State Guards. On that very day the State Guards made ready for Dixie. On that day the crisis came at the Deans', and on that day Chad made up his mind. When the Major and Miss Lucy went to bed that night he slipped out of the house and walked through the yard and across the pike, following the little creek half unconsciously toward the Deans', until he could see the light in Margaret's window, and there he climbed the worm fence and sat leaning his head against one of the forked stakes with his hat in his lap. He would probably not see her again. He would send her word next morning to ask that he might, and he feared what the result of that word would be. Several times his longing eyes saw her shadow pass the curtain, and when her light was out he closed his eyes and sat motionless—how long he hardly knew; but, when he sprang down, he was stiffened from the midnight chill and his unchanged posture. He went back to his room then, and wrote Margaret a letter and tore it up and went to bed. There was little sleep for him that night, and when the glimmer of morning brightened at his window he rose listlessly, dipped his hot head in a bowl of water and stole out to the barn. His little mare whinnied a welcome as he opened the barn door. He patted her on the neck.

"Good-bye, little girl," he said. He started to call her by name and stopped. Margaret had named the beautiful creature "Dixie." The servants were stirring.

"Good mawnin', Mars Chad," said each, and with each he shook hands, saying simply that he was going away that morning. Only old Tom asked him a question.

"Foh Gawd, Mars Chad," said the old fellow, "old Mars Buford can't git along without you. You gwine to come back soon?"

"I don't know, Uncle Tom," said Chad, sadly.

"Whar you gwine, Mars Chad?"

"Into the army."

"De ahmy?" The old man smiled. "You gwine to fight de Yankees?"

"I'm going to fight *with* the Yankees."

The old driver looked as though he could not have heard aright.

"You foolin' this ole nigger, Mars Chad, ain't you?"

Chad shook his head, and the old man straightened himself a bit.

"I'se sorry to heah it, suh," he said, with dignity, and he turned to his work.

Miss Lucy was not feeling well that morning and did not come down to breakfast. The boy was so pale and haggard that the Major looked at him anxiously.

"What's the matter with you, Chad? Are you sick?"

"I didn't sleep very well last night, Major."

The Major chuckled. "I reckon you ain't gettin' enough sleep these days. I reckon I wouldn't, either, if I were in your place."

Chad did not answer. After breakfast he sat with the Major on the porch in the fresh, sunny air. The Major smoked his pipe, taking the stem out of his mouth now and then to shout some order as a servant passed under his eye.

"Mr. Crittenden is back," said Chad, tentatively.

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"What did old Lincoln say?"

"That Camp Dick Robinson was formed for Kentuckians by Kentuckians, and he did not believe it was the wish of the State that it should be removed."

"Well, by——! after his promise. What did Davis say?"

"That if Kentucky opened the Northern door for invasion, she must not close the Southern door to entrance for defence."

"And dead right he is," growled the Major with satisfaction.

"Governor Magoffin asked Ohio and Indiana to join in an effort for a peace Congress," Chad added.

"Well?"

"Both governors refused."

"I tell you, boy, the hour has come."

The hour had come.

"I'm going away this morning, Major."

The Major did not even turn his head.

"I thought this was coming." Chad's face grew even paler, and he steeled his heart for the revelation.

"I've already spoken to Lieutenant Hunt. He expects to be a captain, and he says that, maybe, he can make you a lieutenant. You can take that boy Brutus as a body servant." He brought his fist down on the railing of the porch. "God, but I'd give the rest of my life to be ten years younger than I am now."

"Major, I'm *going into the Union army.*"

The Major's pipe almost dropped from between his lips. Catching the arms of his chair with both hands, he turned heavily and with dazed wonder, as though the boy had struck him with his fist from behind, and, without a word, stared hard into the boy's tortured face. The keen old eye had not long to look before it saw the truth, and then, silently, the old man turned back. His hands trembled on the chair, and he slowly thrust them into his pockets, breathing hard through his nose. The boy expected an outbreak, but none came. A bee buzzed above them. A yellow butterfly zigzagged by. Blackbirds chattered in the firs. The screech of a peacock shrilled across the yard, and a ploughman's singing wailed across the fields:

> Trouble, O Lawd!
> Nothin' but trouble in de lan' of Canaan.

The boy knew he had given his old friend a mortal hurt.

"Don't, Major," he pleaded. "You don't know how I have fought against this. I tried to be on your side. I thought I was. I joined the Rifles. I found first that I couldn't fight *with* the South, and—then—I—found that I had to fight *for* the North. It almost kills me when I think of all you have done——"

The Major waved his hand imperiously. He was not the man to hear his favors recounted, much less refer to them himself. He straightened and got up from his chair. His manner had grown formal, stately, coldly courteous.

"I cannot understand, but you are old enough, sir, to know your own mind. You should have prepared me for this. You will excuse me a moment." Chad rose and the Major walked towards the door, his step not very steady, and his shoulders a bit shrunken—his back, somehow, looked suddenly old.

"Brutus!" he called sharply to a black boy who was trimming rosebushes in the yard.

"Saddle Mr. Chad's horse." Then, without looking again at Chad, he turned into his office, and Chad, standing where he was, with a breaking heart, could hear, through the open window, the rustling of papers and the scratching of a pen.

In a few minutes he heard the Major rise and he turned to meet him. The old man held a roll of bills in one hand and a paper in the other.

"Here is the balance due you on our last trade," he said, quietly. "The mare is yours—Dixie," he added, grimly. "The old mare is in foal. I will keep her and send you your due when the time comes. We are quite even," he went on in a level tone of business. "Indeed, what you have done about the place more than exceeds any expense that you have ever caused me. If anything, I am still in your debt."

"I can't take it," said Chad, choking back a sob.

"You will have to take it," the Major broke in, curtly, "unless——" the Major held back the bitter speech that was on his lips and Chad understood. The old man did not want to feel under any obligations to him.

"I would offer you Brutus, as was my intention, except that I know you would not take him——" again he added, grimly, "and Brutus would run away from you."

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"No, Major," said Chad, sadly, "I would not," and he stepped down one step of the porch backwards. He was afraid to hold out his hand. Tears filled his eyes.

"Good-bye, Major," he said, brokenly.

"Good-bye, sir," answered the Major, with a stiff bow, but the old man's lip shook and he turned abruptly within.

Chad did not trust himself to look back, but, as he rode through the pasture to the pike gate, his ears heard, never to forget, the chatter of the blackbirds, the noises around the barn, the cry of the peacock, and the wailing of the ploughman:

Trouble, O Lawd!
Nothin' but trouble——

At the gate the little mare turned her head towards town and started away in the easy swinging lope for which she was famous. From a cornfield Conners, the overseer, watched horse and rider for a while, and then his lips were lifted over his protruding teeth in one of his ghastly, infrequent smiles. Chad Buford was out of his way at last. At the Deans' gate Snowball was just going in on Miss Margaret's pony and Chad pulled up.

"Where's Mr. Dan, Snowball?—and Mr. Harry?"

"Mars Dan he gwine to de wah—an' I'se gwine wid him."

"Is Mr. Harry going, too?" Snowball hesitated. He did not like to gossip about family matters, but it was a friend of the family who was questioning him.

"Yessuh! But Mammy say Mars Harry's teched in de haid. He gwine to fight wid de po' white trash."

"Is Miss Margaret at home?"

"Yessuh."

Chad had his note to Margaret, unsealed. He little felt like seeing her now, but he had just as well have it all over at once. He took it out and looked it over once more—irresolute.

"I'm going away to join the Union army, Margaret. May I come to tell you good-bye? If not, God bless you always.

"CHAD."

"Take this to Miss Margaret, Snowball, and bring me an answer here as soon as you can."

"Yessuh."

The black boy was not gone long. Chad saw him go up the steps, and in a few moments he reappeared and galloped back."

"Ole Mistis say dey ain't no answer."

"Thank you, Snowball." Chad pitched him a coin and loped on towards Lexington with his head bent, his hands folded on the pommel, and the reins flapping loosely. Within one mile of Lexington he turned into a cross-road and set his face towards the mountains.

An hour later, the General and Harry and Dan stood on the big portico. Inside the mother and Margaret were weeping in each other's arms. Two negro boys were each leading a saddled horse from the stable, while Snowball was blubbering at the corner of the house. At the last moment Dan had decided to leave him behind. If Harry could have no servant, Dan, too, would have none. Dan was crying without shame. Harry's face was as white and stern as his father's. As the horses drew near the General stretched out the sabre in his hand to Dan.

"This should belong to you, Harry."

"It is yours to give, father," said Harry, gently.

"It shall never be drawn against my roof and your mother."

The boy was silent.

"You are going far North?" asked the General, more gently. "You will not fight on Kentucky soil?"

"You taught me that the first duty of a soldier is obedience. I must go where I'm ordered."

"God grant that you two may never meet."

"Father!" It was a cry of horror from both the lads.

The horses were waiting at the stiles. The General took Dan in his arms and the boy broke away and ran down the steps, weeping.

"Father," said Harry, with trembling lips. "I hope you won't be too hard on me. Perhaps the day will come when you won't be so ashamed of me. I hope you and mother will forgive me. I *can't* do otherwise than I *must*. Will you shake hands with me, father?"

"Yes, my son. God be with you both."

And then, as he watched the boys ride side by side to the gate, he added:

"I could kill my own brother with my own hand for this."

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He saw them stop a moment at the gate; saw them clasp hands and turn opposite ways—one with his face set for Tennessee, the other making for the Ohio. Dan waved his cap in a last sad good-by. Harry rode over the hill without turning his head. The General stood rigid, with his hands clasped behind his back, staring across the gray fields between them. Through the window came the low sound of sobbing.

(To be continued.)

THE SORBONNE

By Edmund R. Spearman

I HAVE heard of ultra-modern Parisians who boast that they never use any other thoroughfares than the Boulevards. That is not the way to know the real Paris, but of all the great modern cross-cuts the one most worthy of study slopes down from the Luxembourg Garden to the river. This is the Boulevard St. Michel, or "Boul Mich" in the affectionate slang of its most important denizens, the twenty thousand youths of the neighboring lecture-rooms. Just off the Boulevard St. Michel, in the new and broad Rue des Écoles, looms up before us the great front of a fine structure, and stretching back some three hundred yards, the steep slope rendering the rear much lower in altitude, although with higher sky-line. On the entrances we read "Académie de Paris," but any passer-by will call it the "New Sorbonne."

This phrase, "New Sorbonne," would refer to the new building replacing an old one, but it is worth while here to recall the real old Sorbonne, the college of Robert de Sorbon, that wheel within a wheel, which dominated the whole University of Paris, and which overshadows even the nineteenth-century organization. One of its sons thus portrays his Alma Mater:

"This society, founded, under the King Saint Louis, by Robert Sorbon, his confessor, and rebuilt and endowed by Cardinal Richelieu, was a theological club. . . . The society included about one hundred ecclesiastics, the greater part bishops, vicars-general, canons, and rectors of Paris, and of the principal towns of the kingdom, who consequently could not live in the building. About twenty-four doctors generally lived there, of whom six were professors of the Sorbonne school. . . . There were ten or twelve apartments for young men seeking license. . . . A church, a garden, servants in common, a dining- and a sitting-room. . . . The society, which appears to have served as a model for different English establishments, called fellowships, at Oxford and Cambridge, sustained the study of theology and religious sciences." *

Robert de Sorbon was of the humblest origin, says his aristocratic contemporary, the great historian De Joinville. Perhaps the austere cleric's rebuke of the courtly scribe's luxurious dress caused the latter's sneer about Robert's birth,† but the little town of Sorbon, near Rheims, is proud enough to-day of its humble son, and Champagne, with all its famous vintage, has offered to the world no choicer product than the bearer of the greatest name in the university world. To-day this name of Sorbonne is greater than ever, though old Robert himself would rub his eyes to see just how. The University of Paris, as an organization, was swept away by the great Revolution, but the Sorbonne, as a centre of superior instruction, still remains. The discourses, though no longer outdoors, as in Abélard's day, are as free. The Sorbonne professors are to-day public orators; only as examiners for, and dispensers of, degrees

* Mémoires inédites de l'Abbé Morellet, tome i., pp. 8, 9. Paris, 1822.

† "Les propos de maître Robert de Sorbon," by B. Hauréau, in the Mémoires of the Academy of Inscriptions, vol. xxxi., part 2.

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does a corporate university exist. Even in law, medicine, and pharmacy, abundant facilities are offered all-comers, while in 1896, the two faculties embracing everybody, letters and sciences, were installed in the aforesaid mighty palace.

The old College of the Sorbonne fell, with the old University of Paris, in the great revolutionary cataclysm. The Sorbonne College itself was suppressed October 17, 1791. For thirty years its premises were occupied by artists, many of Prud'hon's paintings and David d'Angers's sculptures emerging from the chapel workshop. The University was resuscitated (but not restored to its old home) in 1802 by the conqueror of Marengo:

"This university, instead of being restricted to the capital, was extended to the whole of France. This plan accorded with centralization. . . . It embraced all instruction in every part of France, except that which affected special schools. . . . The education in the lycées was entirely military. . . . Education ceased to be gratuitous. . . . Mathematics encroached on literature. A library of 1,500 volumes was established in each, the same books for all." *

Napoleon found another Waterloo in the soil sacred to Abélard, to Robert, and to Richelieu. All his fine-spun web for bringing Minerva under the heel of Mars was soon brushed aside. The university which rose on the ruins of the old has been as free as he wished it fettered, as cultured as he wished it coarse, and as determined an opponent of Cæsarism as he desired it to be an abject tool. The science which was only to serve his ambitious plans has not ousted the letters which he so detested and feared. The grand old Amphithéâtre des Lettres, now demolished, served during most of the last century as the rendezvous for the still small voice of reason which undermines the sway of the sword. The Sorbonne of our age has been a worthy successor of the past.†

There is magic in this name of Sorbonne. It is the one link which connects the district in unbroken chain with long distant ages. Institutions and installations have been swept away, sometimes in detail, sometimes by wholesale destruction. Through all changes, however, the place has remained pre-eminently "The Sorbonne," the head of the scholastic culture of Paris. The new Sorbonne as a structure replaces the old Sorbonne of Richelieu. The new Sorbonne, as an organization, had as its godfather one of the Cardinal Duke's family:

It was another Richelieu, minister of the Restoration, who established within the walls of the ancient house the higher education of science and literature. . . . But one of the greatest revolutions in the world has passed over this venerable house. . . . Glance at the list . . of 1811. They are the first names in science: Boit, Poisson, Gay-Lussac, Thénard, Haüy, Brongniart, Geoffroy, Saint Hilaire, whose glorious traditions will be continued by the Dumas, Bulart, Dulong, Pouillet, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Milne Edwards, Leverrier. . . . They are the first names in philology, in erudition, in literature, in philosophy: Boissonnade, Barbier du Bocage, Delille, Lacretelle, Laromiguière, Royer-Collard. . . . It is in open Sorbonne, Villemain appeals to foreign literature. . . . It was there that Guizot opened in France the series of grand works which will be the first glory of the century. It is there Cousin announced and formulated the programme of new studies. . . . Finally . . . Jouffroy began the course of his precious analysis. . . . By turns vast and deep, lively and spiritual, easy and eloquent, fine and elegant, strong and generous, precise and close, solid and charming . . . with masters like Victor Leclerc, Guigniault, Damiron, Patin, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Ozanam, Arnoult, Géruzez, Jules Simon, Garnier, Saisset, Janet, Berger, Egger, Wallon, Himly, and so many others.‡

Although a stern edict has gone forth to no longer bottle up the new wine of science and letters in the old receptacle of Richelieu, even official iconoclasts have spared the familiar dome which covers the great cardinal's tomb. The new Sorbonne, however elaborate, would hardly be the Sorbonne at all without Richelieu's splendid chapel as its heart. Students and professors no longer have to bow before the altar, and no Sorbonne doctors fill the pulpit; but whoso chooses can

* Hamalgrand: "Origine de l'Université," pp. 278–281. Paris, 1845.

† No less brilliant has shone the Sorbonne's younger sister, the College of France, whose orators in the nineteenth century, worthy successors of Budé and Ramus, have included Comte, Michelet, Bernard, De Beaumont, Julien, Flourens, Chevallier, Cuvier, Remusat, Laboulaye, Ampère, Saint-Beuve, Biot, Barthelot, Majendie, Saint-Hilaire, Rossi, Champollion, Quinet, Mickiewicz, and Renan. The College of France was started in the days of Francis I., to supplement the University, at a time when the latter had become too narrow; but to-day the College is occupied with the same functions as the Sorbonne, having no corps of students inscribed and granting no degrees.

‡ Étienne Vacherot, in "Paris Guide par les Principaux Écrivains de la France," Part I., pp. 255, 256. Paris, 1867.

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The fine old Interior Court.

enter and either find a service, or at least view the beautiful sarcophagus beneath which lies the dust of the great Armand Jean du Plessis himself, in the midst of the institution he builded anew, lavishing the millions of his private fortune thereon, and even mortgaging the estate of his heirs. Above the tomb has in recent years been suspended his carefully preserved cardinal's hat, while the head itself, savagely severed when the tomb was violated in 1793, has also been miraculously recovered and replaced on the embalmed remains. Even the tomb itself was carted away and kept for many years at the museum.

The form, even with severed head, must turn with horror in its marble bed if conscious of what is going on around the chapel. The massive walls which Richelieu caused to rise, "as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand," while he was besieging La Rochelle, have tumbled more swiftly and surely than did the last stronghold of the Protestants. The institution has most literally changed its face. The grand façade on the Rue des Écoles replaces the time-honored front of the Rue de la Sorbonne. Already this old façade has fallen, and the structure replacing it is built. The square in front of the chapel is still, however, the *cor cordium* of the Latin Quarter. Here the Latinians hold high revel at such times as Mardi Gras and the 14th of July, and here they make rendezvous for their peculiar demonstrations against unpopular professors and officials.*

Not without many a regretful pang true-born Parisians witnessed the ruthless strokes of pick and crowbar as one by one these stones were pried from their places. It seemed as if a great heritage was being wantonly destroyed as, bit by bit, the fine old interior court, hallowed by so many memories, lost all landmarks but the chapel itself. Can the majestic array of newest of new galleries and halls and laboratories harbor all that ancient inspiration and example which must always be the chief factor in such institutions as the Paris University? The unwritten law is the great bond of society. It is tradition

* One of these demonstrations (July, 1893) in the Place de la Sorbonne ended in a tragedy at the corner restaurant, a young man being killed in a police charge, and the whole Latin Quarter was occupied by foot and horse, if not artillery, for some days.

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which fertilizes the abode of mental endeavor. Even those reputed as daring innovators and radical reformers always have great prototypes in a more or less distant past to inspire their actions. No inspiration, no example, high or low, from the greatest wickedness to the sublimest virtue, need the Parisian student ever lack. We tread on ground hallowed by some of the greatest heroes of our race, as well as soil stained by our blackest crimes.

One needs to be thoroughly acquainted with the university land in Paris, that district so renowned as the Latin Quarter, to understand the part it has played in the Middle Ages. The French name for the Black Friars (as the English named them, the Preaching Brothers, as the disciples of Dominic named themselves) has always been Jacobins, from the Rue St. Jacques, the old chief thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, to-day deposed by the Boulevard St. Michel. On this Rue St. Jacques the eloquent, black-hooded fraternity were welcomed and were given a sumptuous installation by the university, a hospitality which the Dominicans soon repaid by an attempt to seize the whole machinery of instruction. This caused a resistance as stubborn as that of the Dutch against Louis XIV., for the University actually dissolved itself and sought fresh fields in fragments, rather than allow the eloquent but intriguing monks to monopolize the whole position. Not without reason, however, was the Black Friars' Convent in the Rue St. Jacques considered the chief seat of European wisdom and eloquence. Besides Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, that German giant who overshadows the Middle Ages, Albertus Magnus, thence sallied forth daily to harangue the multitude. His name is traditionally perpetuated to-day by the Place Maubert, the name of that ancient forum being a corruption of Maistre Albert.* No venerable buildings, as in Oxford and Cambridge, carry us back to the Middle Ages, but the whole district is full of names in streets and squares which echo with old-time eloquence; for, besides the old mediæval University itself, must always be kept in mind the monastic adjunct which from the thirteenth century always formed important parts of the Pays Latin, the Latin Quarter of to-day, where the tongue of Boëtius and Augustine, if not of Cicero and Virgil, was the common speech and common ground for so many diverse nationalities. The two chief communities were always the Dominicans or Jacobins, and the Franciscans or Cordeliers. No trace of the Dominican convent exists to-day, but the famous old high street of the student, the patronymical Rue St. Jacques, although largely transformed by the general scheme of widening the thoroughfares, still contains some of the most picturesque structures of Paris. The portion passing immediately by the Sorbonne itself [page 613] has yet some of the old University lodgings, and separates them from the adjoining Lycée Louis-le-Grand and its neighbor, the Collége de France. Although the Jacobins have been effaced, the Cordeliers's grand refectory still exists, hidden away, used as an anatomical museum.† Besides Dominicans and Franciscans, other orders invaded these haunts of learning. The Cistercians, or Bernardines, were brought hither by their English abbot, Stephen Lexington, disgusted to find Saint Bernard's disciples more ignorant than their begging friar guests. The famous Jean de Matha, himself a doctor of Paris, started here his order of Mathurins. Here, too, the Carmelites, originally imported by the returning crusader, Saint Louis, from Palestine, afterward took possession of the original seed-ground of the university, the Place Maubert. Other orders followed down to the days of Loyola's band, the Jesuits having a peripatetic existence in the shadow of the Sorbonne in their College of Clermont (the present Lycée Louis-le-Grand just mentioned),

* In the Place Maubert a monument, erected by the ultra-radical Municipal Council of Paris, suggests the darker side of the Sorbonne. It is a statue of Étienne Dolet, one of the last victims of those Sorbonne doctors who set up and deposed popes and kings, decided the true faith, and burned dissentients here. Even Dolet's sacrifice does not equal in infamy the greedy haste of the Sorbonne doctors to be in at the death of the Maid of Orleans to oblige the English invader. It little becomes Frenchmen to fling poor Joan's martyrdom in English faces when a French bishop was the direct instrument of that atrocious tragedy at Rouen, and the learned wiseacres of France gave their approving fiat.

† Long before 1789 the chief home of the Parisian Jacobins had been moved over the river to the St. Honoré Quarter, to the premises made so notorious in the stormy debates of the Reign of Terror. But the old Cordeliers' home in the Pays Latin gave its name to the club of Danton and Desmoulins, which Robespierre and his modern Jacobins sent pell-mell to the scaffold before their own tumble.

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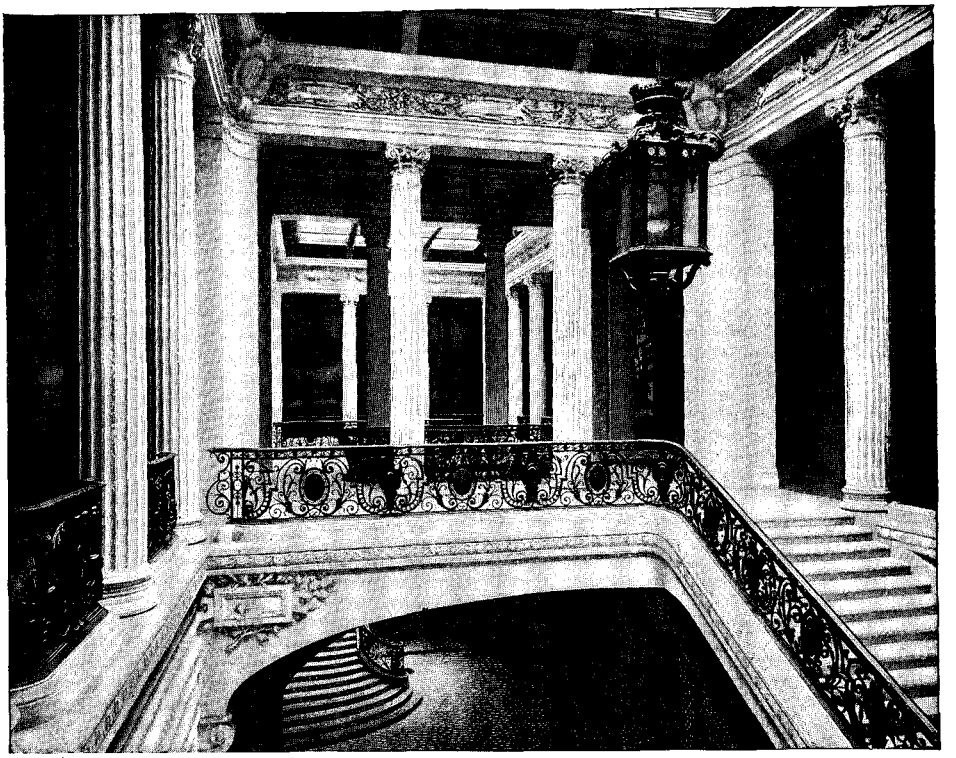

Grand Stairway of Honor.
(From a photograph by F. Roux.)

being alternately in control of the education machinery, or banished altogether, until suppressed in 1763.

Most interesting was the life of this old University, with its affluence of numbers from all points, and its organization so different from the iron rule of feudalism in the outside world:

"A contemporary of Abélard, wishing to console him for his misfortune, . . . reminded him that around his chair there pressed formerly children of Italy, England, Germany, Sweden, Flanders, and Spain, mixed up with those of France. . . . These groups . . . formed in the body of the Faculty of Arts what were called the four nations of France, Normandy, Picardy, and Germany, first found in Innocent IV.'s bull of May, 1245, and which disappeared only in 1789. The German nation was long called the English nation." *

Wide as was the area covered by the ancient schools, their chief seat always was the little Rue de la Sorbonne. As we gaze down its steep slope and contemplate its wooden pavements and improved gas-lamps, we can hardly picture the great cloister of Saint Benedict which once occupied the foreground, still less the adjoining quadrangle of Robert's little band, with their library behind and chapel

* Charles Jourdain's *Excursions historiques et philosophiques à travers le Moyen Age*, pp. 315–316. Paris, 1880. It sounds queerly to-day, the French adopting Germany to spite the English. But so it was. The Emperor Charles IV.'s visit to Paris in 1378 first suggested the change, but not till 1436, after the English occupation and expulsion, was it officially sanctioned. Thurot gives these interesting particulars: "The University was a republic essentially federal; the four nations and three of ten faculties were separate companies and completely independent. . . . Each . . . was itself a son of federation. The Faculty of Theology was an aggregation of communities regular and secular. . . . The Faculty of Decrees was alone homogeneous. The Faculty of Medicine was divided for elections into four nations like the Faculty of Arts. The nations which composed the Faculty of Arts comprised (except the nation of Normandy) a certain number of provinces. . . . During the first years of the fourteenth century the English Nation was divided into two provinces. The English Province was composed of the English kingdom only and the province not English of eleven kingdoms. Later this preponderance of the English no longer answered to their numbers and excited jealousies and quarrels. In 1331 the nation abolished this distinction. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the nation was divided into three provinces, Upper Germany, Lower Germany, and Scotland."—*De l'organization de l'ensignement dans l'Université de Paris au Moyen Age*, pp. 19, 20, Paris and Besançon, 1850.

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beyond. Modest as was this lodging, it was the seat of the most powerful brotherhood which has ever dominated mankind. A few "pranks played before high heaven" by the Sorbonne doctors in their "little brief authority" are not our only legacy from the mediæval University. The greatest good and the greatest evil are always akin. These very brutal exhibitions of expression themselves attest the struggle for free thought in an iron age of ignorance. The Church alone checked the sword. Mental strength opposed brutish force in the theological field. The lonely priest might be maltreated by the baron, but the baron's bowmen and men-at-arms trembled before the anathemas of such a mighty human motor as the united schools of Paris. Nothing so cows brute force as intellectual superiority. The most reckless feared these wonderful students who knew nature's secrets and controlled the elements. The schoolmen, too, were popularly invested with a more mysterious power. We to-day deride astrology and alchemy, but like everything else they have had their use. They served to humble tyrants and check rapacious barbarism. Many great mediæval scholars doubtless felt the astrological and alchemical mummeries unworthy but necessary. The rough soldier bowed low to one who could read the stars and command demoniacal power. Moreover, those chemical teachings which make pigmies and giants equal in warfare resulted from the monkish studies of Parisian scholars. They first taught how

> This villanous saltpetre should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly.

The Latin Quarter of to-day is as full of individual character as the same ground in the Middle Ages. One writer says Paris only possesses two really marked individualities, the student and the grisette. Not but that student life is always changing its outward semblance, just as the university structures themselves are changing theirs. Since the days of Abélard Paris has grown from a town of forty thousand inhabitants, clustering around a little island, to one of three millions, covering almost a whole province, but the students are still the soul of the city. When Paris makes merry or mourns, the students lead the way. It is the Latin Quarter which sets the fashion in ideas as the Champs Elysées in dress. While the University of Paris was not existent officially, everyone recognized it as a living thing. The numerous students' associations of the Latin Quarter—political, social, and artistic—kept the time-honored name to the fore, attending impatiently the moment for substituting "Université de Paris" for the subservient "Académie de Paris." That meaner appellation was stuck even under Richelieu's own bust over the old entrance to the Faculté de Lettres, but the bust and its mate (that of Rector Rollin) were carefully preserved to adorn some similar state portal of the new structures, which, at the beginning of the school year in November, 1896, again became officially the University of Paris. The men of science, the educational fetiches of the nineteenth century, had blocked the way to this welcome change.* But science is to-day waning, and the spiritual, social, and economic sides of life are asserting their sway. Medicine and jurisprudence join hands with literature to ask for a harking back to the time-honored name.

The rector at the date of the change, M. Gréard, was filled with reverence for his predecessors, and not less for their ancient halls, having issued a beautiful memorial volume devoted to the vanishing structures.† Rector Gréard bore well the mantle of older days. Although the revolution nominally degraded his office to that of vice-rectorship (the honorary rectorship being vested in the Minister of Education), the head of the Sorbonne of to-day looks to the ancient régime as the foundation of his highest honors. The old rectors, although chosen in democratic fashion, and jealously allowed only three months' lease of power (but often re-elected for many succeeding terms), were the great autocrats of the *Pays Latin*. They were the mouthpiece of the university, and had a powerful voice in both church and state. Also they had

* In 1884, in answer to the Government circular on the question of the reunion, all favorably responded but the Faculty of Science, which stuck out for its own "autonomy" and "the status quo."

† *Nos adieux a la Vielle Sorbonne* (Paris, 1893).

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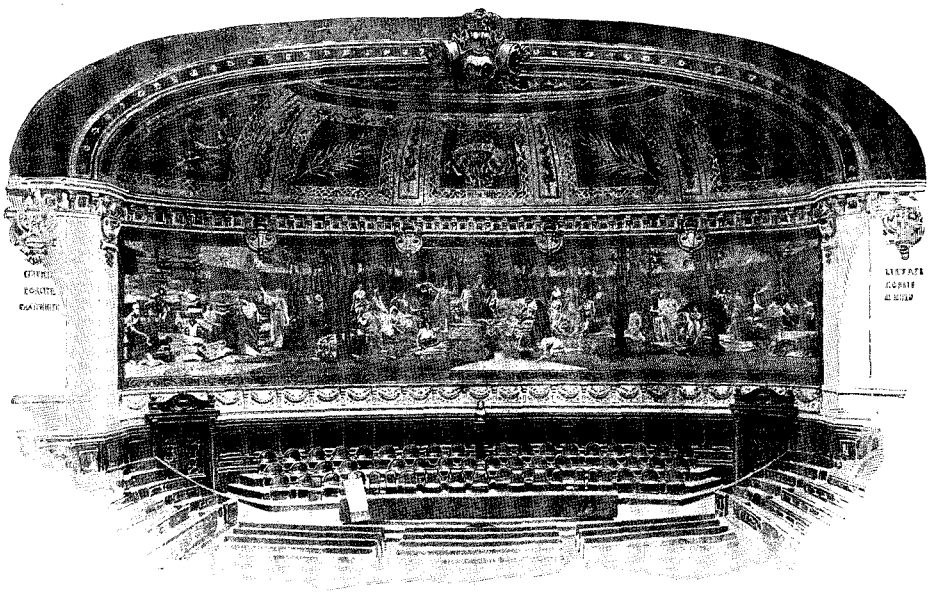

The Hemicycle of the Sorbonne, painted by Puvis de Chavannes.

control of the six thousand scriveners, parchment makers, etc., who formed the mediæval substitute for the modern printers and publishers of Paris, and whose haunt is commemorated to-day by the little old Rue de la Parcheminerie (originally Rue des Escrivains). This horde all had to pay tribute to the rector, and when their day of doom at length came, in the shape of the famous Dr. Faust with his Bibles fresh from Gutenberg's press at Mayence, it was to the university the threatened tradesmen appealed for protection. As is well known, Faust only escaped by the skin of his teeth from being burned as a wizard by the Sorbonne doctors, being obliged to divulge the secret of printing as his defence. The scriveners had a few years more breathing-time, but ere-long (in 1471) William Fichet, Sorbonne doctor and rector of the university, and Jean Lapierre, the prior of the Sorbonne itself, invited three other Germans (Ulrich Gering, Martin Krantz, and Michael Friburger) to install in the Sorbonne cellars the first printing-press in France.

Not only Rector Gréard was filled with emulation of the ancient spirit. The destruction and dispersal of 1792 is being gradually effaced. The Latin Quarter is developing a strong corporate spirit. Recent political and religious strife has aggravated the dismemberment, but these differences will be lived down.*

A bird's-eye view of the structure is typical of affairs to-day, but with the destruction of the old buildings came a revival of the old spirit. Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle alone peer over modern Paris from the days of Saint Louis, but the soul of the Sorbonne is inflated from that age. The chief evidence of the new spirit is the formation, in 1884, of the "Association Générale des Étudiants de Paris," with over 6,000 members, following the different courses of superior instruction in Paris. †

All these educational hordes look to the Sorbonne structure as their temple of Jupiter Tonans, their Forum, and their Rialto. At some period they all have haunted or expect to haunt these halls and corridors as they can all occasionally do.

The student of to-day finds himself

* The suppression of the Faculty of Catholic Theology, in 1885, filled the independent Catholic University and the Catholic Secondary Schools, but the Catholic population will never consent, however, to be always excluded from their ancient domain. The retention by the state of the Faculty of Protestant Theology (for patriotic reasons, it being an exile from Strasburg, since 1870) makes the hiatus in the matter of faith of the immense majority all the more glaring.

† These include the Faculté de Droit, Faculté de Medicine, Faculté des Lettres, Faculté de Science, Faculté de Theologie Protestante, and Ecole Superieur de Pharmacie (that is, the University or Sorbonne proper), and the various special schools, Beaux Arts, Chartres, Conservatoire de Musique, Institut Agronomique, Langues Orientales, Mines, Ponts et Chaussées, etc.

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housed in such an overawing net-work of pedagogic panoply that the outer world, the rollicking of the Boulevards, and the mad frolics of the ball can but faintly echo in Minerva's temple. Surely the blue-eyed goddess has never yet been so regally installed. As we enter from the Rue des Écoles a broad vestibule stretches across the whole front, while two side corridors and a magnificent stairway between them admit us by various door-ways to the new grand amphitheatre. This semicircular hall with its galleries will seat over 3,000, and often contains 5,000. On the wall behind the tribune is a beautiful allegory, by M. Puvis de Chavannes. The whole place is filled with historic emblems. In niches, seated at the base of each pillar of the immense hemicircle [page 611], are statues of the university's most famous supports : Robert de Sorbon, Descartes, Lavoisier, Rollin, Pascal, and Richelieu; while on the soffits of the arches are inscribed the names of Montaigne, Ronsard, Abélard, Rabelais, Racine, Boileau, Corneille, Montesquieu, Bossuet, Molière, Rousseau, Buffon, Voltaire, Lamartine, Guizot, Condorcet, Victor Hugo, Michelet, Alfred de Musset, and Thiers. The four faculties, "*Lettres*," "*Sciences*," "*Medicine*," and "*Droit*," with allegorical figures, surmount the whole. Over the door-way "1253"* indicates Roberts's installation, while opposite "1645" denotes Richelieu's completed task. On the second floor, in front of the grand amphitheatre, is found a second vestibule adorned with various mural paintings of Chatrain and relating to striking incidents in the long annals of the university, as follows:

1. Arago giving astronomy lessons at an observatory. 2. Laënnec auscultating a consumptive at Laënnec Hospital in 1816. 3. Cuvier arranging materials for his work on fossils. 4. Lavoisier converting Berthollet to his pneumatic theory (1785). 5. Pascal with Descartes and Father Mersenne describing his air-weight apparatus (1643). 6. Buffon reading the first sheet of his "Natural History" to Bernard de Jussieu and Daubenton. 7. Bernard Palissy giving lectures on mineralogy (1575). 8. Ambrose Paré at the siege of Metz putting ligatures on an arquebusier's artery (1553). 9. Saint Louis studying mathematics at the abbey of Royat, under Vincent de Beauvais. 10. Saint Louis giving the charter to Robert de Sorbon. 11. Abélard and his school on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève. 12. Prior Jean Heynlin (Lapierre) and Doctor William Fichet establishing the first printing-press in the cellars of the Sorbonne. 13. Sixteenth century group: Étienne Dolet, Jean Amyot Ronsard, Clément Marot, Rabelais, Ramus, LaBoétie, Brantôme, Budé, D'Estoile, and Montaigne. 14. May 1, 1635, Richelieu laying the corner-stone of the chapel. 15. February, 1595 (Saint Anthony's Day), Henry IV. receiving a candle from Rector Galland and announcing his reorganization scheme. 16. Cardinal Larochefoucauld. 17. Rollin. 18. Nineteenth century group: Edgar Quinet, Villemain, Guizot, Michelet, Cousin, and Renan.

Between this much-adorned upper lobby and the Rue des Écoles is the lofty hall of the faculty, a most gorgeously decorated and richly upholstered apartment, having the rector's quarters at each end. On the walls and ceilings of these lofty rooms some of the best known of modern French painters have displayed their talents, the Council Hall being adorned by Benjamin Constant, and the adjoining rooms of the rector and the faculty by Cazin, Raphael Collin, Lhermitte, Roll, Duez Jobbé-Duval, Merson, Wencker, and Lerolle.

However gorgeous the decorations, utility is still the great object of the new structure, which has been so long in contemplation, for as long ago as 1845 it was first mooted, and in 1855 the corner-stone was actually laid. Not till 1881, however, was any real vigor put into the work. Then the municipal council of Paris and the state joined hands, and the brilliant young architect Henri Paul Nénot was charged with a special fund of twenty million francs to push forward the new home of arts and sciences. Probably no such maze of educational appliances has been dreamed of elsewhere. In the present state of these structures we can hardly appreciate the prospective splendor when some of the professors will each have twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty rooms at their disposal, including half a dozen lesser amphitheatres. Each service has its special

*Owing to a wood-carver's error this date has been "1553." On my calling M. Grèard's attention some years ago to the fact, he ordered this awkward anachronism to be remedied. This magnificent Hall is the centre of educational life in Paris and of France. Not only do the Univerity's own grand ceremonies in the higher studies here take place, but here also is held the annual *Concours Général* of the Lycées and Colleges of Secondary Education, a great institution of Paris, founded in 1747, and which managed to weather the Revolution. The Hall has also been used by the most popular of Sorbonne lecturers, M. Brunetière, recent Academician and editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Hither the fashionable dames of Paris crowded to catch his rounded periods on Bossuet or Corneille.

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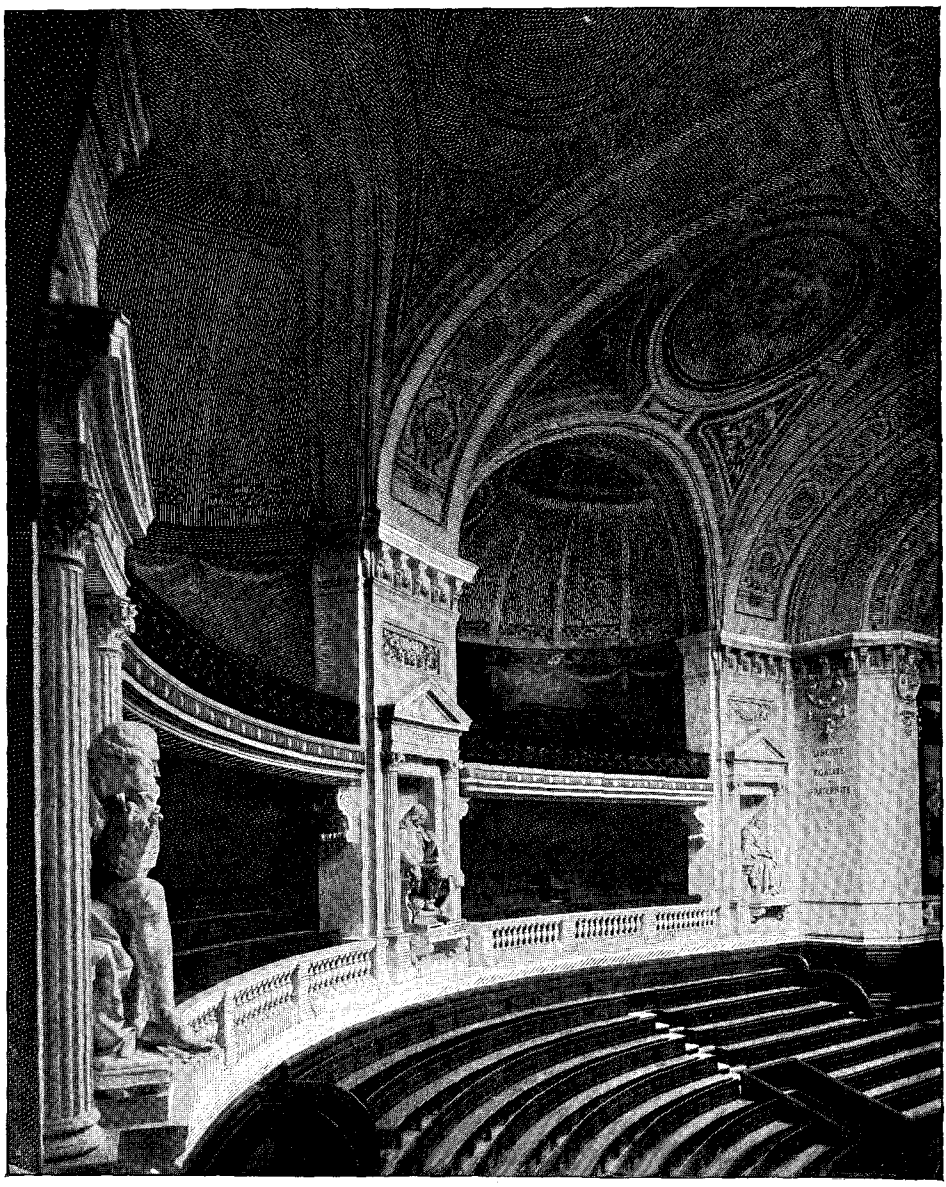

New Grand Amphitheatre.

The whole place is filled with historic emblems.

improvement. Botany has a lofty microscope-room with over five hundred feet of plate glass in one window, and an entire glass-house on the roof for photography. Physics has a tower with a well from the top to the cellar for experiments; the said tower offering, after you have climbed its two hundred steps, one of the most magnificent panoramas of Paris. In the courts far below have been installed quite a menagerie of animals for physiological studies, while magnetism has apartments with copper in place of iron in piping, hinges, etc., and geography has a series of wonderful map-rooms accommodated in a compact fashion hitherto unknown. These, however, are but hints of the educational wonders which are to be.

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However gorgeous may be this new installation, that which throws the brightest halo over all are the memories of by-gone generations. When one speaks of a Frenchman illustrious in any learned profession, it is of one who erstwhile has haunted this spot; but bright as is the record of the University of Paris since the Reformation, it is far outshone by the previous roll. From the sixteenth century to recent years the Sorbonne lost its international character. Incalculable, indeed, is the debt we owe to the ten generations of scholars who have passed in and out of these doors of the old amphitheatre and mounted the winding library stairway from the browed portal in the corner, including every French light in letters and sciences since 1640; but these halls have been almost exclusively reserved for Frenchmen.

In Front of the Sorbonne.

Not so was the mediæval story; the splendid record from the days of Abélard to the days of Ramus is unapproached by any other seat of learning since Athens itself. North and South vie with each other in names of either glorious or sinister renown. Among Scandinavia's sons were Saxo Grammaticus of Denmark, and Sigferson from distant Iceland. Among the Iberian peninsula's children were Portugal's famous Pope John XXII., and Spain's Raymond Lully, Torquemada, Ferdinand of Cordova, Ignatius Loyola, and Michael Servetus. The Italian roll is longest and most illustrious of all, including over twenty popes. Far beyond the glory of the papal line was the presence of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, as well as Arnold of Brescia, Peter Lombard, Bonaventure, Thomas Aquinas, and Balbi. The British roll from Thomas à Becket to Thomas More, besides Pope Nicholas Breakspeare, includes Cardinal Robert Curzon, Stephen Harding, Alexander of Hales, Matthew Paris, Grossetete, Langton, the portentous Bacons (Dominican Robert, Franciscan Roger, and Carmelite John), Holywood, Occam, de Lyra, Mandeville, Lydgate, Palsgrave, Mountjoy, Gardiner, Colet, and Coxe. Scotland claims that bright particular star, Duns Scotus (disputed both by England and Ireland), and Gawain Douglas, Boece, and Buchanan. Ireland owns Hibernicus, de Palmerston, Cardinal Joyce and his five brothers. Gallant little Wales has Walter Mapes and Geraldo Cambrensis. The Netherlands claim Henry of Ghent, Groot, Badeus, and Erasmus. From Germany, after Albert Magnus himself, came Vogelweid, Trittenheim, Cornelius Agrippa, and Gessner. Switzerland (with Auerbach and Froben), Bohemia (with Jerome of Prague), Hungary (with Banffy), Albania (with Maximus "the Grecian"), Bosnia (with Drachisich), Poland (with Ivo of Cracow), Greece (with Isaac Angelus), Crete (with Pope Alexander XII.), Silesia (with Martin of Trappau), all contributed.

With such names added to its own countrymen, the University of Paris could enable Chancellor Gerson to stave off impending schism. When the spirit of Wycliff and Huss rose again in Luther, the university sided officially with Rome,

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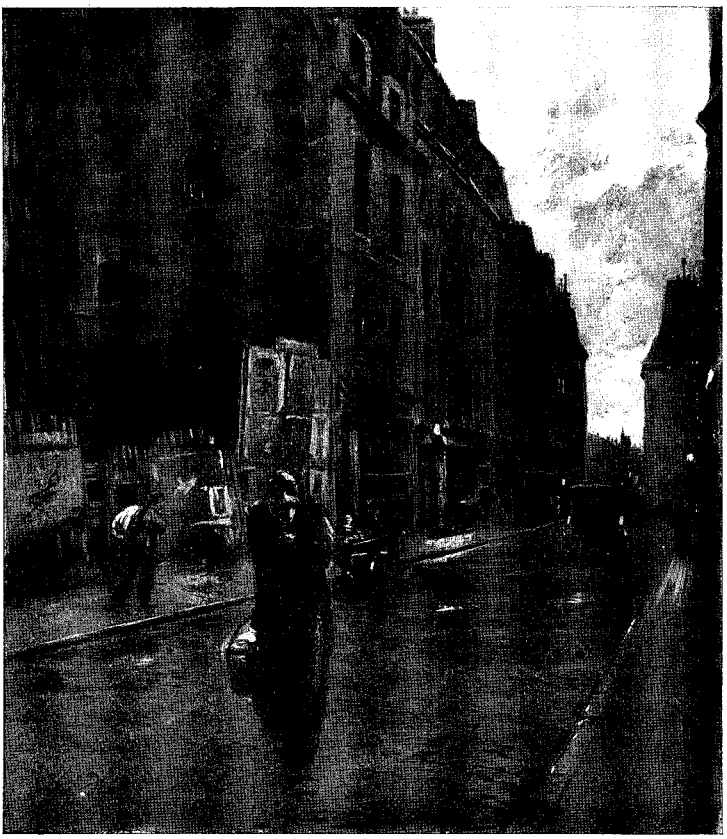

The Famous old high street of the Student (the Rue St. Jacques).

defending the ancient philosophy as bitterly against Ramus as the ancient faith against Calvin. St. Bartholomew (with Ramus himself a victim) alone allowed Henry of Navarre to break the Sorbonne opposition. Eventually, the Sorbonne enslaved the Bourbons.

Down to Rector Coffin (the instituter of free education) the University heads were the real heads of Paris, and the greatest honor of the French capital was a Sorbonne degree. The three examinations were laborious tasks, but the third, the famous *Sorbonnique*, was in olden days a ceremony of European interest. Says our learned rector :

> The Sorbonnique lasted twelve, even fourteen, hours. The thesis, printed on parchment, or salea ornamented with an engraving and dedication, indicated the series of questions on which the discussion might turn. The candidate, in a red robe, bareheaded, isolated before a table, had to answer all comers, doctors and bachelors, without intermission or assistance. . . . Toward midday he took a light repast behind a curtain, listening to the argument which was being carried on. Not uncommonly after the ceremony he took to his bed. The splendor of the trials added to their importance. They were public; masters and scholars left everything not to miss the entertainment. . . . Among the theses a good number bear the names of great nobility. This sort of a candidate spoke with gloved hands and cap on head. Richelieu never forgot that he had been authorized to present himself in rochet and hood, his head covered. In 1646, when the Prince de Conti came to sustain his "Tentative," he was on a high dais. Two years later (January 24, 1648) the great Condé came to Bossuet's thesis. The conqueror of Rocroy, carried away by the ardor of the controversy, all but charged impetuously the young theologian. *

The Sorbonne thesis of to-day, shorn of its controversy, is a very prosaic affair, awakening more discussion afterward than at delivery. The most famous Sorbonne doctors of the nineteenth century were Michelet (1819), Egger (1833), Oza-

* Gréard, *Nos Adieux à la Vielle Sorbonne*, pp. 118–122.

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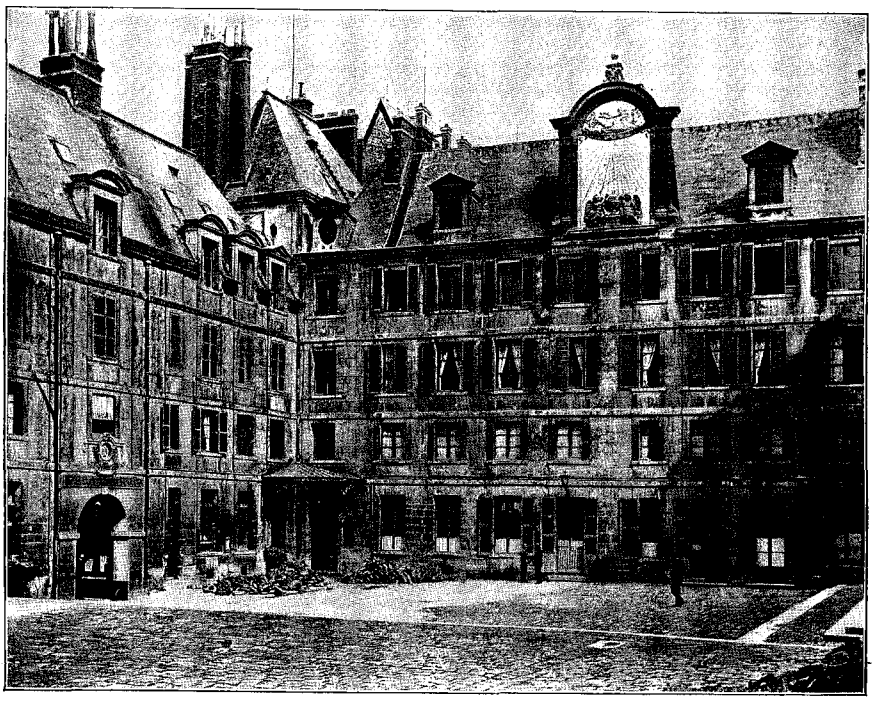

The North End of the Court-yard.

nam, Jules Simon, and Edgar Quinet (all in 1839), Henri Martin (1849), and Renan (1852). Those creating the greatest ripple of excitement in recent years have been the first woman doctor of medicine (Mrs. Garret Anderson, of London, in 1870), the first woman doctor of laws (Mlle. Charlier, in 1892) and the first woman doctor of sciences (Miss Klumpke, of San Francisco, in 1893). It seems strange that women have had to wait eight centuries in the School of Abélard, for what would Abélard have been without Héloïse ?

Treading the end of the old Sorbonne court, and pushing back "the shadow on the dial's face" to meet the mediæval sages who trod this spot, suggests comparison with to-day. An even wider field is garnered into the Parisian granary.

The influx of foreign students is one of the most interesting features of the Sorbonne of to-day. In November, 1896, on the resumption of the name of "University of Paris," it was also decided to offer a number of most liberal facilities for the pursuit of high studies by graduates of foreign universities, especially those of the United States. The wide range of the foreigners can be seen in the table of the inscribed students in that year printed at the end of this article. It must be remembered that the many thousands of uninscribed applicants for degrees are not included.

When in 1325 Pope Clement V. issued his famous bull ordering the teaching of Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean by the Roman curia, and in the colleges of Paris, Oxford, Bologna, and Salamanca, he indicated the order and importance of the universities of Europe, the four great educational centres. Paris comes first, and it always draws to itself the flower of the clients of its three rivals.

Not to any rich patron, nor even to any powerful monarch or proud baron, does the University of Paris look back for its origin.* The man who gave it

* In vain have some sought to trace its foundation to Charlemagne; not even the one canonized monarch among France's fifteen centuries of kings was worthy to father the University of Paris, although its permanent organization and its popular appellation both date from his reign. Since this article was first prepared Mr. Rashdall, of Hertford College, Oxford, in his "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," has effectually disposed of the Carlovingian myth. It is a pity, however, that the learned author, perhaps with a little Oxonian jealousy, seems inclined to belittle the position of Paris, especially in his titles, giving it an inferior position not at all justified by his text. The ancient schools

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a "local habitation and a name" was poor and obscure.

Long before Robert the University had been breeding. The rising tide of European culture was effacing the wreck of Theodoric, Genseric, Alaric, Attila. That daring apostle of liberty and martyr in her cause, Peter Abélard, detached the ecclesiastical schools from cathedrals and monasteries.

> Liberty, in fact, was the life of the twelfth century. . . . Unprincipled association begins already to produce its fruit . . . it forms brotherhoods, its body of trades, of artisans, of workmen, of citizens. All that is not strong and powerful by itself, groups itself with its like . . . everywhere are born *communities*, *universities*, and *companies*. *

In this age of millionnaires and billionnaires there is no more favorite ambition of "the pride which apes humility" than that of founding a university, or adding some ostentatious excrescence to an already existing institution. We have lost the pious modesty and patriotic fervor of olden days, when the successful son of one generation was content to repay the benefits derived from his predecessors by adding to the previous foundation. Sumptuous dormitories and class-rooms, expensive accessories of study, not even high salaried instructors are enough to make a university. Universities may exist without any of these accessories, and do not necessarily exist with them at hand. The old entrance was homelier than the grand front of to-day, but not less the door of wisdom.

The University depends on the character of its students, who must be aspiring minds of the best quality, and of diversified tastes, capable of furnishing adepts in every branch of human thought; in other words the University must be the home of mental liberty, unshackled by narrow regulations, unawed by pompous surroundings, and only brought to full flower by the encouragement of long lines of glorious achievements and examples in the past. Such is the character of the oldest and greatest of existing universities—the University of Paris, known far and wide as the Sorbonne.

of medicine at Salerno, and of law at Bologna, serve him as a somewhat paltry reason for giving the Italian towns precedence over Paris, the undoubted leader in universal culture. This is all the more glaring as his book is about "Universities," and the fact that Bologna afterwards became a full-fledged university adds to the confusion.

* *Histoire de l'instruction publique*, by Henry de Réancy, vol. i., pp. 199–201.

TABLE OF INSCRIBED STUDENTS OF THE SORBONNE IN 1896.

	Medicine.	Law.	Pharmacy.	Letters.	Science.	Theology.	Total.
French men	4,165	3,928	1,771	1,302	561	47	11,774
French women	28	..	4	222	18	..	272
Russians	198	10	3	6	19	1	237
Russian women	151	..	1	21	6	..	179
Roumanians	130	70	3	6	11	..	220
Roumanian women	7	..	..	1	1	..	9
Turks and Bulgarians	153	11	7	2	9	..	182
Turkish and Bulgarian women	2	..	..	..	..	..	2
Greeks	48	23	..	3	3	..	77
Germans	18	4	2	21	5	..	50
German women	1	..	..	20	..	..	21
Egyptians	11	56	..	..	..	..	67
West Indians	53	8	3	..	1	..	65
Spanish South Americans	48	5	3	..	1	..	57
Spanish South American women	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Swiss	27	6	1	6	7	4	51
Swiss women	1	..	..	2	1	..	4
Americans	18	3	1	17	3	..	42
American women	3	..	..	5	1	..	9
English	15	3	..	14	..	..	32
English women	3	..	..	8	2	..	13
African Islanders	28	..	..	..	..	..	28
Austro-Hungarians	9	5	..	9	3	..	26
Servians	8	11	..	2	3	..	24
Servian women	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Central Americans	20	4	..	..	..	..	24
Brazilians	16	1	..	..	..	..	17
Italians	12	1	1	1	1	..	16
Portuguese	14	1	..	..	1	..	16
Scandinavians	4	..	..	8	..	..	12
Scandinavian women	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
Luxembourgois	11	..	1	1	..	..	13
Belgians	5	2	..	1	3	..	11
Belgian women	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Mexicans	9	..	1	..	..	..	10
Spaniards	7	1	..	..	..	1	9
Dutch	3	..	..	1	2	1	7
Danes	1	..	..	1	..	1	3
Danish women	..	..	..	..	1	..	1
Africans	4	..	..	..	..	..	4
Canadians	3	..	..	..	..	..	3
Persians	3	..	..	..	..	..	3
Guianans	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Indo-Chinese	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Total	..	..	..	..	..	..	13,606

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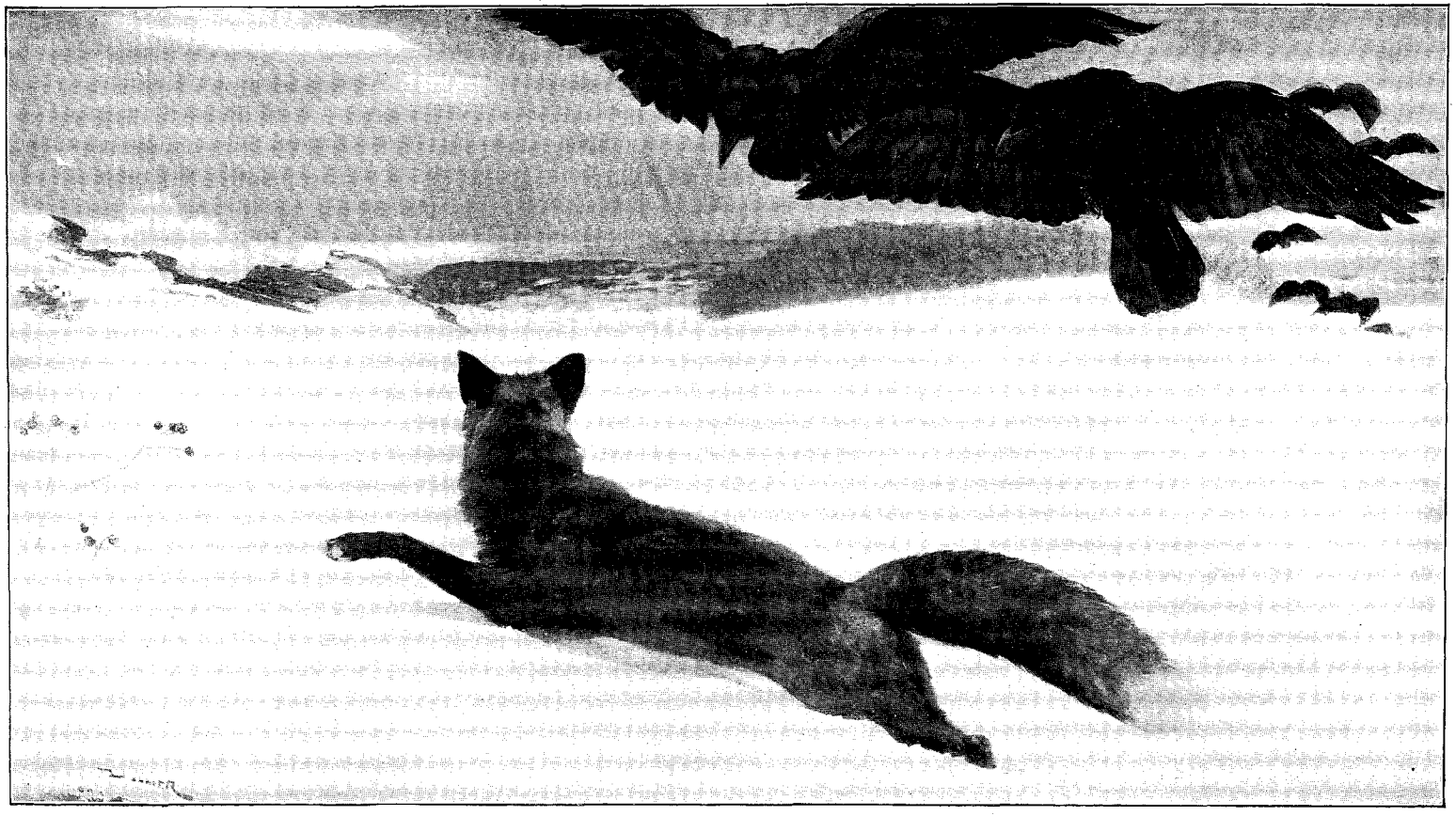

Fox and Crows, by Winslow Homer.

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—See "Field of Art," page 638.

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WHERE THE WAYS CROSSED

By Viola Roseboro'

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the Player, goes;——

HARRY DARLEY walked slowly with a correct Piccadilly limp down Fifth Avenue. The raw, half-sunny, half-snowy day was waning, and the blue twilight, blossoming with yellow lights and white, was making the city beautiful, a place of romance, poetical and gay. When Darley came to Madison Square he sat down on a bench, and eight o'clock found him still sitting there. At last one of the hundreds of passing strangers spoke to him:

"Hullo, Chawley," said a woman's voice, soft and relaxed; "I saw you sitting here before dinner. What's a-matter?"

A well-dressed girl, young and pretty, stood in front of him.

"Ain't you frozen?" she asked.

"I think I am a little stiff. Delighted, I'm sure," and at her suggestion that she sit down herself, he moved along the bench.

"I've been drinking some," she said, explanatorily. "You looked kinda queer, the way you held yourself, somehow, and sitting here forever all night. I noticed you when I first saw you before dinner. I'm down on my luck sometimes, too, for all you got such good clothes on."

Darley responded to this incoherence only by remarking:

"Your clothes are charming."

"I look like a real swell, don't I?" said the pleased girl; "you *are* a swell, ain't you; English, too. I knew it. Down on your luck?"

"Completely," Darley answered smilingly.

They sat talking half an hour, as might two people cast away on a desert island. The girl told of her situation and her troubles in life; the cold soon cleared her brain. Darley responded with unstrained sympathetic comprehension; she questioned him about himself; he answered briefly, casually, with humor; but presently the girl said:

"Well, you *are* a helpless kid—kid's what I call you—for all you talk so old, too. You make me feel like a mother to you. Why don't you—long as you got all those good clothes—why don't you try to get on as a society supe at one of the theatres? They'd give you six or seven dollars a week."

"What a clever girl you are!"

"I've knocked about. I've gone on as extra lady myself, sometimes. I'm frozen," getting up; "now you try that—your togs'll keep you going for a while, and you may light on something."

"I will"—Darley had risen, too, and was stamping his feet lightly. "I thank you very much for the suggestion. I never thought of that."

"I'm glad I talked with you."

"And I'm very grateful."

"Good-bye," said the girl, and he touched his hat with a smile and turned down-town.

That was how he came to look up Anna Carrollton, the actress. She was a shrewd woman with a capricious capacity for human feeling; when he met her (in her private parlor in a big hotel) and said—for his third sentence—"Don't let me secure my welcome under false pretences, Miss Carrollton; I—I'm one of the unemployed;" she answered cordially, "Ah, I see. Well, now, tell me all about it."

Darley pulled his youthful little brown mustache, and words were slow coming.

"I've seen you English swells trying to make a living before," said the actress; "there never was anything so curious as the way you people over there breed your offspring to do nothing, and then all at once turn them out to shift for themselves."

"It's very comforting that you grasp the situation so well," said Darley, in his hesitating, civil way; then, looking deep in his hat, "when I left the army my father paid

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my debts, but he's washed his hands of me. I was not in disgrace with my regiment, you understand, but I was with the Governor. I've been fairly foolish, and I put my name to some very unprofitable paper, you know; but—it's a case of incompatibility, I suppose. I've a notion that the Governor's not been quite fair to me; but it's certain I've not done well by the Governor. However, I'm only a younger son, anyhow. Now I am here—what is it you say?—quite on my own hook. We hoped you'd come back last year. Travers—you remember Travers?—he talks about you—drivels helplessly at the idea that he may be in India when you come again. Do you play 'Helen' yet? And do you wear that wonderful red gown—or one like it?"

"I take sufficient interest in my mashes and my parts and my gowns," said Miss Carrollton; "but you didn't come here to ask about my clothes; stick to your mutton."

Darley flushed painfully, but whatever the nerve touched the sting did not affect his voice or his manner; "I came," he said, "to see if there was anything you could give me to do in your company, anything; 'suping,' but it's a beastly thing, asking a woman, you know; and, of course, I can't act in the least."

"You have a fine business-like power of setting forth your claims and crying up your wares. You've had a good many setbacks here before you thought of coming to me, haven't you?" Darley nodded; "you'll starve to death;" she spoke with a touch of real scorn; "but I'm getting ready to produce a new piece, and I'll give you a small part in it. I'll speak to my manager about it right away, and you can see him at the Manhattan Theatre to-morrow at eleven."

When Darley first came among them the company was lounging and rehearsing in the broken gloom of an unset, unlit, daytime stage. Beyond the single yellow gas-jet over the managerial table yawned the blackness of the empty house. The first act was "on," and from the dim figures moving about came an unlifelike, high-strained flow of words, interspersed with the vigorous reality of the stage-manager's strident tones; and now and again the ear was startled by some note of human passion, some sound of love or grief, true and poignant. There was a wildness in the scene, in its jumble of the common and the strange, an unreal romance in its gloom and great spaces, set off by a few ineffectual flares of yellow gas and two ghostly shafts of light from the white day outside. Darley, standing half behind a piece of scenery, leaning on his cane, looked on for minutes without moving, his tense face shadowed by obscure emotions. A woman came and stood near him without seeing him, but she was in the weird light of a window high above her, and he looked at her. She was tall and a little heavy in form and feature; handsome, or at least offering a basis of beauty in her short regular features, but the complexion was a little leaden, and the dark eyes dull under their heavy lids. She was interesting because she looked as if she felt things she did not express; you could not guess further.

The act ended; "Bring on another table," the stage-manager shouted; he was like a general on a battle-field. The people scattered to the back of the stage and the wings, chattering.

"Second act!"—it sounded like a cry to charge the enemy.

The woman near Darley turned and looked frowningly down a passage to the stage-door. Darley moved hesitatingly out upon the stage—a tall but boyish figure, clothed in modesty quite as in a garment, for it was the convention of his class.

"I'll read Miss Herter's part till she comes," said the woman going down the stage.

"Miss Herter ought to be here herself, Miss Arnott."

"I know her lines."

"All right. Are you Mr. ——, yes? Well, you enter from the O. P. side—ain't it down in your part?"

Darley was standing near the newly placed table; the stage-manager's tone was not patient. Darley moved waveringly—Miss Arnott caught his eye and guided him by a significant glance. Presently he knelt to look at the ballet-shoe she was supposed to wear—her part was that of a ballet-dancer who figured in the play in costume.

"Kneel on the knee next the house," she whispered, quickly, and he changed his action, and the stage-manager stifled a portentous growl.

After their scene Darley introduced himself, apologetically, to Miss Arnott, and

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thanked her for her kindness in helping him out. She looked at him an instant before she answered:

"I wasn't kind; I didn't want Stamfer to get in a temper, because a friend of mine is late, and he'd be sure to take it out of her." Her voice was contralto, rich in quality, but monotonous; it sounded predeterminedly inexpressive.

"I am still grateful. But it is not you I am to play with, it seems?"

"No," Miss Arnott began to answer him, then stopped, all her attention turned on a young girl who came hurrying in from the street, a tall, very slim young girl, beautifully dressed, whose pretty head was charmingly poised. She ran, breathless, to Miss Arnott. "Oh, Lou-lou," she panted, turning the name into a caress, "I am so sorry. I am wicked—how late is it? My watch stopped, and I didn't know it. What did they do? Did Stamfer row?"

Darley had moved away. Miss Arnott smiled, settled the girl's hat afresh upon her head, touched her hair and said something that seemed to ease her dutiful anxiety.

The second act closed, and the star passed near Darley; she turned back and spoke to him.

"Good-day. Well, how are you getting on? Too bad I can't spend a few minutes making you feel at home. But this piece! I am crazy with it. Do you think the part will suit me? But come over here and let me introduce you properly to two of our ladies, anyhow. You play with one of them." She led the way to where stood Miss Arnott and Miss Herter.

Before the rehearsal ended, Miss Carrollton graciously sat down on a roll of carpeting beside Miss Arnott and gossiped about Darley.

"That young Englishman, Darley—do teach him anything that comes in your way. I don't want to give Stamfer any more trouble than I can help now at the last, and of course I had no business taking a dead amateur like that, but I'm so soft. Do you know, I think he was just about down to starvation. I knew him in London, when he was in a very good regiment—the whole lot of them were wild about me. His people are howling swells. I'm sure I don't know what's happened, but likely he's wasted some money, after being brought up to do nothing else. He's very nice, anyway, isn't he?—too nice for an actor—I knew if I didn't say it you would. You're like me about that. I associate so much with outsiders."

"I don't," said Louise, bluntly.

Miss Carrollton eyed her: "Why not?"

"I don't love my world, but it's all the world I know, or ever knew. I never had any choice in the matter, and I haven't now."

"Well, it's a great thing to have your business in your veins—that's why you are such a good, all-round woman, Miss Arnott," the star spoke with the suavity of a patron pleasingly determined to be pleased. "Did Darley make himself audible to-day? He's got a very good wardrobe. He's not bad looking, but that sort of quiet gentleman style is no good—he's pretty hopeless, but we couldn't get anyone to dress the part so well at his salary, and that's the most of it. He——O——" she got up, poised herself and ran on the scene with a burst of sobs.

The few words that constituted Darley's part were spoken to Mary Herter. It happened that he learned during his first week's rehearsal something of her history. He heard one old actor say to another:

"I was playing with her mother the night she made her hit," pointing to where Mary stood awaiting her cue.

"Annette had a good time while it lasted," said the other, flicking the ashes from his cigarette; "she was pretty well knocked out before I came along."

During that same rehearsal, while a scene was being set, the stage-manager strolled up to Darley, and for five minutes descended to the plane of a mere mortal man; wiping his forehead and setting his hat sociably on the back of his head he made conversation:

"You know that's Annette's daughter, don't you?" said he, nodding. "Yes, sir; that's poor old Annie's girl. She had her in a convent when she died; kept her there for years, though she had it rough the last half-dozen seasons. Hard business on women, and Annette broke up uncommon quick. Williams!"—with an awesome bellow—"will you get off the scene or won't you? But I tell you" (returning to suavity as easily as a juggler juggles), "she was Queen of the Dudes in her day and no mistake."

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"The girl doesn't seem ready for that part?"

"Mary? Lord, she's been kept in pink cotton; her mother never let her see the back of a curtain, and now she's never out of Louise Arnott's sight. Queer cattle, women, eh? And actresses when they take a turn on playing the chaperone do it up brown, I tell you. They know the ropes," —then in his battle-field voice, "Third Act," and with the words he tilted his hat over his nose, the angle bespoke his resumption of imperial sway, and strode away.

"What was Annette Herter's line?" Darley asked one of the women.

"Annette Herter—Oh, you mean Miss Herter's mother; she never went by the name of Herter. Why, she was in comic opera—great! Didn't you ever hear of her?"

"Don't betray my rustic ignorance."

"I don't see that Mary Herter has a bit of talent, and not much looks, either, do you think?"

"I prefer golden hair."

"Well, mine ain't bleached, anyway, I can tell you that."

In the new piece Miss Arnott played a great lady, suggesting in the part a sort of monumental impassivity that was but a variation on her usual smoldering inscrutability. On the opening night, just before the curtain fell on the first act, some one peeping through a crack of the box scene aspirated a little scream and cried in the same tone—"Arnott is going to pieces—no, she's got hold of herself, but she's sitting down, think of it; she's spoiled the picture!"

The stage-manager bolted into sight, crying, "Quick, curtain; don't let it up again. Damn it," he added to nobody in particular, "to think of an old stager like Arnott going to pieces, because that man happens to be in front. I'll not stand much—here, Miss Carrollton, you'll have to go in front," he cried to the alert star; behind her, coming off the scene, appeared Miss Arnott, so white that her rouge seemed to stand from her face like a mask. She carried her head up, but her step was uneven, and she sat down, dropped down, upon some pile of stuff at the back of the stage.

Darley went to her.

"I want some brandy, if you can get it;" her voice was broken; "I'm going to have hysterics if I don't look out."

Louise went through the rest of her performance smoothly, but she came from the last "curtain-call," looking weary and ill.

Darley asked if there was nothing he could do for her.

"Nothing," she said.

"Won't you let me see you home, you two? You are not well."

"It is much more respectable to go alone, though probably you don't know it," she said.

"Is it really? But why be respectable?"

"I'll be very glad to have you go with us," said Louise, with a smile; her smiles were few, and they illuminated and sweetened her face.

From that night, on through the months that the play ran, this trio were much together. The women seemed to have few associates; the man almost no companionship but theirs. The currents of life threw them together as so much driftwood might meet mid-stream. Between them the atmosphere of sex seemed lost in the kindness that grew out of their loneliness. Louise revealed a passion for domesticity and a tendency to mother a family. "I never go on the road so long as I can scrape along here and have my own pots and pans," she said; "my kitchen makes me feel as if I were a human woman."

"Do you ever doubt it?" said Darley: they were talking in the hot, grimy green-room, both painted for the foot-lights; she only said, "Oh, well, you see I hate so much of my life. I hate the stage so, and I've always been on it. I know it must be different otherwheres. It's different in the woods—don't you want to go to the woods with us to-morrow, and then come home to dinner with us?"

They spent the afternoon in the Bronx woods, and as the sun was sinking, with their hands full of spring beauties and branches of pussy-willow, they came to the railway station just in time to miss their train.

"Oh, we'll be late, we'll never have time to enjoy our dinner," Mary wailed.

"Poor Mary," said Louise, "we'll not have time to go home at all."

"You must dine with me," said Darley; "I know a little place near the theatre that's rather amusing."

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"I'll tell you," said Louise, "we'll do that, and then you'll sup with us after the play."

They sat down on the empty platform to wait for the next train. Mary ministered to the flowers with wet handkerchiefs, and the sky grew glorious before them, and the little scattered village lay about them showing few signs of life, except that bright-lit street-cars whizzed to and fro looking so foreign that they gave a fantastic unreality to the scene.

The three grew silent, and some reflection from that inherent poetry of existence which flies and vanishes, and yet flickers before us along all our dusty paths glimmered on their faces. No one spoke again till the train's head-light glowed suddenly down the track.

While they were eating their hasty dinner a young man at another table glanced at them, then he stared at Darley with a half-frown that dissolved into a look of recognition. He was a handsome, pale, clear-cut, well-dressed, self-contained young man. He watched our little party with an expression of half-amused, half-indifferent interest. When they were about to leave, he left his seat and touched Darley's shoulder.

"Pardon me, my dear fellow, but I couldn't let you slip away."

"Why, Aiken, old man!"—the two were both speaking at once and grasping hands warmly.

"I'll not detain you now," said Aiken; "but tell me how I can see you—or, here's my card, come and see me."

"You are still at dinner—I'll come back in a few minutes."

"I could tell you a long story," Darley said, when he had returned and seated himself; "but,"—he stopped to light a cigarette—"the end of it will help you to guess a good deal—and I've only ten minutes now. I am playing—God save the mark!—over here with Miss Carrollton's company—the smallest of small parts, of course."

"Upon my soul!" the other exclaimed, *sotto voce*, searching Darley's face.

"Of course——" Darley began.

"Wait!—you're not stage-struck? Ah, well, so long as you're not mad, what's the difference. Why haven't you looked me up?"

"I've thought about it. You can imagine I felt a reluctance. I must get back to the theatre now."

"The theatre—how curious! And those ladies, they were comrades in arms, I suppose? I'll walk over there with you."

At the stage door Aiken said, "Don't let me be a bore, but couldn't I come in and see you awhile during the evening?"

After Darley was dressed he sat down in the green-room, and, nursing his knee with his eyes on the floor, he grew so oblivious to all around him that he did not see Louise when, in her stage splendor, she came in and seated herself beside him. When he looked up suddenly and into her eyes he said with a smile:

"I was a long way off."

"Before or behind you?"

"Ah,—I couldn't tell; in each direction."

"I know."

"That chap in the restaurant I used to see in England. He's a painter, an American; he was studying there, strange to say. There was some personal reason, I believe, not unconnected with finance, a relative who gave him lodgings, or something of the sort. He's very clever, and he manages himself perfectly. He arranges his existence with the most remarkable and honorable astuteness. I used to watch him. It was diverting, you know, because, outside of the questions of his own interest, he doesn't seem astute. I always thought he got most things wrong. It was rather nice of him to make up to me so—there's Her Majesty coming off." The applause following the star's exit drummed above them, and signalled for Louise to return to the wings and await her cue.

Aiken came in as the curtain was falling on the second act, and passed Mary in her tights and tulle. Darley came behind her and greeted him.

"What a charming thing—that girl's face above that costume!" Aiken said. "How they'd like that in Paris! She looks so entirely the *jeune fille*. How can it fit in the piece? I haven't seen it."

"It doesn't. Come this way. No, it's all out, but nobody seems to mind; the part is very small. She *is* the *jeune fille*, more just that than any other American girl I ever saw."

"Really, how incredible!"

"Not when you see how it's managed.

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She's a protégée of Miss Arnott—the other lady you saw with me. They've been very good to me. Miss Arnott's been good to me simply because I was so like a lost blind pup. Tell me what you're doing; sit down there," pointing to a trunk in his wooden box of a dressing-room; "now light up and talk about yourself."

The two men were in the green-room when Louise entered after her last scene. Aiken had just asked Darley to go out and have some supper with him. "I can't," Darley replied; "I have an engagement."

Louise was at his elbow. "We'll release you," she said, softly.

"But I don't want to be released."

"Mr. Aiken," said Louise, when he was introduced to her, "we were going to have a little supper at my flat; won't you come with us? We'll be so very glad to have you, and to have a friend of Mr. Darley's."

Her manner was very simple, gracious, and gentle. Aiken accepted with correct phrases, while he looked at her with detached scrutiny.

So the party of three became one of four.

Louise played the hostess with a dignity and a deference that was beautiful and touching. The deference subtly expressed a feeling that she was with her superiors, that her guests had breathed a finer air than she lived in.

"I am the cook to-night," she said, as she seated them in her dining-room. "I didn't keep my servant up for us; I like to potter about myself," and she tied on a white apron. "Mary," she went on, "do you think you can manage to set the table? I know you can't, but you may try."

Mary got up—she was sitting peacefully with her gloves and her hat in her lap—and said: "Now you'll see how well I'll do, Louise," and then to the men: "I can't do things at all, but Louise makes me try because it is good for me."

The words, the manner, told a story of sheltered helplessness. The men smiled upon her as she set about her task with dreamy, conscientious inefficiency. Through the door they could see Louise moving deftly about the shining small kitchen. Aiken watched Mary with an admiration that passed from the curious to the professional; she was very lovely as she drifted back and forth, so tall and slim and flexible, with her beautiful head and plastic emotional young face; the child's capacity to feel was so open to the view, and as yet the roads by which passionate feeling must reach her so obscure, she was so tranquil and unconscious of all the forces of life that enrapture and crush us, that crucify and translate and madden us, and yet so plainly subject to their power, that to look on her was enough to move the heart to tenderness and to pity. She was like some long, slim white bud, still folded close, revealing and concealing the flower that is to be.

"What a model she'd make!" said Aiken in an undertone. "I've got an idea she's just fit. I suppose it could be managed?"

There was something ill-bred in his manner; it suggested a determination to refuse these young women something of the consideration due ladies.

Darley got up and stared at a picture on the wall. "I'm sure I can't say," he murmured, at last.

Aiken scrutinized him with lifted and knitted brows, and then turned his eyes back to Mary; and from that moment a shade of his first cordiality was missing in his manner to Darley. But no wounded self-love appeared when he found opportunity to speak to Louise of his old acquaintance.

"Darley's in a hard fix," he said to her. "I'm glad he's found you, you are so good to him. It's a rough business for a fellow like that."

Louise's eyes shone with kindness as she answered: "I'm so glad you've found him. To see someone he knew before, and a man, and a loyal, good friend—that's something. He has such qualities, he's such a gentleman, and I never saw anybody so little fit to make his way in the world."

"Miss Arnott, I wish I could talk a while with you. I wonder if we could strike out any ideas that could be of use to him?"

Louise begged that he would come and see her, and an hour for the visit was agreed upon. As they parted, the woman's large, handsome, white hand went out to him with a movement strong and direct, as if it took her heart with it. Poor Louise! When she dropped her habitual mask, she showed herself tremulously, eagerly impressible, and expressive.

Aiken came ostensibly to canvass Darley's outlook; he left with only one thing

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settled, and that was that Mary should give him some sittings at his studio. He showed an impersonal enthusiasm about her beauty that Louise welcomed as a higher form of tribute than common men could pay.

"I never knew a painter before," she said, humbly. "It is beautiful to hear beauty spoken of so seriously. I've felt often as if there were something like poetry or more like some music in Mary's face, and if you think it could help you to do what you aspire to, why, I'm so glad."

It was only of the talk about Mary and the sittings that Darley heard when Louise told him of this interview. "You must not let Mr. Darley know that I'm discussing his affairs with you, or trying to do anything," Louise had said to Aiken; "it would hurt him."

"That would be a very foolish attitude for a man in his position," Aiken had responded.

"He's not a man; he's essentially a boy about anything like that. He's so young and so grown-up at the same time, but he has a boy's pride. It would hurt him to think he must have women helping him out. Yes, it's very foolish; it doesn't fit now, even in America, but I don't see any use in sticking pins in him, even little ones, for nothing, do you? Oh, no; of course, if it came to any practical issue, we'd do whatever was practical," she added, with a smile.

"You'll be at my studio, then, Wednesday afternoon," said Aiken, as he rose to leave.

"We'll be very happy to be there."

"Ah, I'm so glad we know him," Louise said to Darley. "His feeling about Mary's beauty—I can't ever express myself, but it's so different from my world. I always knew there was something different. I'm going to read and learn about pictures." Her attitude was an idealization of the unknown, an idealization that was rather piteous in the grave, experienced woman who was so often bitter with the bitterness of knowledge.

Darley looked at her with softening eyes, but his face changed again when he said, "Aiken asks a good deal, and rather soon, it seems to me."

"Oh, no; you don't understand how it came about," said Louise, gently.

The end of Miss Carrollton's engagements in and about New York drew near, and the end of the season, too; the company was to be disbanded in a week, but the stage-manager was re-engaging some members to take "on the road" on his own account. He was going out West for a summer season. Darley sought an engagement with him and got it, an engagement to play some small parts at a smaller salary and to be "property-man" as well.

"Oh, you can't do that, you can't be property-man, and for those barn-stormers," Louise cried, woefully, when he told her what he had done. The soft spring air blew in and out, fitfully stirring the window-curtains. Darley sat with his hat and stick in his hands. Louise had straightened up in her easy-chair.

"Oh"—she laughed a little—"to see you sitting there like that and talking of being Stamfer's property-man! This world is too absurd. There must be something, something——" Louise stopped; Darley was smiling.

"I'm charmed with the arrangement. I can't act, but I really have a methodical head. I can look after the necklace for the third act, and the ginger beer that is to make us drunk on champagne, and I'm proud of having made Stamfer believe it. I shall feel myself quite useful while it lasts, and—and you know I know what it is to have nothing. I hadn't any idea Stamfer would take me."

"I suppose you talked just that way to him, and after that I can imagine your salary." Louise spoke sadly, with no hint of interrogation. Darley reddened, but he answered, easily:

"I'll get out West, you see; I fancy there I can get hold of something and do a man's work. To dig I'm not ashamed, but you see so many other fellows dig better than I can. There isn't digging enough here to go round even among the experienced. Maybe I'll get a chance to turn cow-boy out there."

"You poor innocent! I only hope Stamfer will make money enough to bring you back to New York. It's too late for all you imagine in the West; you'll see that yourself."

"Yes. I usually do see all the things that make any claim to life on my part unreasonable. I'd have been floored by M. Talleyrand, his position was so eminently sane. Of course it isn't necessary that I should live."

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On the day that Darley was to leave with his company Mary gave Aiken a sitting, one of many. In her first visits to his studio Louise had always gone and stayed with her. Quite actress-like, Louise looked upon many phases of formal propriety—as she understood formal propriety, deriving her ideas largely from the plays she knew—as purely decorative in character, a way things were done on swell occasions; she dropped and took up some points of decorum, not in the least hypocritically, but just as did Miss Carrollton, who was chaperoned or unchaperoned according as the weather was fine and her costume splendid, or as rain or business removed the occasion from gala associations. Louise looked after Mary unceasingly as long as there seemed any reality in her duties, but this matter of accompanying her to Aiken's studio and staying there she treated as a frill, a form of the decorative principle, and presently relaxed the severity of her ceremony. The strict attendance had expressed her sense of his social importance, the relaxation told of the confidence she was here so ready to give.

On this day Mary entered alone. Darley had already been to the flat to bid them good-bye, but she had in her hand a letter addressed to him in her own writing. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I forgot to send this. I meant to get a messenger to take it." She stood looking at the little watch at her side.

"Yes, you are late now," said Aiken, "can't your letter wait?"

"It is to Mr. Darley; he's going this afternoon, you know."

Aiken's expression altered; though no muscle moved, it vivified and hardened.

"I shall see him; I'll give it to him, if you wish." There had been a moment's pause before he spoke.

"Oh, thank you very much; you're very kind. I'll lay it just here, if you're sure you'll see him. I didn't feel certain, anyhow, about a messenger-boy finding him, or his getting it all right that way. People that are going away are always running about so." She had arranged herself in her accustomed chair as she spoke. "Am I right?"

Aiken answered nothing, but took up his position before his canvas. Mary's face was a little distraught, and she moved nervously.

"How can I paint you when you are like this? You're entirely upset." He was rude, and he was not usually rude, yet he seemed trying to keep a check upon himself.

Mary's eyes filled with tears; she brushed them angrily away. "I think you're upset yourself," half-plaintively, "you're very cross; you're not at all as nice as usual. I was trying to do the best I could, but you've frightened me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Herter." Aiken stopped while he squeezed some paint on his palette. "I fear I'm very unreasonable, but"—he looked from the canvas to his sitter—"I dare say Mr. Darley's departure has put us both out of the right mood. Good-byes are very doleful."

"Yes, it's very sad to have anyone go away when you like them so much." Mary was ungrammatically pensive.

"I don't think it's worth while to try to do anything to-day." Aiken laid aside his palette and brushes, and threw a dark cloth over his canvas as he spoke, "You are very good, but I'll not take up any more of your time now."

Mary looked a little bewildered, and then deliberately got up and began to put on her hat.

"Louise was going to stop in for me," she said, timidly; "will you be here?"

"No, I think not."

"I don't suppose it matters," said poor Mary, almost apologetically.

Aiken opened the door for her; scanning her face, his own showed some fluctuation of feeling.

"You'll come day after to-morrow," he said, gently; "you'll let me see you then?"

"I'll try to be very prompt," Mary answered, with a small attempt at gayety, and then she slipped quickly away.

When she was gone, Aiken threw himself into a chair and dropped his smooth, trim head between his closed fists, clenching them till the knuckles whitened. One breath came in a sort of dry sob, and then he was as still for long seconds as if he had ceased to breathe. This nature, so cool, so definite, and withal so small, was thrown into chaos by some emotion stronger than itself. Stronger than itself? Often it is not as if from ourselves came the floods of feeling, but as if waves from an encompassing ocean beat against us or swept us away. Those who live continually at the mercy of the

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unwilled waters, who are habitually swayed by the unreasoned tides of human tendencies may be at ease as they float, or even as they are swept headlong they know not whither, but to those who always have done what they intended to do, or so imagined it, who are safe from all but the wilder storms, there is a terror and a horror in slipping from their own control. They may have thought themselves strong when they were only dull, and the roll of the waters over them may all but obliterate for the time the very traits of their identity.

Presently Aiken got up and went and stood before a little table whereon Mary had laid her letter, staring at it with blood-shot eyes.

"No—by God, no!" he muttered, at last, as if the words were being choked out of him. "Every chance counts," and he struck his fist in his palm, then caught up the letter; after rubbing his eyes with one hand and passing it over his brow as one who emerges from an inner to the outer world, he deliberately enough looked on his mantel-piece for a match, crowded a newspaper in the grate, set it afire, and threw the letter into the blaze. He looked at it eagerly for one moment, but turned abruptly away. He was driven to destroy, but he would not stoop to read it. While it burned, he dusted his coat-collar and brushed his hair, and when the blaze died out, he stirred up the ashes and reduced them to a powder. That done, he lit a cigarette and went out into the streets, looking a particularly well-ordered, proudly self-governed young man.

So, amidst crowding millions, chance played together and against each other these drifting atoms of humankind; and those narrow gestures that they willed to make, and those wider sweeps of motion that no will of theirs could check, all empowered the loom whereat Fate, as gravely as though she wrought for gods, wove into one web the threads of their obscure destinies.

II

"SO NIGH IS GRANDEUR TO OUR DUST,——"

THE next day found Mary again at Aiken's studio. She came in wide-eyed, absorbed in her errand.

"Mr. Aiken," she said, at once, "that letter, did you give it to Mr. Darley?"

Aiken's clean-cut face turned stony.

"I sent it." The voice was not like his own, but Mary had not reached the development that gives observation. She was preoccupied; she gave no sign of sensing more than his words.

"Sent it! How?" Her question was a wail.

Aiken's eyes glowed like coals while he gazed at her in silence. Mary went on: "Louise says she is sure he never got it. I had to tell her I gave it to you."

Aiken's blood visibly surged in his body.

"Louise?" he said. "It was your writing."

"Yes, yes; I directed it. Louise spilt some ink; she was in a hurry," Mary explained, with quick, inattentive impatience. "What do you think became of it? You said you were going to see him."

Mary had risen again as she spoke. "Do sit down, sit down, Miss Herter. Why are you so distressed? I'll telegraph, I'll do anything; tell me what it is all about."

"Oh, it was something about a position Louise had gotten for Mr. Darley. It was to be tutor for some people that were going abroad. Louise says it was one chance in a million, and that it will never happen again, and that it might have made all the difference in the world to Mr. Darley—for—all—his life;" her last phrase came with the broken breathing of rising sobs. She was seated now, and Aiken dropped on one knee beside her chair; for one swift, fateful instant it was uncertain whether or not he would reach out his arms to clasp the girl, and whether or not she would spring from him, frightened, flying with bird-like instinct from the familiarity of a touch; then the face of things changed, thanks to the sharpened adroitness Aiken displayed, and he knelt with his hand on her chair, no finger on her, and her fright was sinking, and a different feeling, something gentle and wondering and shy, moulded her plastic face; Aiken's, white and exalted, turned to her eyes that at last were eloquent.

"Mary, Mary, I love you! That's why it kills me to see you weep." All his passion was held in leash, and his whispered words came as softly as if he were indeed speaking to a bird and feared its flight.

"I didn't mean to tell you now," he said aloud, keeping his voice low and even; "I

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didn't know what I meant, but it had to come. My life is broken in two with this love for you. Mary, you don't hate me?"

Mary made a little soft protesting sound, and put out an impulsive hand of kindness; she who had never hated anyone in her life, to think of it when a handsome pale young gentleman knelt as if at the foot of a throne and told her quietly, like a prince in a tale, that he loved her!

Aiken let the little hand lie lightly in his own. During the growth of his extraordinary passion, Aiken's ideas of the road it must drive him along may have been misty; it is not to be imagined that he ever definitely harbored schemes that the average man would consider base. He was not the person to sink his standards below the ideas of common men; he loved too much the sense of superiority; the social crime he had committed in burning the letter was not the result of a defective code, but of defective character and defective organization; he was (it appeared) liable to attacks of jealous madness that tore him from all anchorage, that beat upon him till the cable of his principles parted. Now, he was swayed by the intoxication of Mary's presence and provoked by the inimitable power of her artless challenge; she was little moved for herself, and yet moved she was, and she was tender to another's feeling, and all the while she was both poised for flight and listening for more of the story.

"Thank you," he said, with a tenderness that vibrated with passion, and was yet stilled as with the issues of life and death; her gloved hand lay loosely against a palm that trembled, and his eyes drank her face; "Mary, can you love me sometime; can you be my wife?"

The blood surged to her face, dyed brow and throat at the sound of the naked word, but Aiken knelt so stone-like that she, too, sat still, only drawing back her hand and dropping her eyes till they seemed to close.

"I don't know," at last came the whispered answer.

In a voice less guarded than before, a thickened voice, the question of Aiken's heart, the question of questions broke forth:

"You don't love anyone else—you haven't loved anyone? Tell me!"

Mary gasped: "No, no," she aspirated, turning her sweet bowed head aside.

Aiken rose and took from a vase a stalk of lilies and laid it upon her lap.

"Oh, you'll break them," Mary whispered, and she lifted them to her face. With admirable tact Aiken brought her back to ease and happiness; so soon as she came to self-command, she rose to go.

"Oh, that letter!" she said, vaguely, as one who looks back across a gulf of time to old, far-off, unhappy things.

"I'll see Miss Arnott about it at once," Aiken answered, and Mary half smiled her complete relief; she was young, and the world beyond herself was nebulous, unreal.

Then once more, through his guarded manner, through the flood of fondness that underlay the manner, broke out that ominous lunacy of jealousy: "You didn't love Mr. Darley?" he questioned.

"Oh!" the little cry was on an indrawn breath, as if he had struck her; "No, no."

"Forgive me—forgive me, never again, little sweetheart," and the man stooped and caught a ribbon that hung from her belt and fervently kissed it, and she gave him the shadow of a smile, though not her eyes, and was gone. Aiken's face, when he was alone, as he paced his studio, lost its tenderness and darkened with a moody bitterness.

Aiken presented himself to Louise and told his smooth story; hers came out sorrowfully in fragments.

"It was the sort of thing that will never happen twice," she said, sitting listlessly before Aiken; "it was the oddest chance. I had told a man, my lawyer, about Darley, and he happened some way to speak of the story to some friends of his who were just starting to Europe, and, of all things, they knew Darley's family and remembered something of him, and they had just dismissed their tutor—they have a boy, a child; they took up with the idea of getting Darley. It was all hurried and confused; they were about to sail, and, of course, there were other people wanting the place. I wrote to Darley not to leave with the company on any account, and then I flew to the agencies to make sure of somebody to fill his position. There were a lot of things that convinced me Darley was sure of success; it's not worth while to go into it, the thing is past."

"Surely," said Aiken, wearing a decent veil of cold mournfulness, "if he could

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have been a tutor in this case, he can manage it in some other."

"I think you're talking like a child," Louise answered, with her old, impersonal sad brutality, looking at him from under lowering brows. Her kindness for Aiken had been slowly waning for weeks, and now this disappointment and the insensible clash of her feelings and his indifference had turned her back to the self she faced the world with: "This was an accident, a wild, happy accident; there's nothing in it to build on. It was a chance in a million that I should turn it up. What do I know about people with tutors? No, there's nobody to blame; but if you want to make condolences, Mr. Aiken, please lament it as irretrievable. Sometimes I know a fatal mishap when I see it."

Aiken offered to look up the messenger that, according to his story, had taken the letter, but Louise said no, let the whole thing drop. He left without speaking of Mary, and evidently Mary had told nothing of their last interview. All that was new in his relations with Louise was an unacknowledged breach of sympathy on her part, and a less disguised antagonism on his.

During their interview Louise had chanced to mention that she was going out that evening, and he sent Mary a line begging her to stay at home and see him. In meeting him, she still kept behind her maidenly defences, and still showed herself ready to listen to his suit; and he still pressed it with wonderful discretion.

"Say yes to me, Mary, just that," he pleaded, sparing her even the agitation of listening again to the question; "just that little word;" he stood close beside her; she was on her feet, but he caressed her only with his brilliant eyes.

And she said yes at last, and when with that he took both her hands in his and kissed them, she accepted his homage like a gentle young princess—poor thing. There was not a sign that she was drawn to him; but she was agitated and charmed as she found herself enfolded in an atmosphere of romance; and so well did Aiken manage, despite his burden of real emotion, that she became gradually more approachable; the aura of romance that glorified his words by degrees involved the speaker, and she stood disarmed in Nature's hands.

Yet, when he kissed her hands that first time she drew them away, and for once lifting her eyes to his, she said, "I mean if Louise—if Louise—why didn't you go to Louise?"

"What has Louise to do between us, sweetheart? You don't belong to her. I'll tell her. I'll tell her, darling; but it is all fixed and fast between us, anyway; isn't it? She has no rights over you, Mary. Yes, I know she has been good to you; but she's not fit to control your life."

Mary's startled eyes turned on him, and he said no more—then. She was silent, and she looked bewildered, as if she were uncertain whether or not his words were a charge, and in a moment the strange rose-hued present again absorbed her.

Louise soon received a letter from Darley, but it told her little. She answered it without revealing the story of the lost letter and lost opportunity. The correspondence, under its burden of repressions, soon languished to the point of death, and the end of the passing chance acquaintance seemed accepted as it fell out. The acquaintance had been full of kindness, but it had never received one of those crystallizing touches that forms a friendship. Louise learned in August that Stamfer's company had gone to pieces in some hamlet—nothing more.

"I wonder what will become of that poor English boy," she said to herself, rather than to Mary; and Mary, who was on her knees, packing a trunk, made no reply. Louise's eyes were worn with tears; Mary was going to leave her; she was preparing to visit an aunt of Aiken in New Jersey, and though no one openly acknowledged it, Louise knew she would never come back. Aiken meant to marry her in his aunt's house; to receive her to himself from this haven of respectability.

And so it came to pass a few weeks later. The night before his wedding his unwitting hand again shaped events in two lives that henceforth he was to touch no more.

He sat down at his lamp-lit writing-desk in his studio, and drew from a secret drawer a letter; it was addressed to Nemmo, Box 1721, General Post-Office, New York; he took from it a brief communication signed by the postmaster of a small Kansas town. It said, "Harry Darley is living at the date of writing in this place; he is

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working in a livery stable." Aiken glancing at it, took from the drawer a money-order payable to Darley and drawn on Nemmo; he looked at both papers as they lay before him; lit a cigarette, looked at them again, and then with a casual oath, he took up a pen and printed on a sheet of paper, "From Nemmo," put it and the order in an envelope addressed to Darley in the Kansas town, and went out, bareheaded, to the box at the door and posted it. With such odd tricks does a throttled conscience still befool its rebellious owner.

Six months after Darley left New York with Stamfer's company, he was again ringing the bell of Louise Arnott's flat. The front door of the house opened, and he entered in the uncanny solitude that is one of our modern triumphs of dreary enchantment. Climbing one stairway after another, he came face to face, in the dim twilight, with a woman descending. As she passed him he stopped, "Is it—pardon me, it is Miss Arnott."

She turned back; "Yes."

"Ah,"—it was a soft, happy little sound, such as welcomes a release from pain; then, "You don't—it's Harry Darley, Miss Arnott; I was afraid you didn't remember me at all,"—his laugh, as she grasped his hand, caught in his throat; with cordial words and a light touch, she turned him about again, and began to climb beside him. When they were in her little drawing-room they scanned each the other's face with an interest that was like affection, but now Darley was his usual quiet, somewhat inexpressive self, and gave no sign of the feeling that had seemed to shake his voice on the stairway. Both were pale and worn; but Louise's face warmed into the beauty emotion always gave it. She put out her hand to him again.

"It is good to see you," Darley said.

"Sit down," and she pushed a big chair toward him, and seated herself before it, and once more they gazed at each other.

"We act like old friends who have been separated for years," Louise said.

"It seems that way to me; but you—things have not changed so much with you——"

"Things have changed a great deal with me; but what is it about yourself?"

"Never mind me—there is very little to tell. I'm going back; I sail for England to-morrow. Tell me about yourself."

"That means well for you, doesn't it? It's what you want?" Louise pressed her inquiries hesitatingly, timidly—but she waited for an answer.

"Yes; it is what I want."

She turned quickly to her own story: "Mary is married to Mr. Aiken."

"Married to Aiken! How strange, how strange! I don't suppose it is strange, but it rather lifts my hair—I don't know why—to think I brought them together. Miss Arnott, what is it? You miss her—you are unhappy about her?"

Tears had sprung to Louise's eyes, but with an unbowed head she wiped them away; her grave voice was firm as she said, "You see, Mr. Aiken has taken her entirely away from me. She is never to see me any more. It hurts; I loved her."

Darley stared, and then a faint red crept over his thin face.

"Yes," she said, simply; "because I'm not respectable enough." There was matter inexpressible in that pathetic word "enough." It gave the key to a world of conditions; poor Louise felt that she was comparatively so respectable; but alas! she stated it as a fact, she was not respectable enough.

"How black!" Darley's emphasis was low and even.

"Sometimes I think maybe it wasn't so black. I'd like to be fair."

"When the girl he married owed you everything?"

"Yes; but he wouldn't have married her, he wouldn't have loved her, if he could have helped himself. He grew thin with fury at his fate. He's not a melodrama villain, not at all; but I've seen villains I'd rather she'd married. Won't he always hate her, more or less, for her power over him, whether the power stays or goes?"

Louise told the story of the courtship, as she understood it; and her comment on Aiken was full of insight, and yet she took no note of his jealousy—that factor in the case that had counted so heavily in the past and most darkly threatened any future bound up in his, for it had broken through the moral guard of Aiken's life. She made no reference to the lost letter—that matter of which she knew so little and never knew more, and of which Darley knew nothing. Here, as everywhere, blind players, as well as blind chance, raised the risks of the game.

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"And Mary, Miss Herter, was she in love with him?" Darley asked, presently.

"No," said Louise, abruptly; "Oh, she supposed she was. Perhaps it's all in how you define love—and who's going to define it? She paid the price of the way she'd been brought up—kept like a baby—and then, I couldn't take care of her when the time came; she had to learn to swim by being dropped in the rapids. I couldn't move hand or foot, because I couldn't place her in life—life lay like a field full of man-traps before her. I made a mistake in keeping her such a child, when I couldn't protect her; and now she pays for my blunder. It bursts my heart sometimes for a minute, because I've loved her ever since she was born. That's my domestic past, holding Mary when she was a baby and I was a kid—when she had on her first clothes and they pinned white flannel over her little red head;" Louise gave a gulp of a laugh; "she'll be beaten with many stripes; that's life, anyhow; but now she'll never get anything to make up for the pain. Most of us don't; but I'd have given my life—it's not much to give, you may be sure of that—to have won something, to have won happy love—that's what I mean—for her. I don't know that there is such a thing; but I know there's nothing else."

"I think there must be," Darley spoke thoughtfully, wistfully. "We are certain there is something sure and good on one side sometimes; sometimes it must—sometimes the man and the woman and the circumstances must all come together; or, if they don't, they might," he appealed to her with a smile.

"Yes," Louise answered, gravely.

It was the queerest human thing, the way those two sat there trying to sustain their faith in the possibility of the love of our dreams, as seriously as if they spoke of religion, as impersonally as if they were dead.

The winter sun was near its setting, and the pale level rays slanted across one wall of the room when Darley rose to go, but he groped a little for his hat and cane as if he were in the dark.

"It's been good of you to let me talk myself out to you so," said Louise; "it's been like talking to a spirit—you are so out of it all—do you know what I mean?"

"Yes; it's like talking to a spirit," he took her hand; "I'll never see you again; would you mind kissing me good-bye?"

She silently took his face between her hands and kissed him lightly on his lips; and with no word more he was gone.

Louise was playing at a theatre devoted to melodrama. There Darley went that night and sat in an orchestra-chair close to the stage.

The third act was in progress when over the fixed clang of the players' see-saw-sally cadences rang a scream startlingly natural, then it was as if someone started to yell a word, and it was stifled in his mouth—was the word fire? The players halted and whitened beneath their paint, and an iron curtain fell banging and thundering between them and the outer world. In the auditorium some strong men, with words like blows, were saving the people from themselves; and Darley was making his way, across the orchestra's pit, to one of the stage boxes; he found a door to the stage, and found it unlocked, and from the dim box passed into a hell of flame-light and heat and smoke and fierce cracking sounds. He shouted in the ear of a man who was tearing wildly at some scenery:

"The women?" he questioned. "All out,"—then turning his blood-shot eyes on Darley, the man cursed him; the words rang faintly in the devil's din, and breaking off with a hoarse cry he ran toward the entrance. Darley turned as if to run after him, but there was a queer indecision in his movements; and, as if he were dazed or drunk, he wavered toward the back of the stage. Against the back wall a rough wooden staircase mounted to a platform, and upon the platform opened some dressing-rooms; the staircase was catching fire. As Darley stumbled along he heard, threading the uproar, a piteous human cry, a child's call; it came from a baby actress; in the play she had been Louise's little daughter; she had come out of one of the dressing-rooms and was standing on the unrailed platform above his head—a figure tenderly comic in itself, because it and its red frock mimicked humanity in such miniature, and splitting the heart now with its misplaced courage and hope. The little creature had seen so much of strange lights and explosions behind the scenes, that now, since the flames were not quite upon her, she was

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trying to steady herself against the awful face of things, her voice quivering with fear, but not abandoned to it, as she called and called again—something, someone—only the high, pleading voice could be heard.

"Jump, darling, jump," cried Darley, holding up his arms; but jump she would not. She came close to the edge and looked down, and entered upon a reasonable discussion of the subject with him, downing her natural tears with beautiful triumph, and sticking bravely to the intellectual argument; it was all dumb show. Darley ran to the stairs; the platform she stood on was twenty feet long; the stairs were burning; the smoke was dense about them, though some current was blowing it away from the child. He dashed up the steps; they broke under him, but he got to the top, and, catching her up, scrambled somehow to the floor and started for the entrance; then the darkness of a falling body shadowed him, and as instinctively as we close a threatened eye, he flung himself forward over the baby, and the heavy snow-machine, dropping from the roof, felled him. The firemen burst in an instant later and carried the unconscious pair into the street. People pressed forward against the police and the ropes that were being stretched, screaming, begging, praying to see those limp forms. "A child," someone cried; "the kid," echoed members of the company. "She's alive, all right," shouted a fireman, jubilantly, passing her on to someone else, and rushing back gaily into the jaws of death.

As Darley was put in an ambulance, Louise, bareheaded and with her beflowered train over her bare shoulders, pressed forward and saw who he was; she ran to the corner, hailed a cab, and ordered herself driven to the hospital; she was there before the ambulance, and, stripping the rings from her fingers for a pledge, she ordered a private room for Darley.

"He's got to die," said the nurse, coming to her in the bare dim-lit hall; "his spine is broken and he's injured internally. No; he may live a good many hours. The doctor didn't say, but I don't think he'll suffer much." The woman's tones were business-like; her curious eyes wandered a little despite herself over the actress's figure.

Darley came to himself as the cold white dawn conquered the gas in the hospital room. Louise sat by him, her eyes on his face. She had not left him—she wore one of the nurse's gowns; the nurse dozed in a chair in the corner. He gazed at Louise as the light of consciousness and memory gathered in his blue eyes, and then a lovely, tremulous joy flitted there.

"I'm going to die?" he whispered.

"Yes, dear," she said quietly, quietly.

And then the joy rested and shone in his white face, though the eyes were closed. He opened them after a time and said faintly, but aloud, "Not right away?"

"No," said Louise; "not for hours anyway, we think. You do not suffer—you are not in pain?"

"Nothing to matter." He smiled upon her, then his look altered, "Your little one?"

"She is safe and sound; not a bone broken."

After a silence he said in a voice almost normal, "What luck at last—what luck for a poor devil! This is the best I ever had;" and he smiled again, and there was happiness and humor in that smile.

Louise sat still with a face that told nothing; "feeling had risen above that register;"—calm, as we are calm when the peace of the dying is in our hands.

The light grew till the single jet of gas was but a yellow flower. There lay one of our mystery-bound little race; his broken, foolish, helpless, brief life behind him, and his death—the dread mystery of all—before him; and his countenance was beautiful with content. When next he spoke, he shifted his head a little to look the better at Louise, as he said, "You don't understand yet what good luck this is—not how good. There's more you don't know—I love you; I've loved you since the first week—all that's in me; it's seemed more than I could bear. What a luxury to tell you so!"

Louise listened till the slow-dropping sentences ceased to fall, and then she arose, one hand pressed against her breast, and slipped to the nurse's side. The woman started, glanced at her watch, came and gave Darley something from a glass, and at a sign from Louise, followed her into the hall. Louise came back alone—she knelt down by the bed and kissed Darley's hands again and again, and he lay as if unheeding. So it was there in the bare room in the ugly

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hospital that day; in that infinitesimal speck of space love yearned and tenderness bled and life ebbed fast—ebbed fast, and yet Time's swift flight seemed stayed, and the long hours slipped slowly past; they moved to a soundless music, sweet and terrible; a music that echoes always, as inexplicable as its blood and tears, across this dream of ours, and reaches our ears now and again, even through the dull noise of our common days; it comes to us with beauty and with love, and, strangest of strange things, rings with widest majesty when Death, dark, noisome, fearful, is sweeping love and beauty into the black void.

When he spoke again, he said, "I must tell you; then you'll see how blessed I am. I was going to kill myself. I had a fancy for doing it near home—in English waters. I was going to jump off the ship—from the steerage it would be easy enough. I was at the theatre to look at you once more. In the fire I thought—why not here? Then I got my chance; I played the hero. I'm getting off with honor; it's as good, almost, as being killed in battle."

"Was it so hard—so hard—sweetheart, darling?"

"Yet you didn't love me—when I was a man? I know you couldn't; I knew you loved someone else. That day at the Bronx—with you! That was the most I ever got out of life. You wouldn't believe anybody dying could care so," he said, with speculative interest; "it doesn't seem to make me any different; well, everything was an incredible mess, and now it's all good and right." His sentences came between long pauses; Louise knelt by the bed again; all the time quiet, quiet. "I couldn't presume to show you even a hopeless love before, such a squalid——" he exhaled his breath in a sort of sigh, and peacefully dropped his sentence—"yes; it was awful out there. I couldn't stand it. I hadn't the stuff in me; I said there was no reason why I should; suicide was right enough in my case. I got some money—a hundred dollars—a mystery; somebody sent it; I don't know who. I didn't want to die out there, and I wanted to see you so much. I said, I'll go home and die; but it would have been another shame; I've been drenched in too many. I'm glad—glad to get out without another. Anybody would have done it; but I'm so grateful for the chance. It would wipe out everything for anybody, too."

An hour passed before he spoke again. Around him, as everywhere, tinkled and tapped and droned life's prose. Wooden-faced doctors and callow dull boys came in and stared; the nurse fussed with bandages and doses; Louise must eat and eat there; the street noises battered at the window—but it did not matter. More than that, the common clatter itself was caught up in the sweep of far-off strains, and grew a plaintive part of the mysterious melody of the whole.

Just once the universal question was touched upon in words by these poor children of their time:

"Do you believe things—about it all?" said the man.

"I don't know, love," said the woman; "but I can't help feeling there's a rightness somehow."

"Neither can I."

"Talk to me about yourself—as if I were alive," said Darley, late in the afternoon, and then in a few bare phrases, shaken and broken by flooding feelings that at last threatened the iron wall of her composure, Louise touched upon other and untold stories that in life were a part of this one: "I was—I thought I might marry; it was what they call a good match. I don't care for him. It was because I wanted my little May again. I haven't been like that," she said—and the dark blood dyed her face—"but I was wretched; and I'm so reckless sometimes—and I said nothing mattered. You made poetry of my loving someone—but it wasn't poetry to me; I wanted to tear out that feeling and trample on it. I said this would make even Aiken accept me, and let me have May again. I said nothing else mattered—and I could help her. But I was ashamed. Maybe I never could have done it. Now I know I shall not. You've loved me—loved me like this; it shall be as if I had loved you, too."

Darley began, "You are the sweetest ——" but he ended with a moan and a weary turning of his head; the body in its misery was triumphing at last over all else.

That was the last that passed between the friends. Darley's mind wandered; it was to the nurse that he said, opening wide

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eyes alight with pleasure, "We are ordered into active service; I'm so happy."

He had gone back in his dreams to his simple old good times, and in his last hour it was as if the starved love and the shame and the pitiful triumph of his after days had never been.

So it was that the crossing paths of these men and women took new turnings, ran into one, or disappeared; two were married and one was dead, while the biggest heart and the tenderest but throbbed the deeper and the lonelier along the old hard road.

A FAR CRY

By Julia C. R. Dorr

'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,
'Tis a far cry to youth!
Though the years have flown onward unheeding,
Through gladness and travail and ruth,
'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,
'Tis a far cry to youth!

Wert thou I, O thou fair child-maiden,
Who, ages and ages ago,
Looked forth from the curve of yon mirror,
Impatient life's meaning to know;
To taste the red wine of its vintage,
Its splendor, its rapture, its glow?

Thou hadst eyes like the pale stars of morning,
Just tinged with the blue of the skies;
Thy hair had the darkness of midnight,
When the wraiths of the tempest arise,
And thy cheeks wore the flush of soft carmine
In the heart of the wild-rose that lies.

So young thou wert, child—so unwary!—
Yet so eager to learn and to do,
That the days were too short for thy living,
As on in their courses they flew,
And thy light feet kept time to earth's music,
Whether treading on heart's-ease or rue!

O, the magical glamour of moonlight,
When love was a fairy dream;
When romance, with its tremulous splendor,
Gilded all life with its gleam;
When the heart knew one song and one story—
One lofty, bewildering theme!

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When friendship was quick recognition
  Springing to life in a day;
When heroes wore crowns of laurel,
  And poets wore wreaths of bay;
When faith knew the joy of believing
  In Omnipotent Good alway!

Speak, child, for the years are many,
  And the past lies dim between,
And I fain would read the riddle
  Of what thine eyes have seen—
Thou mystic, silent wonder,
  Thou ghost of the might have been!

Didst thou know when the morning-glory
  First sheathed its silver horn;
When the roses drooped in the noontide,
  Of their early freshness shorn;
And the wild birds ceased from singing
  In the heart of the woods forlorn?

Oh, speak! Didst thou know when the shadow
  That woman dreads drew nigh;
When the young bloom slowly faded,
  And the young light left thine eye,
And there fell a shower of snowflakes
  Where the dark locks used to lie?

Ah, maiden! the white-haired woman
  Is but thyself grown older;
She hath lost some dear illusions,
  Yet remembereth all you told her,
And still your dreams and visions
  In the might of their love enfold her.

For she knows what you but dreamed of;
  She hath drained the beaker of life;
She hath trodden its red-hot ploughshares;
  She hath faced its storm and strife;
She hath heard its divinest music,
  And danced to its lute and fife!

O child, it is long since we parted!
  But surely in some far clime
We shall meet with tears and laughter
  Beyond the river of Time,
And each in the clasp of the other
  Pass on to the Hills Sublime!

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TAPS!

By John R. Rathom

At the old soldier's home there are massive granite buildings that spring out of smooth green lawns. There are beautiful flower-beds that, on one bright summer afternoon, held up a thousand blooms of every shape and color to the declining sun. But these things only formed a setting for the faded blue of the veterans who lay under the maples, or wandered slowly, in couples, up and down the wide walks, or sat on the steps of their dormitories and talked in whispers to one another, as if a louder conversation might disturb the repose of Something that lay over in the hospital ward.

The supper-gong clanged out with a strangely discordant note, and there was no spirit or haste in the movement of the groups up the broad path to the dining-hall. Yesterday they trooped in as merrily as age and infirmity might permit, but to-night they shuffled to their seats gloomy and ill at ease. No one of them but as he passed into the hall glanced at the chair where the dead man had been accustomed to sit. Age is slow to shake off impressions like these. So they struggled through the meal, desolate and unhappy.

The moon was shining through the pines out of a cloudless sky when they laid him away an hour later. John Labold was his name. "Sergeant John" his comrades had called him for twenty years. The worldly possessions he left behind him consisted of a pair of worn-out crutches; the only memory that survived him was that of a crotchety, broken-down old man. But nearly every veteran at the home followed his body up the hill, for above and beyond his worldly failings was a record of service that spanned the four years of the Rebellion, and on his sunken breast inside the coffin rested three medals that testified, with silent eloquence, to gallantry in the face of the enemy.

All the trees and lawns were bathed in the white moonlight when the veterans fell into files in front of the main building and began to march, with slow and halting steps, behind the hearse. Ahead of the carriage was the band, flanked by the firing squad. The cemetery was only a few hundred yards away, but it took the old men a long while to reach it, for many in the ranks were cripples. Some, bent with years, looked at the flag flapping ahead of the line, listened to the solemn strains of the "Dead March," and tried, with a pitiful and brave effort, to march as stanch and as straight as they had done forty years before. Two, mere shells of men with all the fires of life flickering into ash, were wheeled along in chairs at the end of the column.

They drew up in a hollow square about the open grave, and every tasselled hat came off as four of the younger men lifted the coffin out of the hearse. Off at one side and crowding between the grass-covered mounds near the cemetery fence were some hundreds of townspeople reverently watching the ceremony. In more than one place in the square the old fellows, sometimes in a chain of three or four, held hands like little frightened children might do in the presence of some indefinite dread. The Chaplain said a few words about the dead man's career as a soldier, and then the color-bearer, advancing to the side of the coffin, laid across it a beautiful silk flag, its folds falling among the clods of clay around it.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the Chaplain's words half a dozen of the close friends of the dead man pressed out of the ranks, and, kneeling painfully, threw in handfuls of earth. The commander of the gun squad, a veteran with a long gray beard, took his cue from the uplifted hand of the Governor, and began to give his company of half a dozen the necessary orders in a tone as penetrating and brusque as if he were directing an operation on the field of battle, with every little headstone stretched out in front of him an ambushed enemy.

They fired three sharp but straggling volleys over the grave, the hollow square of

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time-battered soldiers coming to the salute and standing motionless. Into the middle of the little cloud of rifle-smoke that hung low on the grass stepped a bugler, and as he put his instrument to his lips, with a gallant sweep of the arm, the moon topped the pines at his back and swathed him, like a vision, in a flood of light.

Why is it that the most solemn service ever devised by man, the stately hush of a vast cathedral, the imposing robes, the stained-glass windows, the pealing organ, all fade into insignificance beside that soul-stirring, simple act—the trumpeting out of "taps" over the body of a dead soldier? No man who has ever heard it, either on the field of battle, at the quiet army post, or in the haven for these weak and shattered units of the Grand Army of the Republic, ever forgets it. For the bugle-notes seem to take into their own all-embracing cadence the tears, the memories, the shattered hopes and the long farewell.

The Bugler was a little veteran, a dried-up figure with the marks of age all about him, but, with the first note of his instrument, he seemed to become again the smart soldier of another generation. His earnestness and feeling entered into every bar of this—the most beautiful, the most piteous, the most haunting of all army calls.

The leaves of the trees rustled in the air, but every soul within sound of the bugle seemed turned to the silence of stone. When the player finished, with a sweet lingering note that lost itself in its own echo, everybody still stayed motionless. Not until the sound of earth falling on the coffin below startled them out of their reverie did any move away.

Then the band headed the slow-moving line with a lively air, and all marched back to barracks. But for hours, despite the cheery music, "taps" rang in the ears of all of them, bringing back memories not alone of Sergeant John, but of those four hideous years of struggle and death before age had chained them to his chariot.

Far into the night, and when nearly all the other inmates of the Home were asleep, two of the veterans still toiled with spades, piling the earth into the grave, and resting half exhausted every little while on its brink. Once the Governor came and offered to get some of the stablemen—civilians—to do the work. But they would have none of such help, and plodded manfully on till the task was ended.

"It's the toss of a coin, Comrade," said one to the other. "Mebbe afore the punkins is ripe some lad over beyond there will be a-doin' this fer me."

"Er me too, Comrade. Who knows!" And the speaker's knotted hands closed tight over the handle of his spade. "It's ebb tide fer the old G. A. R. My God, man," and his spade clattered to the ground as he hid his face in his hands, "what a heap of us has been carried out to sea alriddy!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was not altogether a childish whim to associate the word Imagination with purple. There are words of such distinction that they seem to have a penumbra of color. Like saints, they wear halos.

A Displacement.

"Works of the Imagination," "Poems of the Imagination," "Imaginative Prose"—old-fashioned titles—had a royal significance in the hierarchy of words. To these, other sorts of literature instinctively gave preference. There are many of us who can recall fingering reverently in the old anthologies the pages set apart to which these imposing terms were attached, yet passing on to read "The Groves of Blarney" or "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Yet no such personal preference could be defended, or regarded as evincing anything but a lower order of taste.

In the critical estimates of the period the Imagination owed no allegiance to anything outside of itself, nor could be held accountable to anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Byron, to be sure, in a moment of spleen'objected to ladies in their cell giving books to

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knights who could not spell. But generally speaking nobody held the Imagination to any definite course of conduct, and "mountain giants might prate to mountain sprites" like Grecian philosophers without a protest.

But how ragged and faded is that purple to-day! Looking over the tremendous literary output of the moment, one will scarcely find a work that is the product of the Imagination as the term was once understood. A significant corollary to this statement is in the recent works of Stephen Phillips. An analysis of the really fine reception given to them discovers that it is largely composed of wonder and curiosity that the present age should have produced them at all.

Pure Imagination is not expected to go forth except accompanied by Science—recent discoveries in electricity, the revelations of hypnotism, astronomy, biology—as a passport to our attention. Imagination is no longer the ruler, but the handmaid. Its former place is occupied by Observation. The successful man of letters is he who knows how to co-ordinate his observations and present them to our intelligence. Zola, Kipling, the two most distinguished names in the literature of to-day, deal only with the actual, or with the logic of the actual. Mr. Howells, even George Meredith and Henry James, and the long procession of names, however clumsily engaged, move along the same path. Realism is only a name. The stimulus is found in the newly awakened perceptions of the wonder, the mystery, the complexities of this thing we call Life, in which we are so helplessly involved.

The mind is only a marvellous machine. It is not enough to set it in motion and see the sparks fly. Fireworks are brilliant, but only momentarily effective. The important thing is the grist that is fed to the machine. This must be drawn from Life, from the great storehouse of Nature, or we will have none of it. It would indeed be a fatuous person who would follow the Psalmist and "look into his heart and write." Instead he buys a pair of high rubber boots, secures a suitable kit and goes forth. "The Market Place" was written on the street corner; "The Octopus" on horseback among the fields. The novelist stalks his prey as the hunter his game. Even the individual yields his place to the varied manifestations of Life in the aggregate. That petted couple, the hero and the heroine, no longer dominate the page. They are only leading lady and first gentleman—the play's the thing.

At this moment the protest goes forth against the tons of books produced. These really mean that hundreds of eager, young minds are attacking Life on every side in the endeavor to wrest from it its mystery, solve its problems, formulate its laws, and discover what the scientific man calls "man's place in nature." It is a larger, more impersonal task than the novelist of the past set for himself, and the motive dignifies the effort irrespective of results.

The same tendencies, if one looked for them, would doubtless be discovered in art, notwithstanding the goddesses yet demanded for the millionaire's bathroom. The progress of photography and photographic reproduction have certainly made us impatient of the imaginative portrayal of events, such as once made the reputation of illustrated journals. Evidence of how far this feeling has permeated even the unthinking part of the public may be found at the music halls and wherever the biograph, the vitascope, or by whatever name it is called, is exhibited. Here the ingenuous, honest holder of a seat reviews with calm tolerance the brief parade of Greek nymphs and the artifices of the Old Homestead school, but waxes uproarious over a group of workmen tearing down a wall, or the thunderous sweep of the Empire State Express or a fire engine dashing by to its duty.

IN these days of library activity, the quiet work done by traveling libraries in twenty-six States, chiefly in the West and Northwest, has seemed to escape general notice, or at least comment. Some of these libraries are supported by State grants or by women's clubs. In Connecticut, for example, collections of books of special interest to the members are circulated by the Colonial Dames and the Audubon Society. Again, these libraries may be the gift of a patriotic corporation or individual. They are also here and there supplemented by traveling collections of pictures.

A practical idea, thus being widely and variously worked out, gives a more than local interest to certain questions or incidents of readjustment that have come up in connection with the well-equipped traveling library system of Indiana. They justify lurking suspicions—we all have

A Traveling Library Moral.

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at times entertained them — as to the possible survival of traditional reading habits and book attitudes. The Indiana system is based on the mistaken theory, in the view of Mr. Henry, the State Librarian, that "the individual should be compelled to borrow forty books in order to get one." To this discouraging condition, comparable with the original public library system which compelled the borrower to select by catalogue and card instead of admitting him to the shelves to pick and choose for himself, is in part attributed the fact that only about twelve per cent. of the traveling libraries are in actual use. But the incident of widest general significance brought out by the Indiana discussion of the traveling library is the challenge of an Indianapolis correspondent, signing herself "Club-Woman": That the traveling library is badly selected, being confined too exclusively to "standard books." "Those who do not care for books or reading will not send for traveling libraries," she writes to a local paper. "Those who do send have read nearly, if not quite, all the books they contain. People in the smaller cities and towns, I venture to say, are better acquainted with standard books than the average resident of a large city." Her suggestion is that the traveling library should contain the books wanted by the people who are already interested in reading, not the books that on some academic theory people "ought to read." She would bring the State library within the reach of all the citizens, especially club-women, by a general distribution of its catalogue. "For," she adds, "nearly every Indiana town, from a few hundred up, has its club, especially its woman's club. The members cannot afford to buy many books. They save clippings from newspapers, hunt through old magazines, delve and wear themselves out to find material for a given subject that is snugly compiled in some book that is as far beyond their reach as if it were in the moon." What a picture this is of the place the book is coming to fill in the modern life, that of an authority for reference, not of a solace for refreshment; in particular in the life of "up-to-date" women of eclectic interest in all things!

With these new possibilities of the traveling library Mr. Henry is entirely sympathetic. He would supplement, perhaps modify, the system, to extend the usefulness of the traveling library while not surrendering its original character. He would thus hope still to reach some rural communities and isolated dwellings, uninvaded as yet by the spirit of disregard for books as books. But can he succeed? One is disposed to feel rather skeptical about it. In the great overflow of so-called "current literature," including everything printed, from the cheapest newspaper to the highest-priced magazine or review, books seem to have become declassed. They no longer stand for something apart, but are only another form of "reading." It is the old story of the familiarity that breeds, if not contempt, at least indifference. Books still serve their special purpose, for in the language of modern education they are "tools." The State library which furnishes the club-woman of some distant habitat with the "material" she requires for her "paper" provides her with the "tool" she needs for her "job." This attitude towards books is at the farthest possible remove from that of the youthful Andrew Carnegie, who counted the books his employer lent him to read of an evening after the day's hard work his greatest privilege and joy. Can the Mr. Carnegie of to-day bring back to others the appreciation of books that meant so much to him, though he fill the world with the completest libraries? Does not the simple traveling library, after all, more nearly meet the conditions than an embarrassment of riches? Assuredly it fits closer the ideal American type of a Lincoln reading over and over again the only books on hand, the Bible, Æsop's "Fables," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Henry Clay," a library selected by a method more haphazard than the traveling library, but a many-sided, compact library, and made his own. It was of Lincoln that the old-fashioned biographer wrote, "Abraham's poverty of books was the wealth of his life." But will the American of the public school, the special training and the scientific use of libraries, ever produce another representative American of the Lincoln type?

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THE FIELD OF ART

AN EXPONENT OF DESIGN IN PAINTING.

DUNLAP, in his History of the Arts of Design in America, says:—"To excite images and sensations, painting and her sister arts of design rely upon *form* displayed in *space*."

If one were asked the distinguishing excellence of the art of the Renaissance compared with that of to-day what would the answer be? Not color—Michael Angelo was no colorist, nor was Raphael in a high sense, nor yet Leonardo—we must go to the Venetians for that. Not tone; for it is doubtful if tone was then even thought of—time has contributed this to their canvases, while moderns *seek* it. The safe answer would be, more likely, composition and design. This was what they thought of, this was what they sought. Do we of to-day think in like measure of these things? Yes, the comparatively few—the unusual few. Color, light, air, tone even, mark modern art as its own; while form, composition, and design are attributes of the older school which sought to impress by the well-knit, coherent, and decorative ornament of intelligent composition. Take merely simple examples—Leonardo's Head of Medusa, Raphael's Madonna of the Seggiola, Michael Angelo's Fates, in none of which is there a distinguished feeling for color; but in each is to be discovered a controlling decorative intention, a distinctly ornamental disposition of line. Bereft, then, of tone and color in the best acceptation of those terms, these works are interesting in black and white through the force of their ornamental impulse. This may be said also of many other and lesser men of that period; and when we have said this, it would be not a little instructive if as much were hazarded concerning many painters of the present. Surely such a statement in regard to them would not rest long unchallenged. We may be able, a little later in these paragraphs, to make such statement respecting a painter of our own. Before attempting it, however, we will glance at this question of design and tentatively inquire into the causes of its abeyance or rarity in modern art.

While the experiments of recent art have added much to the truthful presentation of the coloring of nature they have contributed little, if anything, to that sense of the artist which is implied by the word "design." Beautiful transcripts of the outside world are now produced where sensitiveness to the visual effect of the very air we breathe is obvious to the most superficial observer; but that, perhaps, more intellectual quality, the balance of parts, that judgment which disposes certain quantities in the right place for the due artistic enforcement of the theme, is less apparent. Is it not perhaps because the secrets of color are receiving more attention and the resources of the palette are being extended that, for the time being, serious and coherent composition is not so generally practised? It is that, largely, which makes for art—it shows the intellect of the artist directing the mind of the beholder to the salient intention of the work itself. It is the art which conceals art, but which must be inevitably there in order to make an artistic statement convincing. Color does not always do this, form does not invariably achieve it; but design, from its very name, attains its purpose. We seem to have been carried away by the lighter, the more superficial, charms of painting and have not so sedulously followed the more fundamental beauties of the craft. It is sometimes alarming to see the pursuit of mere prettiness in painting. Breadth, nobility, largeness of type, is not so commonly offered as to become, as it should become, "human nature's daily food." Perhaps the very clothes we wear have not that amplitude of form and line which offers desirable material to the painter. This, however, I do not believe to be the case. The cause lies deeper—it is, more likely, lack of generosity of vision. When that exists it is recognized and hailed by the knowing and appreciative few. This breadth of sight loves wide spaces, large masses, constructive quantities which gratify the eye and emphatically impress the mind.

In his admirable book on The Art of Velasquez, R. A. M. Stevenson has said some-

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where: "When you merely draw a line on an empty canvas you commit yourself to art, for you have given the line a positive character by placing it in some relation to the four sides of the canvas." That is to say, there is, in the position of that mark within the rectangle or oval or whatever the form of the area may be, a conscious purpose which stands for composition or design. This is said like an artist. Although the water color sketches by Winslow Homer seen this past season at the exhibition of the New York Water Color Club may not in themselves elucidate the title of these paragraphs on this veteran painter, they have served the purpose of recalling to us the dominant note in his finished works. And it is because of this valuable note that we are moved to speak of Homer once more. It is always a pleasure to hail a painter who possesses in a high degree a quality in which modern art is at times singularly deficient, *i.e.*, this quality of design.

In landscape, marine, figure or portrait painting, do we not often miss the structural sense which takes into account the impression received by the human mind of a well-conceived disposition of masses in a painting? This, in conjunction with frank, solid, wholesome technique, is what these later days of art do not invariably give us. Since "The Bright Side," an army incident, painted some time after the Civil War, Homer has not failed to be a wholesome and individual personality in the field of art—a field where the workers have not always, as he has done, tilled their own particular row. One reason, perhaps, why Homer is more single minded is, that he has not been embarrassed by various aptitudes. Homer seems never to have been over-trained; this is to say, he has never been tempted by a too fluent brush to show his skill for the mere skill's sake. He has had something to say and his means have been adequate to express it. A thing higher than manipulation has been his preoccupation, and that thing is design. He has had in a larger measure than many the Japanesque spirit in arrangement—a satisfying sense of balance, quantity—an apparent pleasure in presenting few things, and those with directness and force. Does he not fill his rectangle of canvas, the area prescribed, with straightforward intention because he has conceived that corner of nature to be so represented? This aspect, this segment of nature stands for such a pattern—just so much shall be shown, and such shall be its shape. Rocks guard the coast and thundrous breakers shake them, but all within the controlling limits of a direct and impressive design. It is pleasant, I say, to speak of this quality, and it might be diverting to seek further and try to discover why design is not more general and why it is so impressive when practised. One might ask, too, Whence comes this sense, what weakens it and what strengthens it? In comparing Winslow Homer with other painters of his time here, his contemporaries, we find that personally he has lived a more secluded and exclusive existence, so to say, than most of them. And again, he has had no long training in the schools. Indeed, little influence of another man's *seeing* is perceptible in this man's work. His method is so simple that no design seems apparent; he does not think of what might please others, an obvious tendency in the selections of some painters—it is what impresses him, Homer, that only, is worthy of his time and labor. As a result of this his canvases are memorable; the construction, the very shape of these pages of nature remain in the mind as he presents them—the spots, the masses, the relation they bear to one another, stay in the memory, while the transcript of some lesser man, making slight mental appeal, soon fades from one's remembrance. This is a suggestive fact—it is not through technical address that such a result is achieved—it must be something other. In fact, treating the subjects Homer does, one would not care for too glib and facile handling; and, on consideration, you feel that the touch is the natural and consequent outcome of the theme. It is largely the design which gives them their potency in memory—they have their stamp, and this is indeed their *cachet*.

Much homage is given to the virtuosity of certain living painters. Homer, although no virtuoso in the sense of possessing consummate technical skill, stands as a man receiving strong emotions from noble aspects of nature and striking resounding chords upon the instrument he has made his own—Homer is, and always has been, himself. As we have said, no side glances as to the way another would treat or has treated this or that manifestation of nature; enough that he has thus seen it and that it thus affected him. Nature, broad, spacious, elemental, seems to have sunk into his mind, fixed there in some

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shape or pattern, strong spots of sky or water, almost savage at times in their coloring. Nothing for whim—no straining for originality. His vision is as clear as a window pane through which one might look out upon the scene; but the *selection* is that of an artist who seizes the most salient and typical point of view. There is no softening of effect nor prettifying of facts—great nature suffices, and his works possess the true beauty of essential fidelity. Design is always there, for it is the mysterious power of unerring choice. This it is which places Homer above the plane of a competent painter and proclaims him an artist of the first rank. His mere painting alone would not, perhaps, do this; but with the controlling grasp of a trained intelligence he fixes what he sees and makes others see it also.

This posture of mind in painting makes whatever he does interesting, appeals more strongly to the memory than that which is without this vital and informing element; invests it, in fact, with that subtle something, that fine quality which is universally known as art.

For an example of the fine sense of quantities in space that characterizes so markedly much of Homer's best work, we give the accompanying composition, Fox and Crows, now the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The disposition of the forceful spots in this rectangle is most happy, and is well presented in the half-tone reproduction before us (page 616). The strong and daring mass of black offered by the crows in the upper right-hand corner, suggesting an even greater volume to the mass by the partly disappearing wings and the approaching numbers of crows—this black, modified and broken by the reflected light on the feathers and the surface light on the beaks, is further distributed by the accents of dark carried to the ears and left forepaw of the fox with fine judgment and effect.

So much for the strong and organic notes of the picture. Nothing could show better control of these forcible accents than the manner in which the artist has chosen to place them on the canvas and then given them cohesion by silhouetting these telling spots of black against a darkened sky, and placing the lighter tonal value of the fox against the snow. The space in front of the fox suggests much distance for his apprehensive flight—the very direction of his head and ears unites these two active quantities of the scene.

In speaking above of Homer's structural sense as indicated by his presentation of a scene, of a subject, of an idea—we have left unmentioned other qualities which he possesses. Dealing as he does with the rugged aspect of the North and of the coast, one is not, perhaps, disposed to give him the credit which, on second thought, he is found to deserve as a colorist. While not obviously so strong on this side as to become identified with this quality in his art in the way that other men are sometimes quoted as exponents of color, Homer still has sufficient range in this matter to adequately and effectively throw upon his canvas very telling and beautiful reports of equatorial waters and the vivid flora of the South. His brilliant West Indian sketches testify to this. These blazing white houses, this vivid verdure, and intense blue sky were set down perhaps all the more powerfully because of no mental preoccupation regarding their very definite shape nor the pattern they were to make within the rectangle which bounded them. Nature seemed to pour through him and upon his paper, in these water colors, with no intervening thought nor æsthetic intention other than to place there certain sights strongly felt. The construction of these reports into an organic presentment to affect others was apparently not even thought of—he, Homer, was simply stocking his arsenal with the munitions of war for future use. The emotions which this material was to produce were probably not in his mind while gathering the material. Looking at the matter from this point of view, may we not discover one way to account for Homer's power in his finished work? Is it not perhaps because he possesses this rude reportorial faculty which he exercises in gathering for future use the myriad visual facts of nature that they lose no vitality when he calls on them to serve as his vocabulary in giving utterance to his organized thought, his coherent design?

There is much also to be said, did space permit, of this painter's sense of form—of the noble and bronze-like figures, so full of structural appreciation, which he has brought from southern seas—rapid water colors, quick in more senses than one—stirring with life.

FRANK FOWLER.

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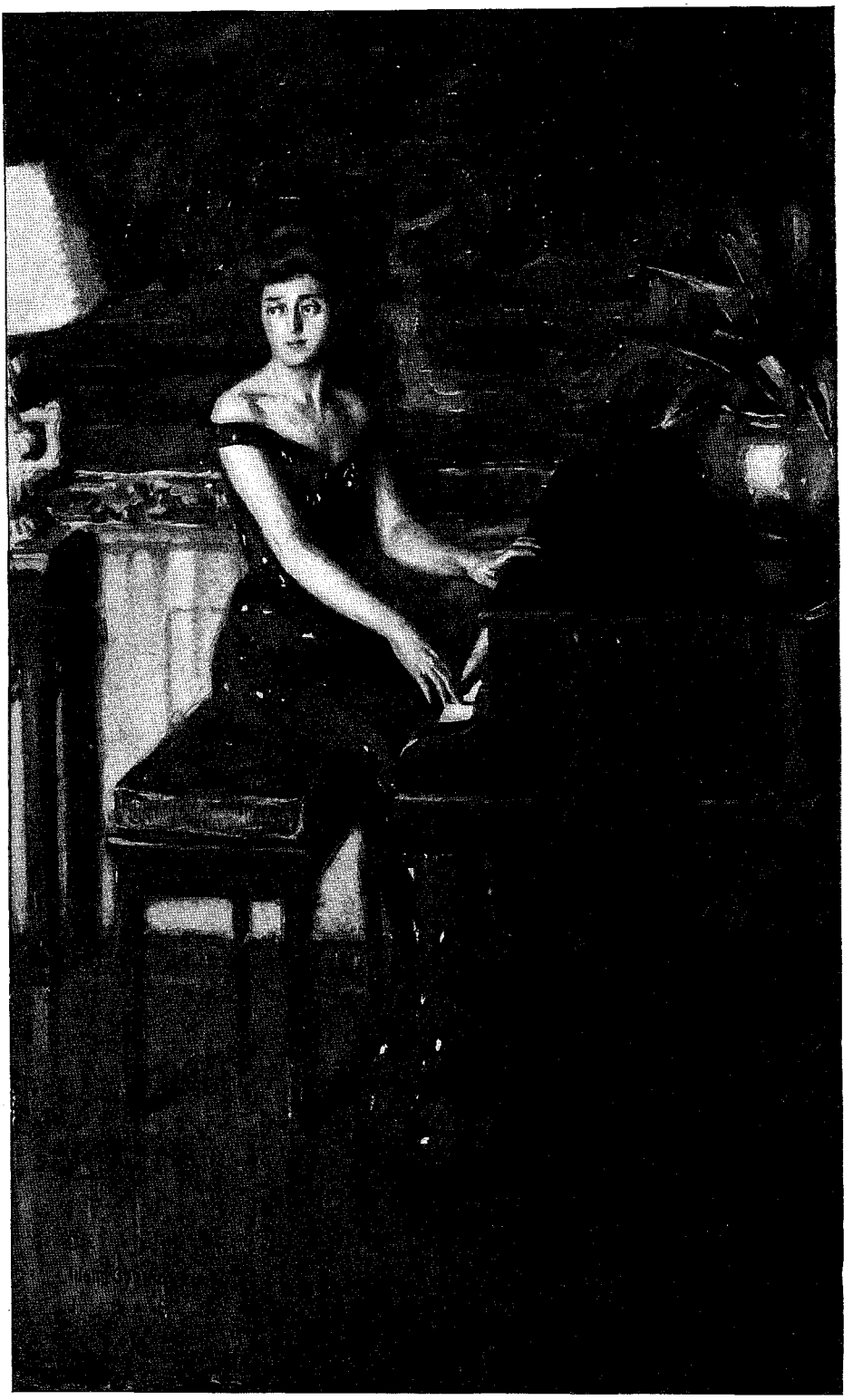

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"I HAVE BEEN INSPECTING SOME OF YOUR HEROINES RATHER CRITICALLY THIS AFTERNOON."

—"A Proffered Heroine," page 737.

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